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NEW SOUTH WALES



Special Birthday Number

Mrs. Lyons Writes To Mothers Of Australia PLANNING FUTURE of CHILDREN

When The Girls and Boys Grow Up ... What Then?

"Little girls cannot all become mothers, nor little boys all policemen."

So writes the mother of Australia's most interesting family circle, Mrs. J. A. Lyons, wife of the Prime Minister, in this special article. She deals at our invitation with the most important topic in the minds of all women to-day and every day—"How shall I plan for my children?"

The wide experience of Mrs. Lyons as a teacher, her knowledge of public life, and her world travels have given her an unusual insight into character, which she is applying to the successful upbringing of her own family of eleven.

By MRS. J. A. LYONS

"A N' when I grow up I'll be a policeman," says Peter. His face is glowing, and, in imagination, he sees a stalwart figure, very big and very strong, with shining buttons on his tunic.

Barry is a year older, and has decided that he must be an engine-driver. His little frame thrills with excitement as he dreams of standing on the footplate controlling that mighty machine. (There was a time, when the talk in our home was mostly of unemployment, when Barry held other views. He wanted, he said, to be like his eldest brother, "and go to the University to learn to be unemployed!")

Rosemary plays in a corner. She wears trailing draperies that once were mother's best evening gown, and in her arms is a doll. She thinks of being a princess, with "truly" babies instead of dolls.

It is all as it should be. These are expressions of fundamental sex instincts. The boys admire strength and long for power, and their sisters want beauty (which is also power) and motherhood.

In a less complex civilisation, these instincts might be allowed to work towards a logical conclusion in all simplicity. But not to-day. Nothing is simple.

We cannot all be policemen, however big and brave. And even little girls cannot all become mothers in the years to be. All must submit to a process of adaptation, governed by our circum-

stances and environment, and also by our ability.

But the more nearly our work in life gives expression to these fundamental human instincts, the happier we are likely to be.

Marriage as Career

THIS business of settling a family in life is no easy one.

Let us consider the girls first. Should they be taught some method of earning a livelihood, or should they be brought up to regard marriage as their "career"?

The first part of the question largely answers itself. In most Australian families economic necessity dictates that the daughters, as well as the sons, must be self-supporting. And common sense suggests that no woman can count upon provision for her needs by someone else throughout her life. She should be equipped to support herself should need arise.

However, the vast majority of Australian girls will one day become wives, and any choice of occupation should provide for the possibility of some kind of training for this real, difficult career. Every girl should know how to run a home.

Cooking — With Tears

BEFORE my marriage I had the rosiest visions of my success as a housewife. I saw a smiling bride waiting at a garden gate. Within, all was



THIS CHARMING PICTURE of Mrs. J. A. Lyons, taken on a visit to one of our day nurseries, is indicative of the intense interest she takes in every phase of child welfare, education, and upbringing. —Women's Weekly photo.

order and peace, and a delicious meal awaited a wan and work-worn husband. Instead, day after day, he returned to open the door upon a steam-filled kitchen. Through the haze a flushed and sometimes tearful face showed like a rising moon.

The food that came forth from that chamber of horrors I hate to think about, but it certainly put a test upon devotion that guaranteed a happy married life. A love that came scatheless through that ordeal would survive any subsequent trial!

I know a peer who has placed his two daughters in a school where all of the domestic work of the establishment is done by the students. This includes the cooking and floor-scrubbing as well as bed-making and dusting. He believes that the world of the future is going to be easiest for those who can est attend to their own wants.

Happily, in Australia there is no feeling that doing one's own housework is undignified, although there is an inclination to regard domestic employment in another's house as less desirable than shop or factory work.

I know of at least two schools that were founded to combat this notion. Here all branches of housewifery are taught, from the management of a large household to the running of a small home with no help at all. Students are thus able to leave with diplomas, giving them professional status if they wish to seek employment in the domestic sphere.

In any case, they are equipped for marriage in a way that women of an earlier generation seldom achieved except after long and painful experience.

Develop Talents

I BELIEVE firmly, however, that whatever talents a girl has, she should be allowed to use. One of my daughters has a liking for science and mathematics. She wants to do a University course. At the moment, she thinks she would like eventually to become a pharmacist. We hope to allow her to do so.

My eldest daughter has no desire to pursue her studies beyond the Leaving Standard. She will devote herself to domestic pursuits. There is ample scope for such a career in our home, and

she has no wish for any other occupation.

Music is the main interest of yet another, and she hopes one day to be earning her living by it. Wherever possible, it is desirable that a girl should be allowed to follow a calling of her own choice.

I have often thought of the joy that several sisters, or friends, could get from running a business together; I like a book shop. Here is an occupation profitable alike to mind and pocket.

Think of all the interesting people they would meet. Dear old ladies with their memories and their dreams. Elderly gentlemen with kindly eyes and minds rich with knowledge, and that other precious thing that years and experience alone can give: I mean wisdom.

Young girls would come tripping along for the fashion magazines and there would be eager conferences on the latest jumper patterns. And always there would be the chance that in through the door would step the man of dreams. Oh, girls, a lovely life!

Continued on Page 28

New Size Box

9⁰

CALIFORNIAN
POPPY FACE
POWDER

... A DREAM OF LUXURY

All you could desire in a face powder, the well-beloved Californian Poppy, soft as mist and wonderfully clinging, now in a new size box at 9s. The sunny, youthful perfume of Californian Poppy is ever charming.

in 4 shades

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"CALLING AUSTRALIA!" Radio From the Queen Mary

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Special Representative of The Australian Women's Weekly on board the Queen Mary ATLANTIC OCEAN.

I have a feeling as though Piccadilly had got adrift somehow from the rest of London and was floating out to sea.

I have just walked into my apartment as dead-beat as if I had spent an hour jostling through the crowds of Central London.

IN fact, if I had walked out of a picture show in Piccadilly Circus, and strolled down that thoroughfare of luxury, Piccadilly, and ended up in the palatial splendour of the Ritz, the experience would not have been very different from a walk round the Queen Mary.

There are sufficient dance halls, restaurants, picture shows, swimming baths, Turkish baths, beauty parlors, telephone exchanges, newspaper offices, banks, libraries, gymnasiums, nurseries, and cocktail bars on this ship to set her up as a regular floating metropolis.

In fact she only needs to have a House of Parliament to convert her into a sovereign State.

I did not notice any police station in my wanderings over her, but I saw some of the ship's police, so I suppose they have a "chokey" somewhere.

As some idea of the spaciousness of the liner, the sports deck alone covers two acres.

Of course, you have read about her, and know that she is four times as large as the biggest boat that goes to Australia—just imagine, a ship four times as big as the Mariposa.

The ship is a floating luxury city for 3100 passengers, and a crew of 1100.

Passengers took aboard more than 8000 pieces of baggage.

In addition to stewardesses and the ordinary women employees on vessels, the liner carries sixty shopgirls and super-telephone girls, the latter connecting callers not only to every part of the ship, but practically to every part of the world.

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"THE LINER—SHE'S A LADY"... *Kipling*



THIS beautiful picture of the Queen Mary was specially painted for The Australian Women's Weekly by John Alcott, leading Australian marine artist. Mirage-like in the clouds the artist has also depicted a little sailing vessel. It is Captain Cook's ship, the Endeavour. What a story of human progress is here shown.



Only one hundred and sixty years ago, when the Endeavour sailed the oceans, Australia was still an unknown land; steamships had not been dreamt of. There is now a proposal that both the Queen Mary and a model of the Endeavour should visit Australia for the 150th anniversary of the First Settlement.

RUSSIAN BALLET for Australia NEXT YEAR

Famous Dancers Regard Trip as Amazing Adventure

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent
in London

The Russian Ballet have booked passages for Australia—next January.

Despite this, the principals, Markova and Dolin, are already getting excited about the stories they have heard of enthusiastic audiences, blue skies and sunshine.

THIS Markova-Dolin ballet is making the trip under the auspices of J. and N. Tait, and their repertoire will include such London favorites as "Carnival" and "Swan Lake," as well as some entirely new works such as "David" (an adaptation of the Bible story), "Ancassin and Nicotette" (a lovely romance of 13th century France), and Susan Salaman's amusing ballet of the circus world, "Show Folk."

Alla Markova, the prima ballerina, is the daughter of an English mining engineer and an Irishwoman from County Cork. Her father died when she

was only thirteen, and Diaghileff, the "King" of Russian ballet, who had already promised to train her when she was older, engaged her immediately. Consequently, at the age of fifteen she was dancing all the leading roles, an absolutely unheard-of feat in Russian ballet.

Oddly enough, in those early days she was often partnered by her present partner, Anton Dolin, himself an Irishman who had taken a more glamorous name!

Since Diaghileff's death Markova has danced in the principal cities of Europe, and last year was the prima ballerina

Dionne "Quins"

On the Air

THE Dionne Quintuplets were heard over the air in Sydney on the occasion of their second birthday celebration.

They appeared before the microphone at Station W2XAF, Ontario, Canada, and (according to Mr. E. Kildman, of 275 Pacific Highway, Artarmon, who picked the relay up on a 31 metres wavelength), displayed their ability by crying and generally "making a row."

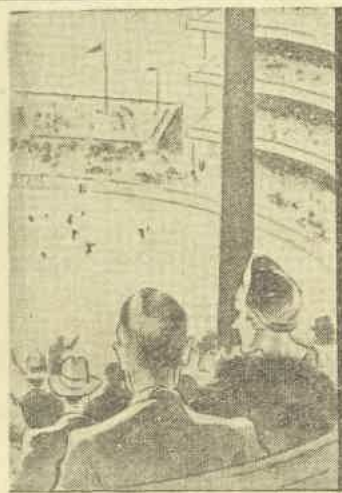
Dr. Dafee, who introduced the two-year-olds, said they were happy, healthy, and getting along well.

The birthday session also included records of the "Quins" at six months and one year old.

for the Grand Opera season at Covent Garden.

This company, with its own orchestra under the direction of Leighton Lucas, has already established itself all over England by successful tours of the provinces as well as a twelve-week season at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

They regard a trip to Australia as an amazing adventure.



AFTER the match on a Anippy day . . . after a round of golf or a long, brisk walk, you'll be more than ready for a pot of teal. You'll need its cheering warmth and content, and the renewed vigor it gives you. You'll find that it stimulates and braces . . . when muscles are weary, when nerves are complaining. Make a habit of having tea regularly, at home—and when away from home, slip into a cafe and enjoy a pot of tea.

TEA of course

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POT OF TEA

1. BE SURE TO SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA. 2. Boil Fresh water. 3. Warm up clean teapot. 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and one for the pot. 5. The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on the tea. 6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes . . . AND ALWAYS REMEMBER that "one for the pot" is a worthwhile measure if you'd make really good tea.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU.



TW255



CLARK GABLE — Writes Like He Acts

We Sign Up Clark Gable

WITH this issue The Australian Women's Weekly commences a new year, which will be full of surprises.

One of the first will be provided by Clark Gable. It's his own story of his life. He wrote it himself, and what a story he has made of it.

We have signed up the exclusive publication rights for Australia.

Just as Gable peels off his coat to give us those vividly real "he-man" pictures of his, so, too, he rolled up his sleeves to give us a real life story. Gable himself breathes from every line of this tale he is telling.

It's a superlative narrative, this. Watch for it and hitch your waggon to this screen star's story of the ups and downs of an amazing career.

350,000 Papers, Think Of It!

AND we want to tell you. To-day the circulation of The Australian Women's Weekly is 350,000.

In our last audit period of six months the average weekly circulation was 319,584. This figure is certified by the Audit Bureau of Newspaper Circulation. It is the highest certificate ever issued in Australia. We are very proud of this distinction.

In March the weekly average was 333,675. At the present time the figure is over 350,000.

Just as Australian women have appreciated the contents of The Australian Women's Weekly, so have advertisers recognised its superb value as an advertising medium. Readers have confidence not only in the paper itself, but in the articles and goods advertised in it.

We had so many advertisements offered for this special Birthday Issue that we were compelled to hold over 75 columns, which is equivalent to 15 pages.

We regret having to disappoint our advertisers. However, the high standard set in this issue will be maintained throughout our fourth year, enabling the held-over advertisements to appear with equal advantage in future issues.

A Year of Surprises

BY way of securing additional attractions for readers, The Australian Women's Weekly has scoured the world for high-class fiction.

Free novels will appear from the pens of such masters as Sir Philip Gibbs, P. C. Wren, Gilbert Frankau, Jefferson Farjeon, F. A. M. Webster, and a host of others.

Booth Tarkington, Cosmo Hamilton, Ruth Sanborn, Agatha Christie, Patricia Wentworth, and others will write for you the short stories which are a feature of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In addition, Shirley Temple dolls in the most fascinating clothes will be given away in a wonderful new "Quins" Competition. Yes, 100 more Shirley dolls.

There will be a new book offer, too. Something extra special this, and surpassing anything else of a similar nature ever offered.

JEWELS FROM Aladdin's Cave for the KING'S CORONATION!

Indian Prince who will
take priceless gems from
cobra-guarded treasure
store to London

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our
Special Correspondent in London

FROM cobra-guarded treasure
caves in India will be brought
a fabulous fortune in jewels
next year, when Indian Princes will attend
the Coronation ceremonies in London to
pay homage to their new King and
Emperor.

To a pageant of glittering splendor the
bejewelled Princes and their suites will give a
lustre that is without parallel.

The fabulous wealth that will be repre-
sented by the jewels worn by these Eastern
potentates is almost beyond human con-
ception.

Stored in the Indian equivalent of Aladdin's
wondrous cave, the jewels are valued at hun-
dreds of millions of pounds. In India, re-
markably efficient if ancient methods are
taken to safeguard them from theft.

In London, it will be part of modern Scot-
land Yard's job to look after them before they
are returned to the vast underground jewel-
case in India.

ALTHOUGH the Coronation date still seems a
long distance away, West End hotels are
already booking for it.

The accommodation of the
Indian Princes and their suites is
providing one of the most in-
triguing problems.

Claridges are catering largely
for Indian potentates. The Nizam
of Hyderabad has provisionally
booked many suites. He has an-
nounced that he is chartering a
ship to bring hundreds of guests
to London.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is one
of the wealthiest of the princes
of India, and wherever he travels
he takes with him an entourage
of dazzling brilliance. As well
as personal attendants, it includes
high officials of the Prince's
Court, with their own personal
attendants, and a staff of special
cooks, who will prepare in Eng-
land the special meals for the
staff with ingredients brought
from India.

Full Ceremonial

THE Nizam and his high officials
will bring their own fleet
of motors and drivers, and during
his public appearances the Nizam
will wear his world-famous
jewels. In full ceremonial dress
the Nizam wears pearls, rubies
and diamonds that make even
such dazzling jewels as the
famous Londonderry collection
pale in insignificance.

These gems will be brought to
London secretly in the bullion
tanks of the P. and O. Company's
mail steamers, and will probably
be locked up for safe keeping,
when not in use, in the vaults of
the Bank of England, whose
modern protective devices are a
striking contrast to the methods
employed by the jewels' guar-
dians in India.

As showing the magnificence
in which these Indian princes
travel, it will be recalled that at
the coronation of the late King
George V one of the lesser

princes occupied the whole floor
of an important London hotel
for his entourage, and he brought
with him for use in England no
fewer than 12 Rolls Royces.

Dropped Pearls

THE last historic occasion on which
all the Indian princes assembled in
the full splendor of their magnificence
was on the occasion of the Indian Dur-
bar in 1911, when the diamonds, gold,
rubies, pearls and other precious stones
worn by them made one of the most
dazzling spectacles the world has wit-
nessed.

During the ceremonies the
jewelled handle of the sword of
one of the princes became en-
tangled in a triple rope of pearls
several yards long. The rope
broke, and the pearls were scat-
tered all over the floor of the
chamber.

The Prince scorned to allow any
member of his entourage to stop and
pick up the pearls, which rolled all over
the floor.

Another of the wealthiest of the
Indian Princes is the Aga Khan, of
racing fame, whose jewels are of enor-
mous value.

Quite a number of English women
have made marriages with these Indian
potentates, and have thus been enabled
to possess jewels outwitting not only
those of any titled lady in England, but
even of Royalty itself.

One instance that attracted much
public attention in England was the
marriage of Mrs. Helen Wilson, a well-
known Scottish widow, to the Sultan
of Johore.

The crowning of the bride as Sultana
was the occasion for brilliant cere-
monies and festivities at Johore, and
the Sultana wore a superb tiara of
diamonds set in platinum valued at
nearly £50,000.

Rich Baby

A SON of the Nizam of Hyder-
abad is married to the daugh-
ter of the last Sultan of Turkey,
and the infant child of this union
is said to be one of the richest
babies in the world.

The Sultan's daughter, the Princess
Duru Shehvar, was a lovely and talented
Turkish girl. Her father, the ex-Caliph

IN ADDITION to the extraordinary maze-like intricacy
of the caverns is a pit of deadly cobras, past which the Princesses
and other members of the Nizam's family are escorted.

Abdul Medjid II, of Turkey, lived in
exile near Nice.

The betrothal was one of the social
highlights of England and India. After
the short official engagement ceremony
in Nice, the marriage ceremony with
full Moslem rites and lavish Eastern
pageantry was performed at Hyderabad.

The splendor of the bejewelled princess
and princesses on that occasion was one
of the most breath-taking spectacles
seen in India in recent years.

The immense fortune of the Nizam
has belonged to them for centuries past,
and consists largely of jewels, precious
stones, and gold and silver, which has
been gathered through the ages.

Some of the jewellery in the collection
is of exquisite workmanship. It is a
tradition of the family that this vast
wealth must be kept intact. It is kept
in an immense secret vault.

The total worth of the treasures
of the Nizam is such that it is im-
possible to place a value on them,
but it has been estimated by one
authority at something like
£300,000,000.

The hiding place of this vast treasure
is a labyrinth of secret caverns under-
neath the temple adjoining the palace.

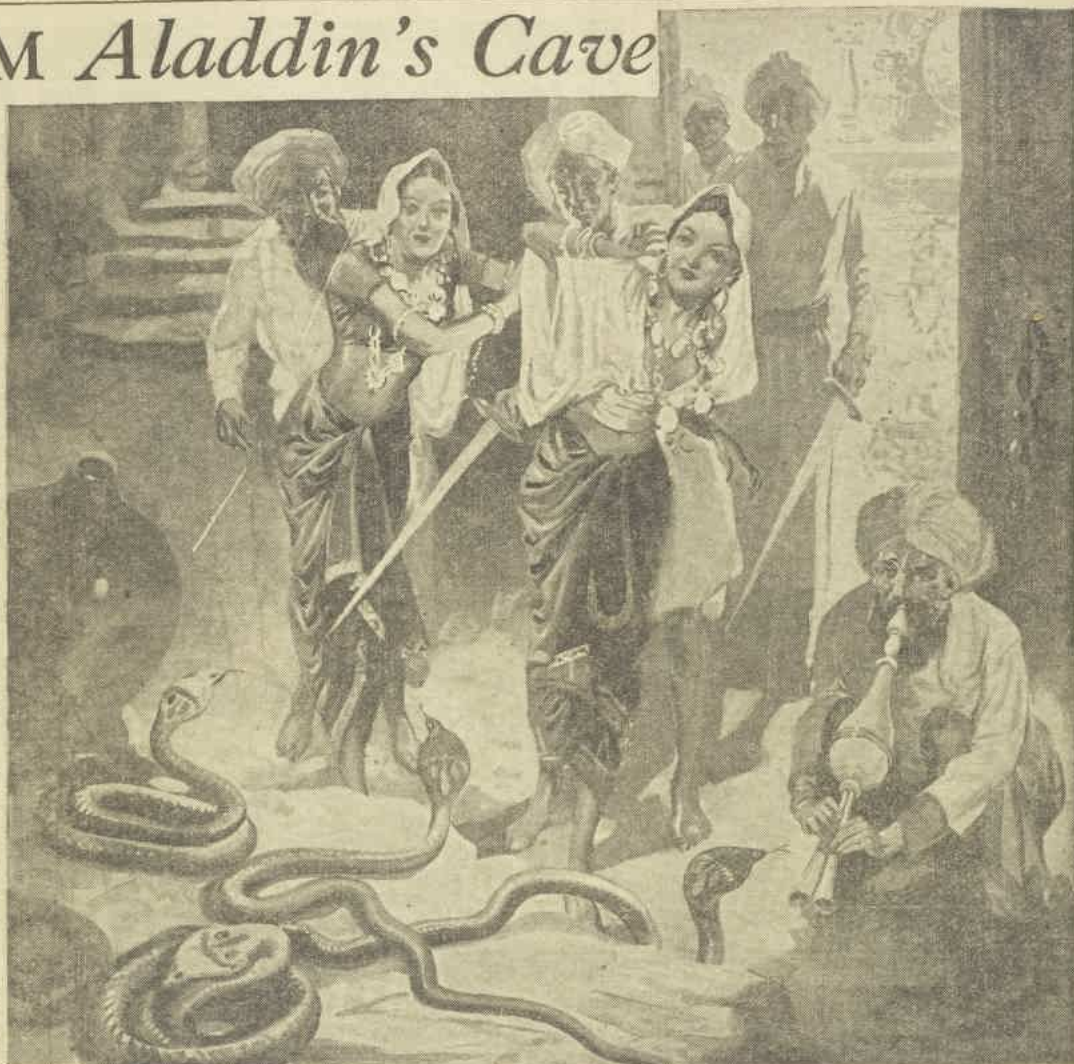
The entrance to them is a deadly
secret and is not even known to the
Nizam himself, but is kept by two old
Indian priests who have taken a vow of
perpetual poverty and who, in their turn,
pass on the secret to their successors.

The few who are admitted to this
Aladdin's Cave are first blindfolded, the
eye coverings being removed only when
the attendants are sure the visitors are
hopelessly confused by the mass of
twisting and turning tunnels.

The Nizam himself is the only person
allowed into the treasure caverns without
being blindfolded, but even he has to be
guided to the inner vaults by the
priests.

When a member of the family of the
Nizam marries, whether a son or a
daughter, the bride is allowed to enter
the secret vaults where the treasure is
stored and select whatever jewellery she
desires. She is blindfolded before being
taken into the vault and made to swear
that on her death the jewellery will be
restored.

The outer approaches to the vaults are
guarded by soldiers. Inside, in addition
to the extraordinary maze-like intricacy
of the caverns, is a pit of deadly cobras,
which must be passed by the Princesses
and other members of the Nizam's family
who may have to be escorted to the
jewel vaults.



Men are Amazed at their Strength!



ALFRED J. BRITON.

Australia's Leading Physical Direc-
tor, Founder of "Health and Physical
Culture" Magazine.

After this FREE BOOK Shows
Them the Way to Great
Muscular Power!

GET this book now. Whether you are
weak or strong—sickly or healthy—
young or old—overweight or under-
weight—regardless of WHAT your con-
dition may be, send for it NOW. It will
show you how men just like yourself have
grown STRONG. It will show you the way
to a superbly-built body—to broad shoul-
ders, powerful muscles, a deep chest, slim
waistline, to splendid health and vitality
in every organ of your body.

MAKE THIS TEST TO-NIGHT!

BEFORE you step into your pyjamas to-night
stand in front of the mirror and look yourself
over. Are you proud of the man you see? Is he
a strapping, broad-shouldered, husky, with arching
chest and rippling bands of solid muscles? Would
you bet on him in a fight?
Be fair to yourself. You can't expect the respect
of men, or the admiration of women if you're a
physical weakling. Let me get to work on that
body of yours. Let me build a man who'll be
PROUD to step out in a bathing suit. This free
book shows how EASY it is. You'll never know
what this book is worth to you until you've read
it yourself. It may change your entire life. It's a
revelation to body-building and muscle-building.
It's crammed full of pictures and matter that will
make you open your eyes.
Thousands of men have thought it worth while
to send the "free book" coupon below to get their
copies. It won't cost you one penny. No obliga-
tion—no salesman will call. YOU be the judge and
jury. Mail the coupon or write—TO-DAY.

FREE to all "Weekly" Readers

"SECRETS OF MUSCULAR STRENGTH"
is the greatest book ever published on the subject.
Crammed full of amazing photos, it will show
you the short-cut to great strength and develop-
ment. You don't want to remain in the
ORDINARY class.
new. Get this book
and be a superman!

WHAT THIS AMAZING BOOK TELLS YOU—

- How to Add Inches to Your Chest
- How to Strengthen Your Back
- How to Treble Your Strength
- How to get Strong Nerves
- How to get Great Strength
- How to Develop a Muscular Body
- How to Cultivate Personality
- How to be Successful
- How to Attract Friends
- How to do Feats of Strength
- How to be Always Well
- How to get Endless Endurance

YOURS - IF YOU TEAR THIS NOW!

ALFRED J. BRITON, DEPT. WE,
101 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir—Please send me, absolutely
FREE, a copy of your latest book, "The
Secrets of Muscular Strength—And How to
Acquire It."

NAME

FULL ADDRESS



The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov



TAILORED coat and skirt. The jacket, which buttons up the centre-front, is blue-and-green check tweed. The skirt is of green woollen. The hat and belt are also green.

THREE-PIECE costume. Loose swagger coat, three-quarter length, and tailored suit in beige of very rough ridged woollen. Beaver revers and brown crepe scarf.

THREE-QUARTER coat and a skirt in grey-and-black plaid tweed. The coat has a very big collar. Tailored waistcoat fashioned from bright coral flannel.

FULL-LENGTH fitted and collarless coat of tan wool. The dress is of mustard wool, with stitched collar, cuffs, yoke and pockets. Tan hat and shoes are worn.

KNEE-LENGTH coat and slightly flared skirt of blue herring-bone tweed. The blue-and-white checked tweed jacket fastens up the front with blue wooden buttons.



THESE polo clothes are equally suitable for country, travelling, or winter sports wear. If you are going to be one of the spectators at the polo this year you will need to be suitably clad, but the clothes you will wear will be practical and useful for two or three winters.

Warmth should be your first consideration. Topcoats, loose enough to go over tweed suits, thick jumpers and skirts, or very warm suits with wool scarves and sweaters.

Tweeds are obviously the best fabrics, in checks, plaids or plain colors. Thick, rough woollens and flannels are good, too.

Sporting styles should be chosen for everything—coats, suits or wool frocks. Felt hats, with brims and folded crowns, are almost universal, but there are other

types that go with sports clothes—felt berets and some caps made of fabric.

Keep to sports shoes for your foot-wear—low or high Cuban heels, lace-up Oxfords or brogues. Gloves should be of leather, doeklin, or fabric. Hand-stitched ones look the smartest.

Scarves are attractive accessories to polo clothes. They can be of sheer wool, with fringed ends, of spotted or checked foulard, or flat crepe or velvet. If your ensemble is monotone, wear a bright contrasting scarf. If it is a plaid or check tweed, have the scarf match the jersey.

Three-piece Ensembles

A TOPCOAT and matching suit is an ideal ensemble. You can wear the coat over other things, or over the skirt with a colored sweater. Coats should be long or three-quarter, and furless, unless, of course, you have revers of flat fur such as beaver or leopard-skin. Have rather a wide collar and lapels

which you can turn up to protect you from the cold winds.

The coat can be tightly fitted and single or double breasted; belted if you wish; or loose in a swagger style. The suit beneath should be strictly tailored, with the hip-length jacket fitting at the waist. Wear a crepe-de-chine shirt blouse or thin wool sweater with a high neck. The suit and coat may be in one material, or the long coat and the skirt

NEW evening characteristics are: Lots of pleats; tunics; an abundance of mauve, black, and white; tulle, chiffon, and lace. Capes over everything.

matching with a contrasting jacket. If you think a coat and suit too heavy, have a coat and a skirt, and wear a woollen sweater.

Colorful Contrasts

DO not be afraid of bright colors. Vivid tweeds and woollens are more cheerful and much smarter than drab browns and navys.

If your long coat and skirt is navy, wear an emerald-green, cherry or brick-red sweater and scarf, or a yellow sweater with yellow hat and gloves. With a grey-and-black flecked tweed coat and suit, wear coral, yellow, wine, pale pink or turquoise-blue shirt or sweater.

With a navy-and-white checked ensemble, a red or bright green sweater. With a brown tweed coat and skirt, try a leaf-green or yellow jacket with matching sweater. With a bright bottle-green long coat and skirt, a black

canary-yellow or henna jacket—or sweater.

Bold plaids make smart swagger coats. Have a skirt that matches and a plain sweater, or wear the coat over a suit or a skirt and sweater made in one of the colors in the plaid. For example, a plaid coat in nigger-brown, beige, and red over a brown or a beige suit.

Tailored suits or coats and wool dresses are two other types of ensemble—the suit can be of tweed, rough woolen or grey flannel. If the material is not colorful, wear bright sweaters and scarves. Wear contrasting jackets and skirts, plain skirts with plaid or check jackets and vice versa, or the jacket and skirt in the same type of fabric, but in two colors. Brown skirt, pale blue jacket, brown or blue jersey. Dark green skirt, brick or sulphur-yellow jacket. Navy skirt, navy-and-white jacket, red jersey. Wine skirt, grey jacket, pink jersey. Grey skirt, royal-blue jacket, pale yellow sweater.

Wool dresses can be worn under long coats in place of suits or skirts and sweaters. These should be of sheer wool or jersey. The dress and coat can contrast in color, or match. If they match, wear a colored scarf and belt on the dress and perhaps a colored hat.

HERE'S FASHION NEWS Months in Advance—FROM SCHIAPARELLI



TO KEEP IN STEP with fashion you must sweep along to your next party in a Schiaparelli petticoat gown. A pink tulle petticoat peeps from beneath this rose-patterned black crepe model in an intriguing manner.

Exclusive Cable from World-Famous Creator

How Coronation will Affect the Spring Styles

By MADAME SCHIAPARELLI, the Famous Paris Fashion Designer—By Beam Wireless From Paris

FASHIONS are affected by outstanding events. It is very difficult, therefore, to forecast what the future holds. But certainly it is undoubted that the English Coronation will dominate clothes for the autumn and spring seasons.

The Coronation Collar will be a feature. This is a high Medici collar especially suited for coats. It is becoming to almost every type of figure.

THE Coronation will, of course, influence materials. Velvets, brocades, and taffetas in pale colors will be prominent in every fashionable wardrobe. Simplicity will be the keynote. Frills are most definitely going out of fashion, also the recent vogue for military models.

The only ornamentation on gowns which has come to stay for any length of time consists of flowers, accordion pleats, and smocking. The general tendency is to become more feminine, with soft, clinging frocks and wide-brimmed hats.

lace is being used on gowns for the youthful.

Stockings in lighter shades, and of fine openwork texture, will be worn with more and more colorful shoes exactly matching the popular pastel shades for frocks.

Feminine Trend

The glass hat? It is only a freak fashion. It will be short-lived. It is too harsh for the average wearer. Most hats will be decorated with tulle bows or flowers, while small hats are running to quills.

Costumes follow the prevailing



MADAME SCHIAPARELLI

trend for simple lines and will be cut with either three-quarter or very short coats, as women are trying more and more to cut the hipline.

These are general outlines which indicate the present trend towards femininity, but it is very difficult to forecast in detail, as any major event will definitely influence the fashions.

Unless there is a big upheaval the Coronation will decide the making of luscious materials, and simple lines will be general for the next two seasons.

After the Coronation there will probably be a swing from clinging femininity towards severe modern and futuristic lines.

With the simplicity of frock lines barbaric jewellery will be worn, such as long earrings, heavy

Schiaparelli's Petticoat Dresses

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE. Our Special Correspondent in London

Schiaparelli's petticoat dresses have swept New York by storm, and in London they are being shown as Ascot models as well as for dancing.

Usually these petticoats are made in pleated tulle or taffeta, and about four inches show below the bottom of the frock. A practical idea if Ascot should be wet, for the petticoat could be left off and the dress would not brush the wet grass of the paddock!

finger rings and bracelets. All of these will be set with cameos and semi-precious stones.

Sleeves Vary

Sleeves will be short and puffy or straight and tight-fitting, coming on to the hand. The bishop type of sleeve is most definitely out, and the three-quarter sleeve, except when worn with jackets, is fast disappearing.

The Coronation will also bring lace into its own again. Lace gowns are the vogue for matrons, while row upon row of narrow

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To All "Women's Weekly" Readers

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NAME ADDRESS

6/6/36.

RAINBOW—by "Rene"

● **RIGHT:** For a luncheon date is designed a simple tailored frock in black-and-white spotted silk linen, with plain white forming the vest front.

● **TOP RIGHT:** Capes of all descriptions are ever popular for evening wear. This red one, with back fullness pleated into a yoke, has slits at the elbow.

● **BELOW CENTRE:** Green-and-yellow check taffeta makes this jacket, with the flaring basque, worn over a plain green skirt. A tip for the spring race meeting.

● **BELOW:** This tunic model illustrates the new fullness, and one of the most important notes for spring—daring color accent. This ensemble in navy crepe boasts a wide magenta suede belt, gloves, and fruit on hat.

● **BELOW:** For afternoon and informal cocktail hour, a blueish-purple taffeta suit features a bewitching lace blouse. Coat facings are also of lace.



● **ABOVE:** Pale rose chiffon for a softly-draped gown, with self flower-trimmed décolletage. The long, floating cape is caught at the throat with diamond clips.

● **MOST** daring dinner ensemble designed for a long time is the "mess jacket" suit in very fine silk pique, offset with a red satin cummerbund. A red carnation is affected. The shirt boasts a bow at the neck.

● **BOTTOM LEFT:** Yellow and black—a popular color combination for spring. This three-piece suit is fashioned from lightweight silk linen. Veil tied on yellow straw sailor is reminiscent of gay 'nineties.

SPRING in PARIS

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY COLOR FASHION PHOTOS FROM PARIS—
BY AIR MAIL FROM MARY ST. CLAIRE



- AN exquisite frock in the grand tradition. In rich burgundy taffeta, it has a ruched bodice on which two enormous bows are poised. The little ruffled cape is of organza.
- TOP RIGHT: Two white and mauve orchids with long "feelers" trim this petite dinner turban of silk faille. Molynoux is responsible for its audacious new line. The long suede gloves are faen-colored.
- RIGHT: This daring helmet of dusty-pink felt is tilted over one eye at an impudent angle. Huge ivy leaves are strewn across the top. A slimy brown veil terminates in the vicinity of the mouth.

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MAKES "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



KING'S PAGE OF HONOR

BARON RONNIE HERSCHELL, who is aged thirteen, has recently been appointed Page of Honor to the King. This post is reserved for sons of officials of the Royal household, and Lord Herschell's father was a Lord-in-waiting to His Majesty.

Little Lord Herschell's duties are to attend the Queen at important functions. On such occasions he wears a scarlet uniform trimmed with gold lace, and gauntlet cuffs of blue velvet. He carries a sword with an ivory handle, and wears a three-cornered hat trimmed with scarlet feathers.

When he is sixteen he will have to resign.



FAMOUS POTTERY DESIGNER

MISS CLARICE CLIFF, 26-year-old art director for a famous pottery firm in England, is in charge of the designing work of two factories in which there are 50 junior artists and 1200 girls.

She has had a meteoric rise to fame. Ten years ago she was an apprentice in a china factory, earning a paltry few shillings a week. Not only did she prove a quicker worker than three men put together, but her employers discovered her artistic bent and sent her to London and Chelsea art schools to study designing. Now she travels to all parts of Europe, Africa, and America in search of designs, and was in charge of the china designed by Dame Laura Knight, John Everett, Frank Brangwyn, and other well-known modern British artists, which was shown some time ago in Australian capitals.

An article appears elsewhere in the paper on some of her own most recent work. Some of this was shown at the British Industries Fair, and some is now being shown in Sydney, and next week in Melbourne.



PROMINENT HEALTH OFFICER

DR. GRAHAM DREW, State Health Officer for Queensland, who is at present at Palm Island, where he went for six months' duty, was born in Scotland and educated at Cambridge University.

During the Great War he served with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and afterwards returned to his medical studies at Cambridge, later proceeding to St. Thomas' Hospital, London. He has spent much of his time touring the country on propaganda work on immunisation against diphtheria.

GOODNESS = BADNESS



A Booth Tarkington Story

NO one in the world is writing such human and delightful stories about children as Booth Tarkington. In this yarn—the first of a series—you will meet some fine youngsters. Lovable and infuriating by turn, they are always real.



SUSIE ROLLINS, ten and a half, and her brother Minturn, younger, were popular with the children of their neighborhood, had the largest yard and also a mother who never called out through the window that there was too much noise. Consequently the Rollinses' yard was something of a community playground in a small way and often uproarious in quite a large way. Fretful grown people sometimes fail to hear the difference between the noise made by two or three lively children and that made by six or seven—or even by six or seven dozen—and the Rollins family had one neighbor of this kind, a Mrs. Maples.

Her house, facing the next street, had its back toward the back of the Rollinses' house, and an alley separated the two back yards; but, upon an otherwise quiet afternoon, Mrs. Maples decided that she would either have to move away from the neighborhood where these Rollins children lived or do something memorable about the hubbub they were making. Owing to intervening trees, tall back fences, Mr. Rollins' garage and Mr. Maples' garage, Mrs. Maples had no view of the Rollinses' yard and impetuously attributed all the noise to Susie and Minturn.

"That woman!" she said, muttering; for her ideas about Susie's and Minturn's mother had become this emphatic. Her state of mind, in fact, was such as almost zestfully starts a neighborhood feud, and, in a dictator, brings about liquidations, purgations, and other modernist improvements upon mere massacre.

Oddly, at the time when Mrs. Maples' temper, so to speak, became hottest, rather late in the afternoon, little Susie and her friends were playing a game called "Still Pond." True, the word "still" seems a misnomer; there was no more a stillness than there was a pond, and the game excited even greater argument than had its predecessor, "Fox and Geese." Moreover, the youngest of the players, little Virginia Dale, only five years old, squealed all her arguments, and had a squeal so piercing that only the loudest testimony and logic could be heard while she was arguing, which was usually.

In addition there was present an inordinately active child, little Millicent Pease, who loved to manhandle boys whooping; and Minturn Rollins and his friends, Tommy Dale and Lemuel Finch, often had to bellow their objections to her boyishness. Also, Susie and her best friend, Annabelle Green, were compelled to exert their

"Listen!" Master Maples, with his back to the fence, pushed away the grasping hands. "I got the right to play my own cornet, haven't I?"

lungs to the utmost in order to be heard over all these others.

Even lovers of music, for such there are, must have found the Rollinses' yard about as vociferous as it could well be; but an interruption sobered it. A middle-aged woman of massive aspect and strong features, cook to the Rollins family, came forth from the house, and, after efforts that strained her larynx, made herself so impressive as to obtain a hearing.

"Mrs. Maples is goin' to have every one of you put in gaol and then you'll never get another cookie from me as long as you live, any of you!" she announced, screeching. "Will you listen or won't you?"

"Yes, we will, Maria," Susie put a hand over little Virginia's mouth. "Hush up, everybody! Maria says she's going to give us some cookies. Hush up! She wants to talk to us and give us some cookies."

"I will not!" Maria said. "Ain't I just told you Mrs. Maples was goin' to have you all put in gaol?"

"What?" The last squeal died away and the children, quelled, looked at Maria doubtfully. Susie didn't believe her.

"Why, we aren't doing anything, and anyhow my mother wouldn't let her put us in gaol. You said you were going to give us some cookies and—"

"I did not!" Mrs. Maples has telephoned three times this afternoon wantin' to speak to your mother, and twice I told her Mrs. Rollins was out;

you got to talking so much and while you were just yelling you said she was going to have us all put in the gaol; but she didn't say—"

"It's what she meant," Maria retorted. "My glory, didn't I haf to yell? You better all hush down or you'll see. Don't start up again now, the minute my back's turned, or you better look out what'll happen!"

She returned ominously into the house, and the subdued children stared at her large, threatening back until it disappeared. A cloud rumbling with distant thunder seemed to be moving toward them, projected by vast adult powers in displeasure. Was an actual policeman, wearing a uniform and awful in anger, possibly on his way to the Rollinses' yard?

"I GOT to go home," Tommy Dale said in a low, hurried voice. "You come, too, Virginia, else I'll get sent back after you." He had gone but a few steps when he addressed Virginia querulously. "Listen! Can't you walk any faster?"

Master Finch, homeward bound, was already in advance of these two; and Annabelle Green and Millicent Pease made but hasty adieus to their hostess. Even her brother Minturn left her and retired into the house—retired upward, indeed, as far as the quiet attic, where he did not exactly expect a policeman, yet interfered little

Cornet Starts Neighborhood Feud

but this time she asks me who is she talkin' to and I says Maria, I'm our maid, and she says if those Rollins children don't stop their noise it's an outrage and she's goin' to speak to Mrs. Rollins about it, and if Mrs. Rollins won't stop it she'll have Mr. Maples speak to Mr. Rollins, and if he won't stop it she'll see if something can't be done about it in a civilised country!"

"That isn't anything about gaol, Maria," Susie said nervously. "Before

with the stillness, Susie was left alone.

"Mamma wouldn't let her," she murmured, reassuring herself with the repetition of this thought; then she went out to the sidewalk and looked earnestly up and down the long street. In neither direction was any policeman visible. She came back into the yard, finding bleakness where so lately all had been busy with excitements; and, having nothing better to

Illustrated by FISCHER

do, stood moodily biting the tip of her right thumb and as near not thinking at all as is possible.

Then a peculiarly poignant sound came to her ears—an intrusive sound of the kind that arrests anybody's attention—and Susie realised that she'd been hearing this same sound frequently during most of the afternoon; though until now she'd been too busy to wonder about it. The sound had a sameness, true, and yet was varied. Repeated at irregular intervals, sometimes within a few seconds and sometimes not for several minutes, it might now seem a heavy snort and now but a slight one, or, bulging, it might seem to swell toward a blast intended for music, then die suddenly in a pathetic futility. Nonetheless, it was always a sound that had to be heard for no inconsiderable distance in any direction from its source.

Susie walked slowly down the yard, to the back fence, and, mounting upon an empty box that stood against the fence, looked over into the alley. Just opposite her was the neat brick garage of Mr. and Mrs. Maples. The wide, sliding door of the garage was closed, and, leaning back against it a little boy, slightly younger than Susie, was practising, as it were, upon a cornet.

He was a thin little boy, pale and secretive-looking. He wore spectacles, and his middle two upper teeth, though but recently acquired, could usually be seen whether he was talking or not. He was unsocial, furtive and devious; had habitually such an air of quietly knowing all about everything that Susie felt the greatest respect for him. This feeling immediately deepened when she beheld the fascinating instrument at his puffed mouth and saw the large distension of his cheeks and how watery his eyes were.

"Why, Frankie Maples!" she cried. "Where'd you get that wondie horn?"

"What?" Master Maples lowered the cornet after a thousandth attempt to protract a momentary success. "This is a cornet. What do you mean, a wondie horn?"

Please turn to Page 50

An Editorial

JUNE 6, 1936.

"OUR PAPER"

*Our anniversary is here—
We've been good friends for one more year.
We've laughed together over jokes,
Gossiped of interesting folks,
Told tales, swapped hints, and made
great plans,
And talked of woman's ways—and
man's.
A new year starts, that, when it ends,
Will find us even better friends!*
—Louis Montrose.

IN the first issue of all, we said we wanted people to have a friendly feeling about this paper.

It was our aim in return to give the paper a friendly character and to let its pages carry the true Australian spirit of goodwill.

We think this ingredient of friendliness helped make the paper what it is to-day. Nothing else could have inspired the endless flow of letters which come to this office every week from humble homes and rich homes, from men as well as women, all referring to the paper in the same words—"OUR PAPER."

People write in to praise. Sometimes they write to criticise. But it is always "our paper" they talk about.

Firm friendship requires more than laudable aims and pious aspirations. It requires a solid foundation of service. And so, naturally, we have never let up in our efforts to make this a good paper in every way, and to keep on improving it.

We went to unusual lengths to secure the best stories, the best fashions, the best illustrations, and all the other features that go to make The Australian Women's Weekly. We have new surprises in preparation, new thrills, new services for our readers.

But we have also the determination to maintain the most priceless thing of all, the spirit of goodwill. We want to be friends with our readers.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

LITTLE HOURS

*The stars of night, set far above
This restless world of ours;
They do not feel the joy, the love,
Of these, our little hours.
Our little hours! How soon they pass—
How soon the dust reclaims us;
Only a stone set in the grass,
To mark our passing, names us.*

—O.S.F.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Half Measures

WOMEN have been warned time and again about excessive slimming, but it has taken a man to do the job properly. An Austrian restaurant-keeper owed his death to the fact that he reduced from twenty stone to ten stone, literally cutting himself in halves.

This was apparently another case of the danger of half measures.

They Have a Word For It

SHOP ASSISTANTS in leading city stores in the Australian capitals must, we are told, attend lectures on the psychology of salesmanship and the handling of difficult customers. Perhaps psychology could be made attractive to the girls if it had a word for the customer who looks over everything in the department and then decides that she really didn't want anything, and that the friend she was waiting for would be along any minute now.

Imported Pests

WHY is it that every spectacular confidence man in Europe seems to be classed as an Australian?

This is the most unenviable form of publicity imaginable, and there should be a check-up on the nationality of these people. Once upon a time overseas papers thought of us only in terms of drought and flood. That was bad enough, but the confidence man seems to be something we can do without.

Most of our national curses, such as the rabbit and the prickly pear, are imported. The same thing may apply to many of these astute gentlemen who live on their wits and give Australia a bad name abroad.

He Who Gets Slapped

THE child that collects the slappings of irate parents is a healthy child and a national asset, says Dr. Andrew Kelias, of Liverpool (Eng.). Parents apparently have the wrong idea.

"The youngster that drives you nearly frantic is saving you doctor's bills and will grow up hale and hearty," says the doctor. If little Johnnie, on the other hand, is so good that he is held up as a pattern to more unruly children, it is better to have him X-rayed and a good stock of medicine bought.

There will be a world-wide chorus of juvenile cheers at the doctor's final word: "What's the use of smacking a child because he's naughty (i.e., trying to help the family by keeping well and strong)?"

Vegetable Favorite

THE rather dumb young person who thought that sulphate of ammonia was an Abyssinian chieftain would probably laugh to scorn the idea of a queen of spinach. Nevertheless she exists; yes, you've guessed it—in America.

Crystal City (Texas), which claims to be the "roughage capital of the world" and justly proud of its spinach, has elected a queen of that vegetable. Miss Speedy, the lady concerned, brunette and beautiful, has attested, not without truth, "All that I have and am I attribute to spinach."

These Texans certainly know their vegetables when it comes to advertising.

Famous Last Words

THE collecting of famous last words is a far, far better hobby than is generally appreciated.

Of course, the latest and best comes from Hollywood.

Last week when Mr. Edward J. Flanagan, an actor, married his wife, he left her immediately after the wedding.

His parting remark outside the church was: "So long, darling, I'll see you in the funny papers."

Chin Up

A WOMAN with an unemployed husband and six children who was recently evicted from her house scrubbed it vigorously from cellar to ceiling before leaving. A neighbor who saw this told newspapermen that it was the most touching sight she had seen in her life.

There are thousands of others who will see it in the same light. Somehow it symbolises the "chin up" philosophy of decent people hard hit by bad times. This sort of material which clings to the gospel of cleanliness and the daily routine in the face of disaster is too close to Godliness to be consigned permanently to the industrial scrapheap.

Discoverer's Disclaimer

ARE you a vitamin crank? Then perhaps you will not appreciate the debunking remarks of American Dr. McCollom on the matter. As one of the discoverers of vitamin A, which set housewives a new problem in menu planning,



THIS ATTRACTIVE GIRL is displaying the new rayon yarn in which the filament is finer by one-third than the finest silk. A one-pound ball of this new gozamer textile would stretch nearly 3000 miles. Several of the fabrics are also seen in the photograph.—Air Mail Photo.

ning, the doctor says that too many doctors and druggists are making money out of the vitamin "racket." Vitamin A, he declares, doesn't prevent colds and doesn't give disease resistance to any great extent—well, not any more than the cod liver oil which Granny used to feed to you on a big spoon.

How soon these new ideas become old-fashioned.

Cash Customers

PROSPERITY, that solid and comforting old body, is warming her slippers on the national fender these days, and the best indication that she is back to stay is contained in the latest banking statistics.

During the month of April the savings in banks in the Commonwealth increased by more than £260,000, and at the end of that month the aggregate of the people's savings was £4,000,000 greater than at June 30, 1935. And the figures are still climbing.

Cash customers at the banks are supplying 4,000,000 reasons for the smiles on the faces of financial statisticians these days.

Fearful Dreams of French Children

By MARJORIE FLORANCE

Who Recently Returned From a Tour Abroad

"ALTHOUGH we are no longer enemies, we are still not yet friends," said Pierre, a nineteen-year-old French boy, speaking of the German nation in general.

As he spoke he slashed a German newspaper to ribbons with his pocket-knife.

WE were drinking coffee at Florian's Cafe, on the Champs Elysees, sitting outside in the sun, as is the custom in Paris. Pierre, who was proud of his knowledge of languages, was helping me to translate a German newspaper.

It was the feeblest of feeble jokes about a French University in the paper that enraged him. To me it seemed quite innocuous, but Pierre's flaming eyes and fiery words were a different matter.

To the ears of an ardent pacifist, they were like a bell tolling for the death of a friend.

I have been told that it is quite a common thing for small children in Paris to wake in the night screaming that the Germans are coming. This, in the year of grace, 1935!

Who is responsible for this terrorising of children—whether their parents, their nurses, or the teaching in their schools—one cannot find out, but it may any dream of world peace seem very far off indeed.

Bath Costs 2/-

TO the ordinary tourist, without much money, Paris, at the present rate of exchange, is prohibitive. When it is understood that a bath costs from one to two shillings, an air mail letter to Australia four and sixpence, and a box of matches fivepence half-penny, the cost of clothes and hotels, etc., cannot be reckoned up without horror.

It is possible, if you have an intimate knowledge of the French language, and if you are very sure of yourself, to live cheaply in Paris even now.

You can, for instance, share a barely-furnished room with a friend in Rue Leopold Rabert, in the Latin Quarter, and have all your meals at a cafeteria round the corner, for twenty-five shillings per week.

The cafeteria is for women students only, and is very popular. They say that it supplies the cheapest and the best food in Paris.

On a sight-seeing bout in Paris one day, I met an American. After having told me her entire family history and dwelt at length on the educational value of travel, she asked me where I came from. "Australia," said I.

"Australia? You mean Austria, don't you?" "Certainly not," I replied, with a pardonable edge to my voice. "Have you never heard of Australia?"

"Oh! Sure. I've heard of it," replied Madam America, soothingly. "I've heard of it all right—but I don't know where on earth it is!"

Land of Suspicion!

THE people of Paris are very much influenced by the political situation. You may walk down a Paris street one day, and be met with courtesy and friendliness on all sides. The next day, in the same street, you will be scowled at by everyone, your English listened to with suspicion—in fact, you will feel like Public Enemy No. 1. The explanation is simple—something has occurred overnight in the Chamber of Deputies and Paris has gone all anti-British.

But two days later another situation has arisen in the Chamber. England is again a glorious ally. And you are once more the golden-haired baby.

French politics are quite beyond the comprehension of the average foreigner. The parties of the Left, the Right, and the Centre are each split up into about six different groups, with a baffling assortment of names. There are the "Socialists of France," "Popular Democrats," "Republican Socialists," "Socialist and Republican Union," to mention but a few.

The organisation known as the "Piety Cross" under the leadership of Colonel de la Roquette, has a tremendous following, especially among the peasants, the ex-soldiers, and the younger generation.

In Paris one can still feel the magic of Napoleon.

When I visited his last resting-place in the Hotel des Invalides, I was touched to see a bunch of freshly-picked violets, the Emperor's favorite flowers, placed at the base of the black marble tomb.



BLONDIE

!! x ? ? ! !



L. W. LOWER "Irons Out" His OWN LAUNDRY Washing and Cleaning Prove Too Much for Him!

BY L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED
BY WEP

Some time ago, at the request of numerous readers, I killed my grandfather, Arburthnot. I am sorry to say that I now have to introduce my brother, Alec.

I trust that there will be no whining and writing of letters to the Editor about this. Frankly, what I need is a little gentle sympathy and understanding. I feel that I need to be petted and pampered and not pushed and pounded.

Alec and I opened a laundry. "Lump Your Linen to Lower's Laundry" was the slogan. We started off in a big way. We had a dry-cleaning department, invisible mending section, department for mending snakes and ladders in stockings, and, of course, a laundry.

SOME hint of impending trouble came to me when a customer entered with a suit I had given to Alec to do a bit of invisible mending on.

"This suit is not mended!" he said, sternly.

"Alec!" I said, "this suit is not mended."

"It's invisible mending," said Alec. "It's so invisible that you can't see that it's been mended."

The customer snorted.

"That's a disgusting habit which you should do your best to check," I said. "Didn't you observe the notice on the wall, 'NO SNORTING'?"

"I want my change!" said the customer.

"You haven't given me any money," I reminded him.

"It's invisible," he replied smirkingly.

"That's fine!" I answered. "Here's your change."

The customer then left the shop, trying to jingle his invisible change.

"Alec," I said, "let us have no more of these contretemps. Remember that the customer is always right."

"In this case it looks as if the customer has left," said Alec. "What's a contretemps?"

"It's Spanish for mucking about," I explained to him. "Get back to your ironing."

"Have you got my shirts ready?" asked another customer, dashing in.

"Certainly, sir," I replied. "Service, Civility, Courtesy, and Cleanliness is

the motto here. Just like you don't get in butcher's shops. You will find the buttons in the smaller parcel, sir. Thank you, sir. Good morning, sir."

"Well, he wanted out nicely," commented Alec. "You don't think he's gone for the police, do you?"

But the customer came back. "Do you think I've got a size three neck?" he yelled.

"You guess first, Alec," I said politely.

"I remember, now," said Alec. "The cuffs of the gentleman's shirts inadvertently came off in the wash, and seeing that we had lost his collars, I converted his cuffs into collars."

"There you are, sir," I said, beaming.

"Everything explained. A highly ingenious invention of my assistant's for which I am sure you will commend him. Good morning, sir. Thank you. Don't tell us; tell your friends."

"You got that wrong," said Alec, as the man staggered out. "It should be: 'If you're satisfied, tell us. If not, tell your friends.'"

"Don't quibble!" I adjured rebukishly. "Do you notice that I'm reshaping the English language slowly, but surely?"

Out of the Wreck

"DO you mend ladders?" said a rough, coarse, low, vulgar, common, indelicate, ignorant, dumb-looking fellow, entering the shop.

"My good man," I tersed. "Didn't you see the inscription on the window, 'By Special Appointment to the Fire Brigade'?"

"Well, there's a couple rungs out of this stocking," he said, passing it over the counter.

"Alec!" I spangled. (You what? Spangled!) "Attend to this matter."

"There's a swell of something burning," remarked the r. c. l. v. c. i. d-looking fellow.

"Sal right," said Alec. "It's only the ironing."

So after we got the hose and put out

Watch out also for articles
by L. W. LOWER in the Daily
Telegraph.

the ironing we went on with the stocking. After half an hour I said to Alec, "Go out and buy another stocking, about this color."

Service, as I told you before, was the watchword in our establishment.

It was a shame the place got burnt down. We were doing so nicely. I was cutting some stains and spots out of a customer's suit with an old razor-blade, and Alec was rinsing another suit in the bath, when the ironing caught alight again.

Alec tried to put it out with a tin of benzine, but, despite his efforts, the place became securely alight. The insurance company said that it was very suspicious, but we collected just the same and intend to start a garage.

Speaking from my own experience, most garage mechanics have learned their trade in a laundry.

I would like to add that any one of you who is at all kindly disposed, and of a decent Christian spirit, should ignore the implication in Wep's drawing. He is merely jealous of me being the



An intimate study of the dirty trick Lower played on some of his enemies. He lured them into leaving their clothes at his laundry, and then disappeared. That's why he's wearing a new suit.

snappiest dresser in town, and this is his dirty, libellous way of telling people where I got my suits from. As I told him once before, it's his own

fault if his trousers are baggy and his elbows sticking out of his coat and his hat is bashed in. Beats me why his wife doesn't speak to him about it.

How did she SLIM safely

HER problem was how to reduce safely, and to keep slim, without undermining her health.

She was delighted when she found that Bile Beans corrected her tendency to put on weight (which was spoiling her looks as well as her figure) and kept her attractively slim without dieting or fatiguing exercises.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, ensure internal health and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

You, too, can slim safely, keep in good health, and always look your best if you take Bile Beans nightly.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND SLIM.



"As I work in a gown shop and need a fashionable slim figure, I was worried about putting on weight. But I have got rid of all surplus fat since taking Bile Beans each night. They have brought back my girl-like figure which enables me to show the gowns off to perfection."—Mrs. M. Singleton.

"By taking Bile Beans every night I got rid of all my unwanted fat and reduced my weight by nearly four stones, and this without having to cut out any of my food. Everybody says how well I look both in figure and health."—Mrs. M. Smith.

WHEN THE CHILDREN COUGH



WHOOPYCROUP

—She wants it!

Those little ills that beset a household—it's a satisfaction at least that children don't dislike taking Bonnington's Irish Moss. For those 'whoopy' coughs it is unrivalled, it will SOOTHE—it will ease breathing, it will reduce any slight FEVER—moreover a single dose soon stops a sleep-disturbing NIGHT-COUGH.

IMITATIONS:
Don't accept substitutes!
You want Bonnington's.
Price, 1/9 & 3/.



For Coughs and Colds Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

THE Creaking DOOR

IT was a clever crime—very, but the man responsible had overlooked the evidence of the rusty hinges on the door of the summer-house!

BY—
"SAPPER"

RONALD STANDISH lay back in his chair with a worried look on his usually cheerful face. In his hand he held a letter which he read over for the second time before tossing it across to me.

"The devil and all, Bob," he said, shaking his head. "From what I saw in the papers a clearer case never existed."

I glanced at the note.

Dear Mr. Standish, It ran—

I do hope you will forgive a complete stranger writing to you, but I am in desperate trouble. You will probably remember a very great friend of mine—Isabel Blount—whom you helped some months ago. Well, it was she who advised me to come to you. Would it be possible for you to see me to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock? I shall come, anyway, on the chance of finding you disengaged.

Yours sincerely,
Katherine Moody.

"Which means to-day, in a quarter of an hour," he said, as I laid down the note. "And I fear it's pretty hopeless."

"You know who she is then?" I remarked.

He nodded gravely and crossed to a corner of the room where a pile of newspapers was lying on a chair. And as I watched him I wondered, not for the first time, what made him take up the profession he had. A born player of games, wealthy, and distinctly good-looking, he seemed the last person in the world to become a detective. And yet that was what he was when one boiled down to hard facts. True, he picked and chose his cases, and sometimes for months on end he never handled one at all. But sooner or later some crime would interest him and then he would drop everything until he had either solved it or was beaten.

With the official police he was on excellent terms, which was not to be wondered at in view of the fact that on many occasions he had put them on the right track.

At times some new man was apt to smile contemptuously at the presumption of an amateur pitting himself

Moody, and her companion. Standing among the trees, some way from the hall, and out of sight of it, there is a summer-house which commands a magnificent view over the surrounding country. And it was in this summer-house that the tragedy occurred.

"It appears that for some weeks past Mr. Playfair has allowed a young artist named Bernard Power to use it as a studio. Yesterday, on returning in the afternoon from a motor trip Mr. Playfair, while taking a stroll in the grounds, happened to pass by the summer-house, where he found the unfortunate young man lying dead on the floor, with his head literally crushed in like an eggshell."

"Touching nothing, he rushed back to the house, where he telephoned for the police and a doctor, who arrived post haste."

"The doctor stated, after examining the body, that Mr. Power had been dead about five hours, which placed the time of the crime at ten o'clock that morning. Then, with the help of Inspector Savage, who has charge of the case, the body was moved, and instantly the weapon with which the deed was done was discovered. A huge stone weighing over fourteen pounds was lying on the floor. Mr. Playfair explained that the stone had originally come from an old heap which had been left over when the foundations of the summer-house had been laid. This particular one, he went on to say, had been used as a weight on the floor to prevent the door from hanging when the artist wanted it open. He had suggested it to him some weeks previously."

"It is clear that a particularly brutal murder has been committed, as any possibility of accident or suicide can be ruled out. The murderer must have approached from behind while the unfortunate young man was at work on his picture, and bashed in his head with one blow."

"The police are in possession of several clues and sensational developments are expected."

I looked at the date. It was yesterday's paper. Then I looked at the other paragraph he was indicating.

"These are the sensational developments," said Ronald, "which are doubtless responsible for Miss Moody's letter."

THE police have lost no time in following up the clues they obtained in the shocking tragedy that occurred the day before yesterday at Mexbury Hall. It will be recalled that the body of a young artist named Bernard Power was found in the summer-house with the head battered in in a fashion which proved conclusively that a singularly brutal murder had been committed.

"Yesterday Inspector Savage arrested a neighboring landowner—Mr. Hubert Daynton—on the charge of being the murderer. It is understood that a stick belonging to the accused was found in the summer-house, and the butt-end of a cigarette of a brand he habitually smoked was discovered lying on the floor."

"The accused protests his complete

ignorance of the affair, and further developments are awaited hourly. Needless to say, Mr. Playfair, in whose grounds the tragedy occurred, is much upset, as the dead man was a protégé of his."

I put down the paper and glanced at my companion.

"It certainly seems pretty bad for Mr. Hubert Daynton," I said. "He seems to have gone out of his way to leave incriminating evidence lying about."

"Exactly," Standish remarked. "Which may be a point in his favor. However, there goes the bell. We'll hear what Miss Moody has to say."

The door opened and his man ushered in a delightfully pretty girl of about twenty-one or two, who looked from one to the other of us with a worried expression on her face.

"Sit down, Miss Moody," said Ronald. "And let me introduce a great pal of mine, Bob Miller. You can say anything you like in front of him."

"I suppose you know what I've come about, Mr. Standish," cried the girl.

"I know what has appeared in the papers," said Ronald, "which summarizes into the fact that Hubert Daynton has been arrested for the murder

of an artist called Bernard Power in the summer-house of your guardian's place."

"But he never did it, Mr. Standish," she cried, clasping her hands together.

"So, I gather, he states. At the same time the police seem to think otherwise. Now will you be good enough to fill in all the gaps, as far as you can, which have been left by the papers? And one thing I beg of you—don't keep anything back. It is absolutely imperative that I should have all the facts—even if they appear to you to be damaging."

"I will conceal nothing," she said.

"You know from the papers that I live at Mexbury Hall with my guardian, and Hubert Daynton has the neighboring house, Gadsby Tower. He was often over with us, and we did the same thing at his place—"

"Was?" put in Ronald. "Do you imply anything by using the past tense?"

"During recent months matters have become a little strained," she said, a slightly heightened color coming into her cheeks. "To be brief, he wanted to marry me, and my guardian didn't like the idea."

Please turn to Page 54

Invitation

There are no doors upon my house,
The windows open wide,
And there are things to wonder at,
And books to read inside.

The fire is high, the table laid
For two or three, or more,
And everyone is welcomed in
Who pines by my door.

So if you chance to be about,
With time to spare for me,
Just walk until you find my house,
And come inside for tea.

—Yvonne Webb.

against the official force, but the smile generally faded before long. For there was no denying that he had a most uncanny flair for picking out the points that mattered from a mass of irrelevant detail.

"It's bad to prejudge a case," he remarked, coming back with two papers, "but this looks pretty damaging on the face of it."

He pointed to a paragraph, and I ran my eye down it.

"Shocking Tragedy in Leicestershire."

"Brutal Murder of Young Artist."

"A crime of unparalleled ferocity was committed yesterday in the grounds of Mexbury Hall, the home of Mr. John Playfair, who has lived there for some years with his ward, Miss Katherine



Complete
SHORT
STORY



CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

POLITICIANS' TRAINING

IT is amazing to consider that the most vital and responsible position a man can hold can be held without any qualifications.

Every profession and trade has its examinations or its apprenticeship. The doctor in Australia has to study six years before he is allowed to practise. The veterinary surgeon does a five years' course before he is considered competent to handle the lives of animals; but the politician, who handles the lives of millions of people, does not even have to sit for one examination. He is voted for by the majority and is then allowed to run wild in the laws and government of a nation.

Surely some qualification is necessary before a man can help, or hinder, in the governing of a land, a qualification whereby he has proved his knowledge of the existing laws and financial and common problems of his people, and which would test his ability to remedy such problems.

£1 for this letter to Miss E. Horley, 17 The Crescent, Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

MEN "ROUGHING" IT

I WONDER how much real truth is in the statement appearing on the So They Say page of May 9—"Modern men like to 'rough it' on his holidays." If his wife or the cook served up some of the burnt "titbits" I have seen in womanless camps he would never cease complaining. My observations of such individuals show me that every one of them is very glad to get home again.

P. C. Pritchard, 17 Forest Road, Trevalyn, Launceston, Tas.

TALKING ABOUT ILLS

HOW often do we hear women discussing in trains, trams, etc., the various operations they have had, and what the doctor told them!

While we are all sympathetic, it is somewhat nauseating to hear such discussions in public. Besides, some person, suffering from a similar complaint, may be compelled to listen, and so become unnerved.

M. Thompson, 25 Albany Parade, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

So They Say

Live in the Present and Curb the Restless Mind!

MRS. A. FEALY (16/5/36) thinks that people should not live in the future. With many people, dreams of what might come are the only pleasure they have, as the present is not always pleasant to dwell on. Imagine the thoughts of the wife of an unemployed man! If they dwell on the present they may tend to depress her, while if she dreams of a more prosperous state it will help her to keep her spirit up. Again, people who live only for the present and make no provision for the future nearly always find themselves in difficulties.

Mrs. J. Renard, Victor St., Holland Park, Brisbane.

Leave Us This Happiness!

REGARDING Mrs. A. Fealy's letter, where she tells us to live in the present, "Am I enjoying the present moment?" she asks. The present moment is all the present we have; all else is past and future.

But take away hope and the outlook is very bleak. Half our joys are in anticipation—and in memories.

The future is so soon the present, and the present soon the past, so leave us our hope and our memories, so long as we remember not to hope for too much and so be too disappointed!

Mrs. A. Allan, 3 Welsh St., Kyneton, Vic.

Anticipation Doubles Joy

I DO not think it is half so much fun to live in the present as it is to think about the future.

Is not more than half our enjoyment in anticipation? We would be very lazy if we had nothing to strive for and would never know the joy of obtaining some long-looked-for wish. It is only human to look ahead and plan.

Miss Braemar, 13 Botany St., Carlton, N.S.W.

Enjoy the Present

I BELIEVE, with Mrs. Fealy, that it is far better to be one who lives in the present only. We are too inclined to re-live the past or conjecture about the future. Each is equally unremunerative. We may say, "How I wish I had done this or hadn't done that" or "Ah, for the good old days." But this is just a waste of time, as it also is to worry about what is to come. So why not be happy in the present moment?

Mrs. G. Anderson, 53 Upper Pitt St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

Is Marriage Worth Sacrifice of Well-Paid Job?

MISS CONNORS (16/5/36) who wonders why girls give up lucrative positions for marriage on the basic wage views marriage from a monetary angle. To me a congenial life-partner and happy, healthy children are worth far more than any secure, remunerative job. Single life may be all right to a young woman, but what of the "not so young"? Will she have enough put by to retire on? Children may bring worry and make work, but they give one a real interest in life.

And even if a man's wage is small to begin with, there's always a possibility of his bettering himself.

Mrs. G. Young, 70 Mowbray Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Marry to Better Yourself

I WOULD prefer a single life in a secure, remunerative position to a marriage where life is a never-ending struggle against poverty. I think a woman who gives up a good position to get married is very foolish, unless the man of her choice has a salary to keep her in comfort. There are many married couples with families now struggling for an existence, and this should be a lesson to the younger generation of women to stick to their jobs until better times are ahead.

Mrs. A. McArthur, St. Lawrence, Qld.

Right Pioneering Spirit

IN giving up their salaries of £3.10/- a week and over, to marry and keep house on but little more, girls are showing what they possibly do not realise they possess—and that is the courage of pioneers.

They are answering an age old instinct which, despite woman's emancipation, is still the strongest trait in feminine nature, and an instinct which for the sake of the human race must continue to predominate. To a great proportion of girls a job is nothing but an anteroom to the hall of marriage. Their salary is a necessity, but it is not the chief pivot of their existence. Husband, home, and children are despite frantic protestations to the contrary the secret dream of every healthy properly-constructed girl. When she has the chance of making her dream come true she will readily sacrifice the "secure remunerative job" to undertake, with all the spirit of the pioneer, her natural calling of wife, home-maker and mother.

Miss M. B. Robson, 2 Pen-y-Bryn Place, Launceston, Tas.

Have You Ever Been "Talked Down?"

HOW is it that so many people get into the habit of talking one another down?

They flinch off your sentence for you, and then hold the floor. Just when you think your turn has arrived they are only pausing for breath to race on again.

The woman who hasn't a good flow of conversation need not be nervous. There are far too many of this type waiting to talk her down.

Mrs. R. Jones, 18 Kendall St., Cabarita, N.S.W.

Marry By All Means

I SAY: "Marry by all means." One hears married women grumbling and advising girls not to marry, yet they wouldn't change places for worlds. What interest would life hold after youth had passed us by? Just a continual round of amusements, of which one tires quickly. What is a good job compared with a home shared with a loved one, and perhaps little ones to shower their love upon you? Worries, striving, and toiling would then be forgotten. I think.

Miss G. M. Fulwood, Koolagal via Biloela, Qld.

Prefers Wedded Bliss

IN answer to Irene Connors (16/5/36), I would like to say I was one of the "workers" from the time I left school until I married nearly three years ago. I held an excellent position which I gave up to marry, and I can truthfully say that even though I have to watch every penny, I think wifehood and motherhood are preferable to single life and a good job.

Mrs. Cliff Wright, Castleragh House, Castleragh Rd., via Penrith, N.S.W.

In this "Rush" Age Have We Time to Think?

I DON'T agree with A. J. Kerby's statement (16/5/36) that our faculty for thought is in danger of atrophy because the modern pace is too swift.

The speed at which we live to-day has improved our thinking faculty. There is no time for "shilly-shallying."

This is all to the good and in no way detracts from our ability to think clearly and concisely.

In a rush world, we have had to become rush thinkers, but no, certainly not rash thinkers.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne, C.I.

Cultivate Graceful Walk

WHY is it that so few girls of to-day walk properly? If they are not taking ridiculously short steps they are going to the other extreme and striding—many of them slouching. Nothing is so ugly as an attractive girl in evening dress striding across the ballroom—or a young miss tripping off to golf.

To cultivate graceful carriage should be the aim of us all. Our grandmothers, we heard it, so why can't we, with our health and physical culture, do the same?

Joyce M. Corvill, Sherbrook Ave., "Ingwood," Vic.

"Rush" Promotes Thought

I DISAGREE with A. J. Kerby. The vast spaces of the country still hold peace, quietness and leisure for those whose "faculty of thought" needs such environment to flourish. Yet there, one's "faculty of thought" has so much time to operate, and there are so few things to stir it, that it stays at a standstill.

This "rush" existence of the cities makes for quick accurate thinking and progress.

Miss Emma Neal, 59 Audley St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Give YOUR Views

ARE you thirsting to give your opinion on one of the letters appearing on this page? Or have you something new yourself you want to broach? If so, write in to So They Say. Addresses may be found elsewhere in this issue.

INFAMOUS UNIFORMS

THE insistence of a uniform for women in offices has always struck me as being particularly unjust, for the reason that it must create a feeling of superiority in the minds of fellow male employees.

In such cases women have to arrive



UNIFORMS create feeling of male superiority!

at the office earlier than the male staff to don their uniforms, and have to leave the office later in the afternoon because of their having to change. It is awkward, too, in the lunch hour.

I do not suppose it has ever dawned on the employer that he is imposing on the female portion of his staff. Can anyone tell me why men in such offices are not required to change into a particular "house-colored" tie or striped trousers? Why are women selected for this tyranny?

M. R. Grey, Wynnum Road, Tingalpa, Qld.

THE DOG MENACE

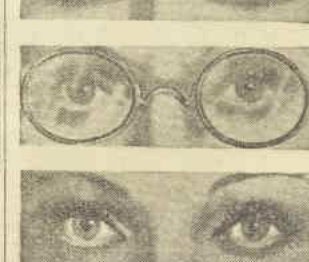
WHILE walking through a park recently I was very much alarmed to see a huge, shaggy dog snapping and snarling at two toddlers of about three years of age. It was nothing short of a miracle that they were not severely bitten by the huge brute. As it was, they were nearly scared out of their wits, and if it had not been for the prompt action of one of the gardeners there is no knowing what would have happened.

It seems to me that owners of savage dogs are allowed far too much liberty with their pets. They should be made to keep them on a lead, especially when taking them through parks crowded with some children.

Francis H. Tomkins, 536 Brunswick St., Nth Fitzroy, Vic.

Dispense With Glasses

WITH THE AID OF EYE CULTURE



Normal, healthy eyes which can be obtained through Eye Culture.

IF your eyesight is failing then learn how by a few minutes each day with EYE CULTURE you can obtain or regain normal eyesight without the use of glasses.

Everyone who has eye trouble of any kind, and every worker of glasses, should know of this natural method of "strengthening and improving the eyesight."

All those whose health depends upon keenness of eye—clerks, draughtsmen, compositors, factory workers, tradeswomen—should, in fairness to themselves, learn what EYE CULTURE can do towards helping them gain and maintain perfect natural eyesight without being encumbered with glasses.

The average wearer of glasses spends a considerable amount of money year in and year out in repairs and changing glasses—a steady expense that can, in most cases, be done away with by inexpensive EYE CULTURE.

Call and see me personally or send a 2d stamped, addressed envelope for our interesting booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES," and learn what Eye Culture can do for you and IS DOING AND HAS DONE FOR MANY OTHERS.

EYE CULTURE

C/o. Irvine's Pharmacy, GOWING'S BUILDING, ROSS, A.I., 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH take HEARNE'S today

It is positively dangerous to neglect a Cold. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE there would be little fear of any serious complications (such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy and Bronchitis).

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that persists and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH

that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than Hearn's Bronchitis Cure.

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearn's obtains its amazing results without the use of narcotics, and does not upset the stomach.

£1/2

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE Fabulous VALLEY

Each was thrilled with the dazzling vision of great wealth to be found in the Valley of Diamonds.



THE cold January rain beat against the narrow panes of the window in the lawyer's waiting-room. In the doorway stood the clerk, twisting his knobby hands, and bowing.

"I am sorry, Mr. Long, but Mr. Bullett says he can't see you until the others are here. He'll be pleased to give you a few minutes afterwards."

Henry Long gave the old man a distrustful look from his shrewd, grey eyes, then turned to his step-daughter nearby.

"I might have known," he muttered, "that Bullett would avoid being pressed for any information before the reading of the will."

"Never mind," she replied soothingly, "we shall soon know all about it." As she spoke the door opened to admit a woman in her early sixties who bore a striking resemblance to Henry Long, and a dark, well-dressed young man, whose eyes rested on the girl with interest.

"Well, Gertrude," Henry Long offered a grudging hand to his elder sister whom he had not seen for many years. "How are you?"

She smiled a little bleakly, but her eyes held a gentleness which her brother's lacked. "You haven't altered much, Henry. And this is your step-daughter Patricia, I suppose?"

Patricia stared with envious admiration at this unknown aunt, the "bad" woman of the family, who had deserted her husband and children to elope with the once-rich land-owner, Heron Kane-Swift.

"Of course, you haven't met my boy, have you?" Gertrude Kane-Swift went on. "Michael, this is your Uncle Henry and Patricia."

All that Michael had ever heard of his Uncle Henry had predisposed him to dislike the man, and now that he met him he saw no cause to alter his feelings. Patricia, however, the daughter of Henry Long's wife of a former marriage, was a pretty girl with large hazel eyes, a firm, strongly-moulded chin and curly auburn hair. Michael felt instantly attracted to her.

AS Patricia took his hand she studied him with equal interest. He had the dark wavy hair of the Long family, but his nose was almost snub, evidently a legacy from the late Heron Kane-Swift. He was of medium height, broad-shouldered, and had an open and ingenuous face. Their greetings were hardly over when the door opened once more and the clerk announced: "Mr. George and Mr. Ernest Bennett."

"Hello, Mother!" The elder, a rotund and almost bald man of forty, greeted Gertrude Kane-Swift. He had not seen her since they had met seven years before in this same lawyer's waiting-room on family business, but now he pecked her cheek in diffident haste and turned to the others who had arrived before him.

"Hello, Henry! Hope you're well," he said abruptly. George Bennett found very few people in this world whom he really disliked, but he still resented the fact that, when his father had committed suicide on their mother's desertion, his wealthy uncle had denied Ernest and himself the benefits of a university education.

Ernest, a slimmer and slightly taller edition of George, ignored his uncle altogether and kissed his mother with haste and embarrassment.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed George cheerfully. "All come to collect our share of Uncle John's money, eh?"

"I trust something has been left for us to collect," agreed Henry sourly, "and that he's done better by his family now that he is dead than he did when alive."

"I wonder what he was worth," Michael observed. "I met a man two years ago who had known him in Hong Kong and said that he lived like a Merchant Prince."

His uncle nodded. "I can well be-



Illustrated by WEP

lieve it. We can only hope that he has not squandered it all. But we are all here, so why does Bullett keep us waiting?"

"For Susan's boy—Sandy, perhaps," Gertrude remarked. "It is hardly likely, however, that he would come all the way from South Africa. I remember hearing somewhere that his father died shortly after Susan. Of course, she did quite well for herself, because McDiamid owned a nice property at the Cape, so I suppose Sandy is..."

Before she could finish her sentence the door opened and a tall, athletic-looking young man was shown in. He,

too, had the dark coloring of the Long family, but his hair, parted at the side, lacked the usual curl and a long lock which swept across his forehead fell forward as he removed his hat.

AS a child he had often listened to his father's diatribes against the mean and sanctimonious uncle who had made his mother's young life a burden and, in the chill, impassive man seated near the window, he had no difficulty in recognising this uncle.

Ernest Bennett broke the strained silence. "Come in, my boy," he cried. "This isn't exactly 'Home Sweet Home,' but at least they've put 'Welcome' on the mat."

N'hluizi shook his head... "Nothing any man can offer could

At this moment the clerk reappeared and said: "If you will please come this way, Mr. Bullett will see you now."

Surrounded by the dusty litter of bygone legislation, Mr. Bullett, lean, parched and prim, regarded the group severely over his spectacles.

When they had all shaken hands with him, and seated themselves round his desk, the lawyer observed blandly: "You are, of course, aware of the business which has necessitated my asking you to call here to-day?" He gave a little dry cough and sat back in his chair, tapping his fingers softly together as he added: "I have to read to you the Will of my late client, John

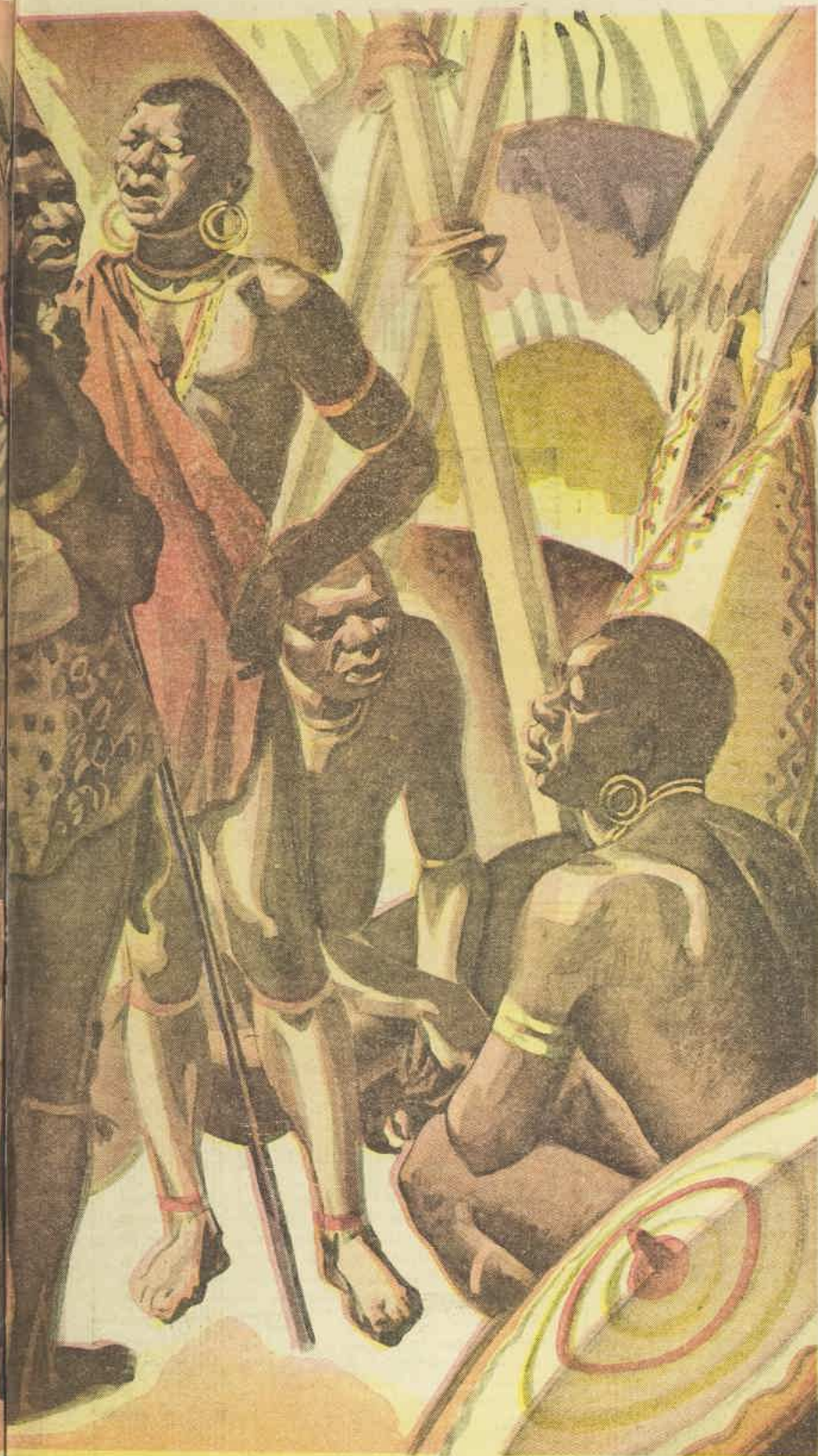
Thomas Long." He selected a paper from one of the many beribboned bundles in front of him, and proceeded to read:

"This is the last Will and Testament of John Thomas Long, of Moon Gates, The Peak, Hong Kong, China, being in good health and of sound mind.

"I appoint William Yates Bullett, of Messrs. Bullett, Bullett, Leggett and Bullett, solicitors, of No. 97, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.I., to be my sole executor.

"I direct that the aforesaid William Yates Bullett should realise the whole of my Stock, Shares, Property and Investment, for cash, and that the following legacies shall be paid, from the

Commencing Our Thrilling New Serial By DENNIS WHEATLEY



"could tempt me to enter the 'Land of Great Thirst' again."

sum realised, to the persons named below.

"20,000 Pounds to Aileen Orkney, wife of William Bishop Orkney, last heard of by me as living in Hilton Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa, in 1924."

"20,000 Pounds to Mile Solange Desaar, last heard of by me at Villa Beaulieu, Dijon, France."

"20,000 Pounds to Violet Robina, nee Brownley, last heard of by me at 122 Cemetery Road, Norwood, London, S.E. in 1904."

A sudden chuckle broke the stillness of the room. It came from Sandy McDiamid, at the realisation that

wicked Uncle John had parcelled out his splendid fortune to all his past mistresses. "Anybody know these ladies?" he inquired.

"I knew Violet," Henry replied grimly. "She was a slip of a girl that John was once in love with, but she turned him down. This Will is a scandal and an insult."

"Be patient, please," Mr. Bullett requested.

"40,000 Pounds to Judge Van Nickerk, of the Jacarandas, Church Street, Pretoria, South Africa."

"Well, I know who he is," murmured Sandy, "but I thought the old boy was dead."

Henry's lean fists were tightly clenched. "Go on, go on," he muttered quickly. "Let's have this farce done with."

"5,000 Pounds to Lieutenant Roger Philbeach, 461st Brigade R.F.A. (Territorial Force), last heard of by me as a traveller for Messrs. Rithen, Rothern & Co., Wine Merchants, London, in 1923."

"5,000 Pounds to Joe-Jack Mahout, last heard of by me as barman at the Royal Hotel, Durban, South Africa, in 1923."

"5,000 Pounds to Israel Rubenstein. Last heard of by me at 259 Old Montague Street, Whitechapel, London, 1919."

"50,000 Pounds together with, in any case, the residue of my Estate, including such sums as have been allocated

Diamonds in the Desert

EVERYWHERE the talk to-day is of diamonds. Hidden in the treasury of an Indian prince or locked in your box at the bank—DIAMONDS!

Those who used to hoard gold now hoard these glamorous gems. Diamonds against white throats, diamonds in vaults, diamonds in the news, and diamonds in this behind-the-headline story of nine people who went seeking a mysterious valley in wildest Africa.

It's the romance too of a brave girl who sought fabulous fortune and found love as well. This gripping story will be concluded in four generous instalments.

to persons named in this my Will should they predecease me, to the Mandarin Loo Hi-Foo of Hang Chow, China."

The lawyer paused and regarded his listeners for a moment.

Furious and grey of face, Henry Long sprang to his feet. "I consider it a disgrace to have been dragged here to listen to this wicked record of an ill-sent life. I shall consult another solicitor, Bullett, and contest the validity of this Will in the Courts."

"One moment!" The lawyer held up a slim hand. "This Will is properly attested in due legal form and even a doctor's certificate as to the sanity of the testator at the time it was drawn up is attached. However, I did not ask you here to-day only to listen to the reading of a Will which benefits none of you—there is another matter."

Henry sat down again, while the others stiffened to a new attention.

"You are, I think, all aware that up until about ten years ago the late John Thomas Long drifted about the world in what might be described as precarious circumstances. Then at a certain date we learn of his sudden and inexplicable rise to riches. How his fortune was acquired has always been a mystery, but in addition to his Will he left a letter giving particulars of the source from which it came. That is his sole legacy to his blood relations, and I am about to read it to you now."

Mr. Bullett coughed again, picked up another paper from the desk and proceeded:

"Brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces. You will note that I do not address any of you as 'Dear' because you are not dear to me in any sense. You will by this time have heard the contents of my Will and have noted, with varying degrees of disappointment and anger, that I have left all my money to those who gave me pleasure in my lifetime."

"Old skin-flint Henry is listening to this, I have not a doubt, and it is one of my few regrets that I shall not be present to witness his discomfort. Gertrude, too, perhaps, and, although I owe her nothing, in view of her consistent disregard of my letters asking for small sums which she could well have afforded at the time, I take the opportunity to salute her as a kindred spirit at least, in having had the courage to desert old Bennett. The Bennett boys will be there, too, possibly; and Susan, to whom I was tempted to leave a little money, since she was the best of a pretty miserable bunch. However, I see no reason why I should differentiate, as none of you has ever done a thing for me or given me one moment's thought."

"Yet it is so often said when Wills such as mine are made public that it is wrong for a man to leave all his possessions away from his family, however indifferent to them he may be.

"I COULD, if I chose, place each of you in a few months in possession of a fortune as great, or greater, than that which I have left; I refer to the actual source of my great wealth, which could have been ten, twenty, fifty times as much had I desired a greater portion than I took."

"It was in Africa, years before the Great War, that I first heard of the fabulous valley which is known as 'The Place of the Great Glitter.' Certain prospectors were said to have visited it and come away with a fortune in their pockets. Many more attempted to discover its whereabouts but died on their way thither, or failed in their undertaking. Every child in Africa knows this so-called legend, and anyone will tell you that it lies somewhere in the southwestern part of the Great Kalahari Desert, in a vast area almost entirely uninhabited except by

scattered tribes, where you will still find trackless and solitary wastes."

"It was not until 1924 that I met a man who convinced me that the Valley was anything more than a legend; but, after many months of sifting conflicting evidence as to its whereabouts, I set out upon one of the most terrible journeys that any man could ever have undertaken. I found the Valley and, having picked up, in a little under an hour, sufficient precious stones to ensure my comfort for the rest of my days, I succeeded in returning to civilisation in safety."

"There are people still living who made the journey with me, and who could lead you to this hidden source of wealth. Their names do not appear in my Will, since they were amply rewarded for their services at the time and were paid, in addition, a considerable sum to keep the secret until I, or some person whom they would recognise by a symbol, should seek them out."

"These symbols constitute my sole legacy to my family, and should there be more than three of you lots must be drawn for them. If you can interpret these tokens aright and have the courage, patience and endurance to undertake the investigation and the journey, you will indeed be heirs to whom I am happy to leave this great inheritance."

"I go now to open a fresh consignment of old brandy which has just arrived from my wine merchants in Pall Mall. As I sample it, I shall laugh a little over the thought of Brother Henry, whose avarice will certainly induce him to accept the venture, as he lies down to sleep in the Valley of the Leopards."

"John Thomas Long."

AS the lawyer ceased reading a tense silence settled on the room. Each member of the family felt a secret thrill at the glamorous prospect of great wealth which had suddenly been extended to them.

Henry's eyes narrowed. John's cutting references to his avarice had left him unmoved. The wealth was there for those who had the courage to collect it. He must not involve himself with the others, of course. The Bennetts hated him, he knew, and would be certain to cheat him if they could—but he meant to get his share.

Patricia, her hard eyes filled with sudden excitement, was thinking that it would be new life to be independent. Her own flat, a little car, and a glorious freedom from the dull routine of her step-father's stodgy household.

To the Bennetts money meant more money. They saw themselves buying up the shares of the Company in which they had worked their way to directorships, expanding and expanding.

Sandy McDiamid's face held a carefully-guarded interest. The only South African there, he knew the difficulties as well as the possibilities of finding this legendary valley.

Gertrude was visualising her lovely home as she had first known it when Heron Kane-Swift took her there twenty-five years before, and Michael was seeing the other side of the picture—the empty stables, the neglected gardens, the beautiful old Jacobean house falling into ruin.

He had been sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin propped in his hands. Now he sat up with a jerk, his face flushed with eagerness. He put an affectionate arm round his mother and said: "This is too good to be true. I've got to go."

She started as though brought back from a dream. "But, Michael, dear, the danger—I couldn't let you..."

"I know," he broke in with a swift whisper, "but think what this means to us."

Please turn to Page 63



I feel so old when I take my dentures out



YOU may conceal it from others, but not from yourself. Nothing makes you feel old and grow old like a couple of plates or "removable bridges." They are always on your mind.

Pyorrhea is a relentless foe. It destroys clean, healthy-looking teeth. It undermines the gums. It is responsible for more than half the losses of adult teeth in this country.

Take the offensive against Pyorrhea! Don't wait. Have an immediate consultation with your Dentist. He is the only one who can detect Pyorrhea symptoms in advance. Your Dentist knows how Pyorrhea saps, below the surface of

the gums and often takes years to show itself to the non-professional.

And in your home brush your teeth and gums with Forhan's. Don't think it is just a cleanser, or a sweet-flavored cosmetic. Forhan's is a serious toothpaste, intended to supplement the Dentist's care. It is worth while for you to get the best, when the dental health of your family is concerned.

Don't wait for bleeding gums. Be serious about it now. Put the whole family on Forhan's twice a day. It is the best Dentifrice that can be made. It is pleasant to taste, and just thick enough to be economical.

Price 2/-; extra-large tube 3/-.

Australian Agents—The Sheldon Drug Co. Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE—IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA.

Ashamed of Skimpy Hair?

Scalp Specialists' Treatment Grows Hair at Rate of One Inch in 14 Days.

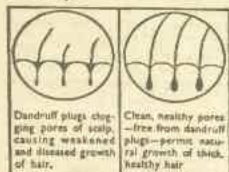
AMONG hundreds of Australian men and women—victims of scalp troubles, dandruff, falling hair, or baldness—who have reported remarkable experiences with Crystolis Rapid—Mrs. F. Adams, of Melbourne, states: "It has grown nearly 2 inches of new hair, and in one week killed every speck of itching dandruff that was causing my hair to fall out by handfuls." Dandruff is not—as many imagine—simply the white scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—these white flakes are but a symptom. When this insidious germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens and falls out. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness will come. Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions. So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

Soft Fluffy with a sheen like satin

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of luxuriantly thick, lustrous, healthy hair—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's Most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative



"THE ALCHEMIST." M. Pain. This first novel, of definite promise, tells the story of Suzanne, a French girl who falls in love with Simon, an English artist, and leaves Paris for London. The couple buy a cafe which becomes a vogue, but another ingredient is added

to the literary dish when a young English woman falls in love with Simon. There is a tremendous amount of heart-searching before an ending which is happy as well as surprising is reached. The background of English and French social life is faithfully portrayed. (Hutchinson & Co 7/6.)

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Australian Novel-Writing Now an Industry One Book a Week the Objective

Almost any week now you may see a new Australian novel on the bookstalls. That's the outward and visible sign that the local authors are being appreciated at last.

NOT so very long ago the publication of a local novel was an event—a lamentable one, if the critics were to be believed. But the public wasn't so sure. Admittedly in the past the Australian novel taken generally was a growing infant left too often unwanted on its publisher's hands, but the way of the pioneer is always hard.

Right Sentiment

THE sentiment was there, the nation wanted to read Australian novels, but authors found they could not live entirely on sentiment. Then someone in the publishing game got a true indication of the public reaction to Australian novels which was simply this:

We'd like to read them if they are readable. If not, we will damn these first rude beginnings for the sake of the immortal soul of the novel which will come after.

This was a pretty accurate summing-up, and to-day the infant industry of novel-writing in Australia is able to walk alone.

Big List

ONE Australian publishing house has a line-up of about 50 Australian novels for the remainder of the year. Others have an imposing list of fiction to appear in boards in the near future. In the month of June at least six novels will appear—more than a book a week—all written by Australians.

A glance at the new arrivals shows what good work is being done. One of the most outstanding "Sheba's Lane."

New Australian Novels

"Sheba's Lane" . . . H. Drake-Brockman.
"The Defender" . . . F. J. Thwaites.
"Dirk Spanders" . . . Ernest Wells.
"Bridle Path" . . . J. J. Hardie.
"Phantom Paradise" J. H. Nieu.

is the work of a woman—Mrs. H. Drake-Brockman.

This is a story set in Broome, on the north-western coast of Australia. Its theme—the disillusionment of a man and a girl, the one in his belief in the integrity of women, the other in her belief in the loyalty of men—is unfolded with a warmth of human feeling and a fine artistic restraint.

The life and exotic atmosphere of Broome (that Oriental town on an Australian shore) are depicted with great literary skill and intimate knowledge.

There is real craftsmanship in the story and a strong woman interest. The author has caught the spirit of the atmosphere of Broome, and reproduced it in clear simple language, interspersed here and there with fine descriptive passages.

F. J. Thwaites has named his latest book "The Defender," from his own publishing house. It is an excellent story, well-knit, logical, and told in a straightforward manner.

There is a sureness of touch which marks the craftsman who is bent on telling a story, and altogether it is a rattling good fiction with a wholesome Australian flavor.

Real Bush Novel

"THE BRIDLE PATH" by J. J. Hardie, is also listed as a June publication. Very well-written, with excellent characterization, it breaks new ground. The author's knowledge of men, horses, sheep, cattle, and the sheep and cattle country, makes the story intensely interesting and valuable not only for local selling, but overseas as well. Descriptions of droving trips are vivid enough to make the reader's bones ache. Plenty of excitement here, such as the incident when the sheep rush the waterhole, and later a thrilling cattle break.

There are some nice touches of humor, and the heroine is a delightful character. That brilliant Australian, Ernest Wells, whose "Hemp" attracted attention overseas, has written a great tale in "Dirk Spanders." It will be published in June, and should add impetus to the sales of Australian novels. It is vigorous, vital, and has the rosy light of romantic adventure about it which adds fascination to every page. All of which is very encouraging. The

Australian is not only writing better novels, but more of them to cope with the growing public demand. So the swaddling clothes have been thrown from the infant of Australian literature, and it is stepping out as a lusty youngster standing on its own feet.

We are told that the great Australian novel is yet to be written. That may be so, but the present work of our local literary craftsmen is bringing appreciably nearer the day when not one novel but many will breathe the atmosphere of Australia and mirror our lives and aspirations to the world.



J. J. HARDIE, author of "Bridle Path," a fine Australian story.

IN DESPAIR WITH RHEUMATISM Felt There Was Nothing to Live For

Can Run Upstairs Now—Thanks to Kruschen

Whether you have rheumatism as badly as this woman had it, or whether you merely get an occasional twinge, you will certainly be interested to know how such a severe case was completely cured—

"I feel I should like to tell you," the woman writes, "how much better I am, since this time last year, for taking Kruschen Salts. I could almost say I am quite cured of rheumatism in my legs, as I can now run up and down stairs. Last year I couldn't bend one leg at all. It is such a pleasure to be alive now. At one time I really began to think there was nothing to live for, and that's why I feel I should like to encourage the makers of Kruschen in their good work."

"I was also a great sufferer with constipation and I find nothing better than Kruschen Salts. I shall always take my little daily dose to keep fit."—(Mrs.) M.A.

Rheumatism, like gout and lumbago, has its origin in intestinal stasis (delay)—a condition of which the sufferer is seldom aware. It means the unsuspected accumulation of waste matter and the consequent formation of excess uric acid. If you



could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. And if you could see how Kruschen dulls the sharp edges of those crystals, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony.

Moreover, Kruschen so stimulates the organs of elimination that every trace of uric acid-forming waste material is regularly and completely expelled. Mischievous uric acid never gets the chance to accumulate again.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.



gives the illusion
of colour BENEATH the skin

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades—Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE
is also made on Dr. Pacini's
NEW colour principle. In four
shades to match the lipsticks

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes
● look longer, darker, encourages that fascinating upward
curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- KD-154

VICTORIES OVER DRINK HABIT

Proof Positive. More Homes Made Happy. More Testimony! More Gratitude!

FURTHER CONCLUSIVE TESTIMONY AS TO
THE MIGHTY WORK EUCRASY IS DOING

What it has done in other cases it will do in yours.

EUCRASY
is doing a great Humanising, Reclaiming, and Reforming Work in defeating drunkenness. One of its Most Valuable Features is that it is Tasteless and Odorless, and can be administered with or (secretly) without the knowledge of the sufferer.

It is imperative to note that—
EUCRASY DIFFERS FROM ALL OTHER PREPARATIONS.
"I have been waiting to see if my husband would drink again, and can safely say that he has been cured by Eucrasy. I cannot speak too highly of your cure, and it has made a different man of him—Mrs. D. L."

FREE A SAMPLE OF EUCRASY and BOOKLET of
INSTRUCTIONS will be sent you, sealed.
CALL OR, OR ADDRESS—

Dept. F., The Eucrasy Co., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



WIFE: You're something hateful to quarrel with—you don't seem to care what I call you.



CONSTABLE: Your husband's met with an accident.
MISSUS: That's him all over! He's never happy without he's making me miserable.



YOUNG BRIDE: Now, darling, you've tasted the first meal I ever cooked. What do I get if I fix up a meal like that for you every day this year?
HUSBAND: What do you get? My life insurance!



GLADYS: The man Maisie was going to sue for breach of promise is going to marry her after all.
BERYL: The prospect of alimony must have been more attractive.

Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Energy Kidneys Usually to Blame

Nothing can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy as an excess of Acid in your blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep. Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids by circulating new blood 200 times an hour through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes, or filters, in your Kidneys. It is the function of the Kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids, and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and wastes from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down, and worn-out.

Causes many ills

If Kidney and Bladder troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swelling Ankles, Clives Under Eyes, Backache, Loss of Vitality, or Burning, Itching, and Smarting, don't waste time worrying and waiting. Help your Kidneys with the doctor's special, guaranteed, Kidney-Divine. Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and Bladder, and helps the Kidneys in their function of washing, purifying, and filtering out Acids from the system and maintaining the purity of the blood. Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the Acidity. The Acid is bound to stay there unless the Kidneys function properly.



Dr. T. J. Bastien

"Thousands of chemists and doctors in 24 different countries throughout the world recommend Cystex for its purity and prompt

action as a Kidney diuretic. For instance, Dr. T. J. Bastien, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the most remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." Dr. C. Z. Randolph, another widely-known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the Poisons collect in them, and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

Guaranteed to Cure

Because of its world-wide and unusual success, Cystex is offered under a written guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 3 days or money back on return of empty packages. Under this written guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the Kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first 48 hours, and complete satisfaction within 3 days. Cystex costs very little, and so the guaranteed results you can enjoy. You should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating remedies or drugs. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) to day. Schaefer & Co., Sydney or Melbourne.



Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MAGISTRATE: This time, my man, you will be let off with a fine, but remember, next time you'll go to gaol.
Offender: Like a weather report.
Magistrate: How's that?
Offender: Fine to-day—cooler to-morrow.

"Lost your trunk, ma'am? Any clues?"
"In a way, yes, porter. I've just found, in my handbag, the label I forgot to tie on it."

DIGGER (after unsuccessful raid on stores): I'm useless without glasses.
Mate: What! are you short-sighted?
Digger: No, long-thighed.

"OATMEAL, oatmeal!—every day oatmeal!" lamented Willie.
"Yes," said Fred; "no wonder they call it a cereal."

PATIENT: You know this is my first illness.
Kind Visitor: Well, let's hope it will be your last!

BOSS: Look here, you've entered this debit item under credit.
New Clerk: Sorry, sir; you see, I'm left-handed.

MAY: I can't stand that Jones girl. She's always spinning yarns.
June: Yes, but she generally loses the thread before she gets to the end.

TIM: Did you ever do any public speaking?
Jim: Yes. I proposed to a girl in the country over a party telephone-line.

Dancing Made Easy — This New Way!

Learn AT HOME
In One Evening!

WITHOUT music or partner, or without drudgery, difficulty, or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer for I positively GUARANTEE to teach you.

EASY AS A.B.C.

Even if you've never danced a step in your life before you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick-step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc., and also old-time steps can be learned in an amazingly short time and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED, for the "Dumont" System NEVER FAILS.

Send for FREE Book
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To further popularize my amazing Home-Study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big, instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer; so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE offer is withdrawn.

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192 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.



Be Popular!

COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! Be Popular, sought-after, and Admired by the Opposite Sex! Dancing is the Short Cut to Good Times and Social Success, and non-dancers, or bad dancers, miss half of the fun in life. Don't delay. Send for this amazing Book NOW—while it's FREE. This FREE offer holds good for ONE MONTH ONLY, so ACT AT ONCE!

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Please forward me your big, instructive Book "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, by return mail. I enclose 2d. stamp towards postage, etc.
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DEADLY Constipation MUST BE FOUGHT SCIENTIFICALLY LAXETTES

SAFEST, Most EFFECTIVE, Most ECONOMICAL

Laxettes cannot disturb or distress the system. The ingredients are so consistently pure, so expertly compounded that they act gently and easily. Laxettes are made of finest Chocolate. Try them . . . ask your friends who have benefited from Laxettes.

Read these Users' Experiences:

"Have found Laxettes excellent for my 2 year old girl who suffered from constipation. I tried several other laxatives and medicines, but of no use. Laxettes seem to be ideal for her!" (Mrs. A. P. . . . East Malvern, Vic.)

"I have tried many medicines, etc., but none equal Laxettes. I think Laxettes are safe and are nice to take and to give to children and adults. I can thoroughly recommend them to anyone." (Miss D. H. . . . Pascoe Vale, Vic.)

Triumph in every Single Case

Constipation can quickly sap your energy—poison your entire system—rapidly ruin your health and well-being. Check it without delay—with the safest of all remedies, Laxettes. Effective where other medicines have only aggravated the condition. Laxettes are endorsed by thousands of users throughout the country. Not only are they the perfect laxative for children, but they have proved invaluable to adults where the best of other remedies have failed.

Always insist on Genuine Laxettes.



6d the Trial Size

MOTHER! Send for Free BOOKLET on WORMS

Thread worms, round worms, etc., may attack any child, no matter how clean its habits or how carefully it is reared. Authorities state that five out of ten children in all stages of society suffer at some time or another from worms. Ignorance of the signs of worms is dangerous. Get this Free Authoritative Booklet, giving all the symptoms and details of the safe simple cure. Baxter's Worm Tablet Booklet is supplied free and WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Write for it to The Laxette Manufacturing Co., Dept. WW10 366 Swanston Street, Melbourne, C.I.

DEAD or ALIVE?

CONTINUING the story of Meg O'Hara and Bill Coverdale. Meg has gone to the country to visit her professor uncle, but something strange seems to be happening down there. Bill has made some discoveries of his own which may clear up the mystery of Robin's death. He is to hear more startling news in his interview with Miss Thompson.

Now read on:

MISS THOMPSON tossed her head. "I don't tell lies, Mr. Coverdale! Of course I'd seen him. I told you. Coming out of Miss Delorme's flat he was, at nine o'clock in the morning, and looking pleased with himself."

The dead weight of apprehension settled slowly down again. The professor? Incredible! But this girl wasn't lying. "Are you sure?"

She nodded. "He hasn't got a beard in the photograph, of course," she said. "Then you can't be sure."

"The one I saw had a beard. And he walked sort of lame. Does this one walk lame?"

Bill took the photograph away from her. There wasn't anything more to say. That leonine head with its shock of white hair would be easily recognised, beard or no beard. But the limp made the recognition certain. It was the professor she had seen. There was only one more question to ask.

"When did you see him?"

Miss Thompson considered. "Well, the fourth was my birthday, October the fourth, the night the other one, Mr. O'Hara, gave me the note, only by the time it came to that it was well over midnight and we'd got into October the fifth, and it wasn't that day I saw the old gentleman, but it was the next, and that would make it October the sixth."

There wasn't anything more. He had followed the track that Robin O'Hara had followed. It led to Professor Pastelthwaite, and to Ledstow Place, and it broke off short there. Robin O'Hara had gone down to Ledstow Place.

Meg was at Ledstow Place now. A horrible cold fear swept over him. He remembered Meg's talking to him on the telephone yesterday—"A tram—a juggernaut of a tram" . . . "I nearly came to a nasty end. . . ." "I suppose I slipped."

All at once came a clear and definite conclusion. Meg must be got away from Ledstow Place—now—at once—before anything else could happen.

He telephoned Jim Ogilvie that he was called out of town—"a family emergency." He tried for Garratt next. He was out and Bill gave the same message to Garratt's man. "Tell him I've gone down to Ledstow. Tell him I'll call him up. The address is Ledstow Place."

He went out to get his car and to drive furiously through the night upon the road to Ledstow.

set eyes on Mrs. Miller, though she supposed she had heard her voice. It seemed very difficult to think of the owner of that light laugh and that odd thrilling voice as being married to Miller.

The door at the bottom of the stairs was not latched. There was a gap of two or three inches. The passage beyond was dark in the twilight, but a couple of yards away the kitchen door stood open and a bright patch striped the gloom. In the very moment that Meg saw those things she heard Miller say, in a grumbling, exasperated way, "What's the sense of waiting about? If a thing's to be done, what I say is, get on with it and get it done."

The voice she supposed to be Mrs. Miller's was speaking now . . . a voice with a thrill in it, a calmly dominant voice, a very odd voice to belong to anyone who looked as badly as Mrs. Miller did. It said:

"Who's running this show? You'll do as you're told, and when I'm ready I'll let you know!"

There was a rattle of china. The light laugh that Meg had heard before rang out. Then Meg heard:

"As a matter of fact, I'm ready now. There . . . does that please you?"

Meg didn't know why, but she couldn't have moved to save her life.

Miller said in a changed tone, "How are you going to do it?"

"This—in the cup. Put out the cracked one so that there won't be any mistake. The stuff's quite colorless." This was the woman again, speaking with an indifferent calm.

MEG heard her own heart beating with a strange loudness. A cracked cup . . . so that there should be no mistake . . . Something

GIRLIGAGS



IN THE DAYS OF OLD the notches in the handle of a man's gun spoke for themselves. To-day the dents in the automobile fenders tell the story.

colorless in it. "If a thing's to be done, get on with it and get it done" . . . No, that was Miller. It was the woman who had said, "I'll let you know when I'm ready," and, "I'm ready now."

Meg still had hold of the door knob. Through a gap of about two inches she could see the light that barred the passage and hear the voices that spoke within. And suddenly there was another voice, another woman saying querulously and with a Cockney accent, "I don't like it, and I don't see what you wanted to have her down here for at all."

"Don't you?" In the voice was amusement and scorn. "You take a lot of telling, Milly. Come along now . . . isn't that kettle boiling?"

Through the pounding of her heart Meg heard Milly sniff and say, "Just about."

"All right then, I'm off. Take the tea along, and if she isn't down here the gong."

Miss Cannock was pouring out the tea in the blue room before a crackling fire when Meg came in. She looked up with a bright smile. "Ah . . . here you are! I've poured out your tea, because I could hear you coming downstairs, and one wants it to cool a little . . . doesn't one? And you don't take sugar, do you?"

Please turn to Page 30

Grand NEW SERIES of 'BRAN TUBS'

The QUICK-WIN WEEKLY PUZZLE

£500 MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary words, only each has some letters missing for YOU to find.

This is how to enter: For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word-clues, which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF LETTER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example, Clue No. 1 is "Grown for food." You are given the last two letters "EA," and could complete the word by prefixing the letter "P," making the word "PEA," the letter values of which, reading from the code below, are 16, 5 and 1—a total of 22.

Now carry on with Clue No. 2, in which you are given the first letter. THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' or Webster's Dictionary will be permitted.

REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

HEADS OR TAILS No. 12V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, June 12th. The First Prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £50 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable). Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on June 27th.

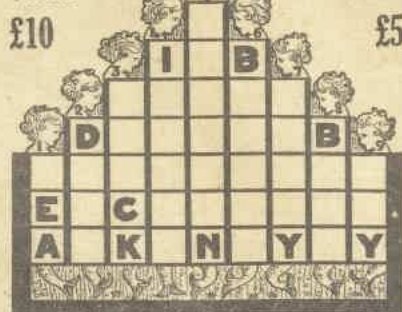
NOTE: The Management's decision as to the suitability to the Clues of the words submitted will be final.

This competition is in no way connected with The Australian Women's Weekly.

FIRST PRIZE - £35

SECOND PRIZE £10

THIRD PRIZE £5



THE CODE:

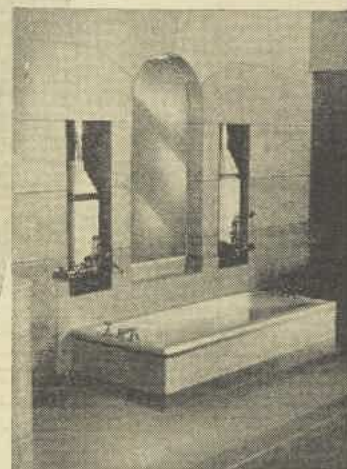
A B C D E F G H I
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
J K L M N O P Q R
10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
S T U V W X Y Z
19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

THE CLUES:

- Grown for food.
- A small hill.
- Dark colour.
- To rise to.
- What's this bird?
- A textile fabric.
- Cash.
- For water travel.
- Seen on a dairy farm.

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 9

FIRST PRIZE: £35: Mr. N. H. Black, 635 Carrington Street, Albury, N.E.W. Solution: Hat, Tea, Skirt, Unwell, Thyroidea, Wuzzle, Mopas, Grop, Mox. Total Points: 148.
SECOND PRIZE: £10: Mr. B. D. M. Heron, 6/9 Archer, 29 High Street, Sydney. Solution: Hat, Tea, Skirt, Unwell, Thyroidea, Wuzzle, Mopas, Grop, Mox. Total Points: 146.
The following persons tied for Third Prize with a total of 136: Mrs. C. E. Thomas, "Kalerama," Bridgewater, South Australia; Mr. E. A. Saunders, Oxford Road, Scun, N.E.W. Solution: Hat, Skirt, Unwell, Thyroidea, Wuzzle, Mopas, Grop, Mox.
Prize Money will be posted on Friday, 12th June.



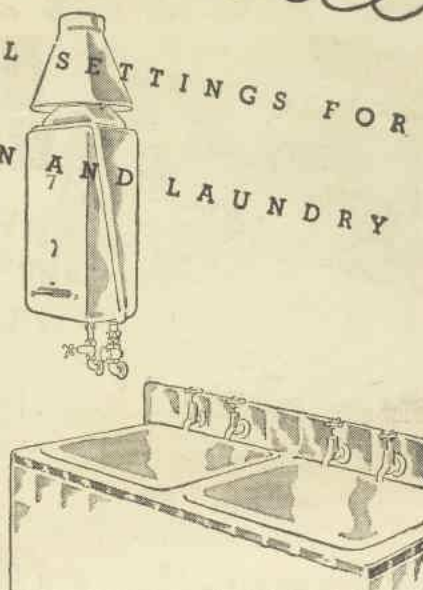
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22 ... 5 1/2 in. diameter, 10 in. high.
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LIFE Goes ON

Infatuation and love are different things, as Marcia discovered.



MARCIA WETHERILL awakened that morning with a splitting, eye-burning headache that hadn't worn off as the day progressed. And, of course, she reflected, it would be just her luck to get called in at four o'clock and find Dirk Jonas with a letter-dictating fit.

Jonas was like that. He let everything go and then tried to make up for lost time by a high-pressure spasm of work.

With Big Ben sonorously announcing the arrival of five o'clock, Dirk Jonas came out of his office.

"Still at it?" he remarked carelessly. "Of course!" Marcia gave him a pained look that should have reminded him of exactly how many letters he had seen fit to impose upon her.

"Tell you what!" said Dirk. "Chuck it!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"But you said you wanted them finished to-night."

He grinned out of the corner of his mouth.

"I know what I said. But I can



And, of course, it was just Marcia's luck to find Dirk Jonas dictating a letter.

change my mind, can't I?" He sat down and lit a cigarette. "Listen, Marcia, what about sliding up the river for dinner? I've a date"—he let his black eyes sparkle at her—"but it's one of those that's easily broken."

Marcia shook her dark, coppery head. "I couldn't to-night, Mr. Jonas. I'm going straight home to bed. I've had a frightful headache all day."

Jonas put on his hat and left the office.

For several minutes after his departure Marcia's hands did not return to the keyboard. She was thinking that she was probably being a fool where Dirk Jonas was concerned. In the few times that she had yielded and gone out with him he had made it fairly clear how he regarded her. It would have been evident to a far less agile brain that Marcia's that she could have married Dirk Jonas by the simple expedient of crooking a little finger.

But she couldn't make up her mind about Dirk. There was a hard, almost cruel, streak in him. You sensed it when he flashed his black eyes, when his glittering teeth showed behind his strange twisted grin. Dirk was a little too smooth and suave, like a civilised pirate, with his curved nose and his sleek, black hair. He seemed to lack that open heartiness of—well, of Bart Harrow.

She smiled a little sadly.

SHE hadn't meant to let her thoughts wander back that far. But perhaps, if she judged herself by her unfortunate choice between Bart Harrow and Tony Brackall, there was reason to believe that she might be wrong about Dirk Jonas as well. Yes, it was quite possible that she had learned nothing in five years.

Involuntarily her mind burrowed back through the overgrown jungle of the past.

Tony Brackall, sensitive-lipped, grey-eyed, like Marcia had thought then, a living flame. There hadn't seemed an iota of doubt in the world. Tony captivated her, thrilled her, changed the dull road of life into a shining rose-petal-strewn path full of light and color. Almost fatuously she had loved Tony Brackall in that hurricane whirl of days. And Bart Harrow had stood by, patient, dogged even, until she had sent him about his business.

She remembered her last words to Bart, words charged with finality.

"I'm sorry, Bart. You're sweet. But it just can't come off, my dear." And Bart had taken them unflinchingly, but with a tightened mouth and a shadow of pain stabbing through his grey eyes.

How right, decent even, it had seemed that he should go out of her life then, silently, without the agony of a scene.

Almost feverishly she had turned to Tony, let her mind see life as nothing so much as a gay escapade. And then the curtain had been suddenly, roughly, pulled aside. She had come to see Tony Brackall for what he was: a hopeless philanderer.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the unmasking of Tony she had heard that Bart had married Nita Raines and that they had gone out to Australia.

She left the bus this evening at Knightsbridge, moved by a curious impulse.

She had, she discovered, an unaccountable desire to see her old home in Montpelier Square, the house where she had lived until three years ago when her father died, the place where she had known Tony Brackall and—Bart. Silly of her, she supposed.

It was quite dark as she turned into Montpelier Square. And as she walked swiftly her high heels making a brisk clicking sound as they struck the pavement, a wealth of poignant remembrances came stealing back through the shadows.

There were lights in her old home and a car parked at the kerb in front of it.

A swift, painful thought stabbed her. Could the wheel of Time have been turned back five years it might have been Tony Brackall's car or Bart Harrow's! And for her there might have been laughter to-night and gaiety instead of this almost furtive return, as if she were a ghost visiting an old grave.

Slowly she approached the house. For a second she stood regarding the familiar old door with its brass knocker catching and tossing back the glint of the street lamp. Then she turned swiftly, suddenly angry at her own impulse.

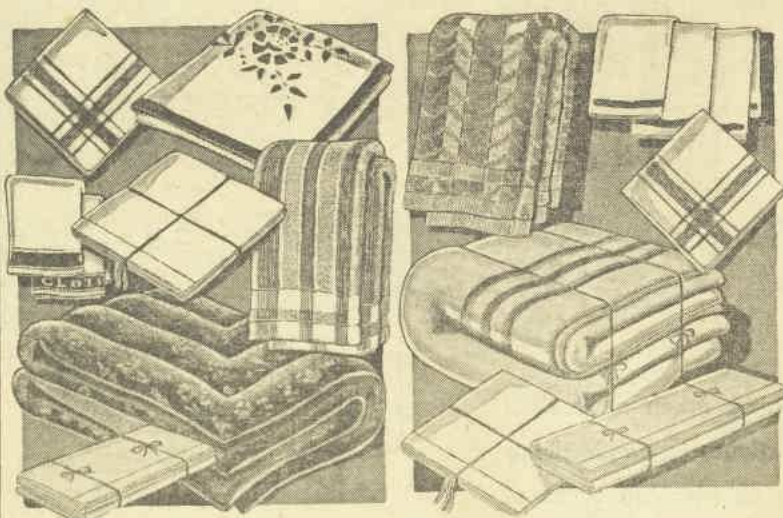
Why did she stand here torturing herself, playing with ancient memories that only recoiled upon her like a treacherous snake? She was a fool! She would do better to get back to the drab world in which she now lived and forget this old life that would never come back again.

WITH a hopeless shrug of her shoulders she started away. And her eyes, lifting, noticed for the first time that there was a solitary occupant in the car at the kerb. His head was sunk on his chest in an attitude of thought. But the sound of her approach aroused him.

Please turn to Page 23

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LIFE Goes ON Continued from Page 22

HE raised his head swiftly. Marcia stopped, dumbfounded. Bart Harrow sat behind the wheel of the car.

"Bart!" The name seemed to burst from her throat.

He sprang out quickly. Marcia felt his big hand covering hers.

"Marcia! What luck! But then I thought you might come."

"But, Bart!" she almost gasped it.

"Oh, I want to say so many things all at once that I can't say anything. What in the world are you doing here?"

Bart grinned the same old guileless grin. Marcia, studying him swiftly, thought that he didn't look a day older. Yet he had changed. The line of his jaw was clean cut. And he looked more competent, more capable.

"What am I doing here?" said Bart. "Well, you may not believe it, but I—I was waiting just to catch a sight of you."

"But, good heavens," she said. "I didn't even know you were back in England."

He laughed.

"I only landed this morning. And do you know what I did, Marcia?" His voice had its old enthusiastic ring. "I hired this car and drove around all day. I've been about everywhere. Lord, what a grand country England is, Marcia! You couldn't know how I feel unless you had been away five years."

"THEN you haven't gone entirely Colonial?" she asked. She was trying to make her tone conversational, hoping to still the beating of her heart. "Most of you who go out to these places come back raving about the country of your adoption."

"Oh," said Bart. "Australia has its points. I'm going back, mind you. But this—this is home."

"Bart," said Marcia, "we're crazy. Here I want to ask you a million things and we stand talking about countries! Whatever led you to—well, to be here? I mean, just outside this house."

"I've told you," he said. "I wanted to see you. And I wasn't sure whether or not I ought to ring the bell. You see, Marcia, I—er—I didn't know how you and your—ah, husband would feel about seeing me."

Marcia bit her lip. She might as well tell him now and get it over with. It would have to be done sooner or later.

"You needn't have worried about my husband," she said, hoping her voice sounded careless. "I haven't one, Bart."

He appeared mystified.

"But—Tony?"

She shrugged.

"It didn't come off, old boy. I found Tony out. He was a broken reed. We—we never got married."

"You mean," he spoke in a dazed way, "you mean you're still Marcia Wetherill?"

She smiled.

"Just plain Marcia Wetherill."

His big hand caught hers.

"I'm sorry," he said simply.

Marcia affected gaiety.

"Nothing to be sorry about, Bart. It's much better this way."

HE was silent a minute. Then, as if glad to change the subject, he asked: "By the way, what are you doing this evening? It would be too much to expect, I suppose, to find you on one of your undated nights?"

"But you have," Marcia assured him. "It's either your lucky day, Bart, or mine."

"Both perhaps," said Bart, a mysterious note running like an undercurrent beneath his cheeriness. "What about driving somewhere for dinner?"

"I'd love it!" Marcia's eyes sparkled. She quite forgot that a little more than an hour ago she had turned down a similar invitation from Dirk Jones.

"Right!" he said. "Shall I wait for you here in the car or are you going to ask me in?"

Please turn to Page 35



"I like my wife to keep up with things."

THE Jacksons are a smart young couple. He is one of the firm's rising men, and she is charming and amusing. It wasn't surprising when the "Boss" invited them to dinner one night. Of course they were very keen to make a good impression. As they were leaving, the "Boss" said, "You're a lucky man, Jackson! Your wife's not only pretty—she's interesting. Remarkably well-informed for so young a woman." Jackson beamed, "Thank you, Sir. Molly is a darling, and clever, too. I like my wife to keep up with things."

Molly will always do that. She sees to it by having the Daily Telegraph delivered every morning. She reads every word

of the exclusive Independent Cable Service, and the same editors that made The Australian Women's Weekly a success have seen to it that she'll enjoy the Women's Section, too. They have engaged a special staff of reporters that keep the Women's Pages right up-to-the-minute—just like the rest of the paper. They've arranged a splendid Cooking Section, a wonderful Shopping Bureau that gives cash prizes just for shopping wisely, Special Feature Articles and interesting Serials. Then there's a wonderful competition that offers £3000 in prizes!

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You.

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any other good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Remember that Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue, and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.***

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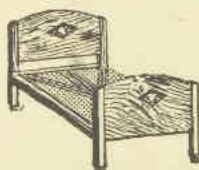
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"CALLING AUSTRALIA!"

From the Queen Mary — in Mid-Atlantic

(Continued from Page 2)

BEFORE sailing, Commodore Sir Edgar Britten, senior captain, was inundated with telegrams and cables of congratulations from all over the world, and gifts of flowers, including a ten-foot floral model of the liner made of 7000 flowers. He spent an hour signing autographs and shaking hands.

The outstanding impression was the complete efficiency of the officers and crew. Despite the gala nature of the departure, no ship ever left home waters with greater smoothness and absence of fuss.

Within an hour after sailing every cabin had been swept and dusted, eliminating traces of the visitors.

A French woman stopped me in one of the streets—I mean corridors—and asked me if I knew where the chapel was.

I said I did not know there was one. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "the Normandie has a most perfect chapel."

When she left me she was heading in a direction which I rather fancy would bring her to the veterinary section, where they seem to have hundreds of dog kennels.

It seems to be impossible for the mod-

ern woman to move a step—even on the ocean—without taking her dog with her. But big as the Queen Mary is there seem to be crowds of people everywhere.

It reminds me of Jubilee time in London last year.

Nearly everyone I have spoken to seems to have had a passage booked for this maiden voyage for months, and most of them booked more than twelve months ago.

Food by the Ton

THE restaurants and dining saloons and dance halls at night time present a dazzling spectacle that rivals even such splendid occasions as a Court ball in London or an opera first night in New York.

Patou, Sentaparelli, Molyneux, and the other famous Paris designers must have worked overtime to provide such a bewildering variety of bewitching creations as adorned the women on this ship.

But if I once start to describe in detail any of the gorgeous frocks I am afraid that my telephone will ring and the Editor will call me up from Australia to tell me that at 6d. word the descriptions had better follow by post.

As for the menus that run into about four pages of fascinating dishes, it is equally impossible to try and tell even



COMMODORE SIR EDGAR BRITTEN, Senior Captain of the Queen Mary.

the names of the foods, let alone the recipes. Here is a list of some of the chief items taken aboard by the Commissariat Department:

20,000lb. poultry,
30,000lb. fresh fruits,
50,000lb. vegetables,
50,000lb. potatoes,
70,000lb. ice,
20,000lb. sugar,
50,000 eggs,
50,000lb. meat,
20,000 bottles beer,
6000 gallons beer,
5000 cigars,
20,000 packets cigarettes,
300,000lb. other provisions.

Anyhow, I think it is about time I convinced myself that I am really at sea, and I will take a lift up seven or eight floors and see if I can find a deck or something from which I can view the Atlantic.

LIVES in Terror of PICTURE

By Air Mail From Our London Office

In a cottage near Cobham, Surrey, England, a young wife lives her life in terror of a picture.

She is Mrs. Edward P. Prescott, of Tartar Hill, Cobham, and three deaths in her family have been associated with the picture falling from the wall.

THE picture is a print of "Beatrice and Dante" which hangs in a heavy ebony frame in her drawing-room, and three days after it crashed to the floor during the night, she received a telephone message from London, telling her that her three-year-old daughter had died from meningitis.

Later, the same picture again fell at night. Four days later Mrs. Prescott received a telegram that her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. C. Blythe, of Putney, had been knocked down by a lorry and killed instantly.

Eight months afterwards the picture crashed for the third time. Three days later Mrs. Prescott's father, Mr. G. A. Beson, of Thames St., Weybridge, Surrey, collided with a motor cycle near his home and was killed.

"The picture still hangs in its old place in the drawing-room," said Mrs. Prescott. "My husband likes old-fashioned pictures, and he will not have it destroyed. I would like to chop it up. It seems to be influencing my very existence."

"The remarkable thing about the three falls is that in not one instance was the picture wire broken. The glass in the frame was unbroken, and the hanger remains intact. What could have made the picture fall?"

"I have two small sons, and I am worrying about them now. If that picture falls again I feel I cannot bear it."

The cottage is said to be entirely free from vibration, and Mr. and Mrs. Prescott are unable to explain the reason for the picture falling.

USEFUL GIFTS FREE!

and all good quality

Save the Bonus Labels from GOLDENIA and other Inglis Bonus Lines.

Illustrated are a few only of the many useful articles which can be obtained for the Bonus Labels from the quality products packed by Inglis Ltd.

If you cannot call, write for INGLIS BONUS BLUE BOOK. This book gives you full particulars of how to obtain Bonus Presents and the number of Bonus Labels necessary on the packages. Post your Bonus Labels to address clearly the number of Sydney, and write your name and address, the number of Bonus Labels you are forwarding, and the number of presents you have chosen.

LIST OF ARTICLES ILLUSTRATED

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T9 2 LINEN TOWELS. assorted check borders. Size, 31in. x 24in. Postage 4d.	22	44
L126 1 LINEN RUNNER. Hemstitched border. Col. spray. Size, 42in. x 10 1/2in. Postage 3d.	30	60

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Bonus Labels are enclosed with the following goods prepared and packed by Inglis Ltd.:

- GOLDENIA TEA. BILLY TEA. AROMATTE CHOCOLATE. CHOCOLATE.
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- INGLIS GRANULA PORRIDGE MEAL. INGLIS PURE SOLUBLE COCOA. INGLIS AMMONIA.

Inglis Goldenia Tea

L128, L126, L156, L174, L182, L17, L174

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

When Major Royce Shannon vacates the flat in Maranoa, Double Bay, which he took over from Commander Charles Gifford, he intends to reside at the Royal Sydney Golf Club—that abode of many a lone bachelor?

A Moot Point

SIR KELSO KING and his Lady are not sure whether their daughter, Hazel, will return to Sydney at all this year . . . If she does, it will be in September, for a short stay only, before she scurries back to London and the Coronation.

Short and Sweet

SYDNEY, and her son, Julian Simpson, are only enjoying a flying visit from Mrs. Ashburton Thompson . . . At the end of three months she must return to the home and the couple of old retainers awaiting her in London.

He Loves Children, But . . .

YELLING "Blue murder," Mr. Keith Jacobs leapt from comfortable chair—been dozing before fire at Craigieburn, Bowral . . . Merry little lad had nonchalantly thrown packet of crackers into burning logs! . . . With "sub-doh" daughter, Betty Amber, Mr. Jacobs has returned to Bellevue Gardens.

Smart Frocking

MRS. JIM NORMOYLE'S newest and cutest turnout is a black suit, the coat plagiarising a man's tuxedo, the high collar of the dress shirt cut in the conventional stiff points . . . As a concession to feminine vagary she fastens it with a large diamond brooch in lieu of a little black tie . . . Tops the lot with a most becoming soft black felt bowler.

Joy at the recovery of her stolen car tempered for Mrs. Victor Macken by the fact that every oddment she had left in it is missing—that new hat, and a lot of precious pots and pans which she was transferring from her Collaroy cottage.

Loves Work

BELIEVING every girl should have a career, June, the eldest of Lady Wade's grandchildren, having passed "the Leaving" with flying colors, is making a serious study of kindergarten methods . . . Lucky the youngsters who come under the care of sweet June Wade!

In Bonnie Scotland

JUST one week before her protegee Joyce Beazley underwent appendix operation, Miss Isabel Crowdy was taken to hospital for the same "op." . . . Not so lucky as Joyce, she had the complication of pleurisy to contend with . . . Is convalescent now and in Scotland with her niece, Mrs. Kenneth Weir . . . Joyce is back at the Crowdys' home in Chelsea again.

The Forsayths have daughter Phyllis Leishman staying with them at Facluse Hall.

All's Well

THOUGH pre-arranged plans were for a trip to Colombo only, Mrs. Gordon Robertson, after spending a few weeks in Ceylon, decided to go on to London and arrived there a month ago . . . While the rest of the family were worried out of their soul-cases thinking young Sandy Robertson (who was aboard the Hako having a yachting holiday) might be lost in last week's raging storm—search planes out, and all that—his mother was blissfully ignorant of any danger to her only son.

Surprise Wedding

MRS. GERALD ALLEN slipped off very quietly from Corinthia last week to St. Stephen's to meet and be married to that stalwart Queenslander, Robin Hood. The "with-this-ring" stage of the proceedings caused a small flurry . . . That important little item had been overlooked in quick "let's-do-it-now" decision . . . Eventually the bride supplied one from her own finger, so the "hold-up" was only momentary. Still—wiser not to chaff the bridegroom about his lapse of memory!

Twenty-one and All That

THE dainty brunette with big brown eyes—Meg Fowler-Smith . . . Left Sydney on Thursday to spend twenty-first birthday at station home, Munn, some thirty miles out of Maitland . . . Meg will wait till she returns to Sydney for party celebrating her just-acquired "Right to vote."

After a very long voyage on a Norwegian ship, Mrs. Byron Beans and her sister, Miss Houghton, in England . . . Arrived safely on May 8.

Congratulations and All!

AT the Australia last week an impromptu cocktail party grew and grew . . . More and more friends flocked round Arnold Robertson and Bill Foulsham to congratulate them on their just-attained final medical degrees; and round Darrell Hall, who'd just attained fatherhood . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Nishit, Mr. and Mrs. Kennie Kerr were there . . . Also Ron McKellar, George Fuller, Bing Carson, Wood Wilson, Alec Rathgate, and Dan Dwyer . . . Wit and wine circulated till some of them went home and the others stayed put for their long-deferred dinner.

(as planned) to sip a cup of tea at the Women's Industrial Society's club rooms . . . Such preparations had been made, too! . . . Mrs. Pirie and Mrs. Scott spent hours in prayerful attitudes hectically polishing floors—staining themselves as well as their dungarees in the doing . . . Other members, with aid of cotton-wool and cretonne, converted humble butter-boxes into dinky little seats . . . Lady Gowrie promises to sit and sup some other day.

Glaciarium Glidings

NOT up to skating form yet—though feeling much better, thank you—Mrs. Jim Eakin frequents the Glaciarium to watch Robin's evolutions . . . Mrs. John Keep there most mornings, and that other little expert, Mrs. Keith Oatley . . . Mrs. Roy Buckland brings her trio of sons, and sometimes skates with them . . . Other "regulars" are Mrs. Doll Clayton, her sister Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Colin Smith, Beatrice Fawcett, and Mrs. E. L. Croil.

Roy Chisholm looks a proper bush-ranger nowadays, complete with six-shooter and large black beard . . . That is only for Northern Territory wear . . . Once back in Sydney he'll be spruce and debonair as ever.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH of Miss Beatrice Leithbridge, whose marriage with Mr. Fred Alltop will be celebrated at St. Philip's, Church Hill, at 7 o'clock on June 17.



Such Subtlety!

KEN KERR had birthday and party last week . . . The fifteen youngsters staying at Sutton Farm gave him the party . . . A score more from Moss Vale and environs rallied to their aid . . . Big excitement was birthday cake with thirty-five flaming candles . . . Ken slew flames at one blow and was deeply flattered at large sugar duck ornamenting cake . . . Took it as subtle compliment.

All the "Mod. Cons."

THESE bachelors can do themselves well! . . . George Falkner's gorgeous new house at Haddon Rig is modern to a degree . . . Pale green walls, plum-colored carpets, chairs covered with white leather, and mirror-topped tables some of the high notes . . . Numerous bathrooms have vari-colored tilings . . . So has the kitchen . . . Refrigerators, electric power, air conditioning are all on tap . . . Whole district flocking to view the achievement, and one hundred guests entertained at house-warming.

Mrs. George Rayner still in Shanghai . . . Will be back in Sydney for the dual celebration of her own and her husband's birthdays . . . They synchronise in September.

Australians Foregather

ALL guests at Margaret ("Honey") Hodson's recent London lunch party hailed from Sydney . . . Clatter of tongues, reminiscences and experiences galore recounted . . . Mrs. John Bath (Joane Holroyde), just back from Alexandria, there with sister Nora; Sheila (Sullivan) Stephen and Mrs. Lewis Shaw (Betty Ross Gore) were other "young marrieds" . . . Joyce and Claudia Beazley, Alison Grant, and Jean and Elspeth McLeod completed circle . . . Small Jeremy Hodson, loveliest of baby boys imaginable, toddled in along with the dessert . . . Received enough plaudits to fill any mother's heart with pride.

The youngest of Mrs. George Earp's seven grandchildren just been Christened Theodora.

Eating Up Mileage

CLIVE and Vera Ramaciotti put on record speed during their return journey from Melbourne—four hundred miles, from Holbrook, in one stretch . . . Back in time to throw streamer or two to Miss Rowsley, the charming English visitor who came out with them last year . . . Made 52 Macleay Street headquarters till she sailed in the Monterey with many a regretful farewell.

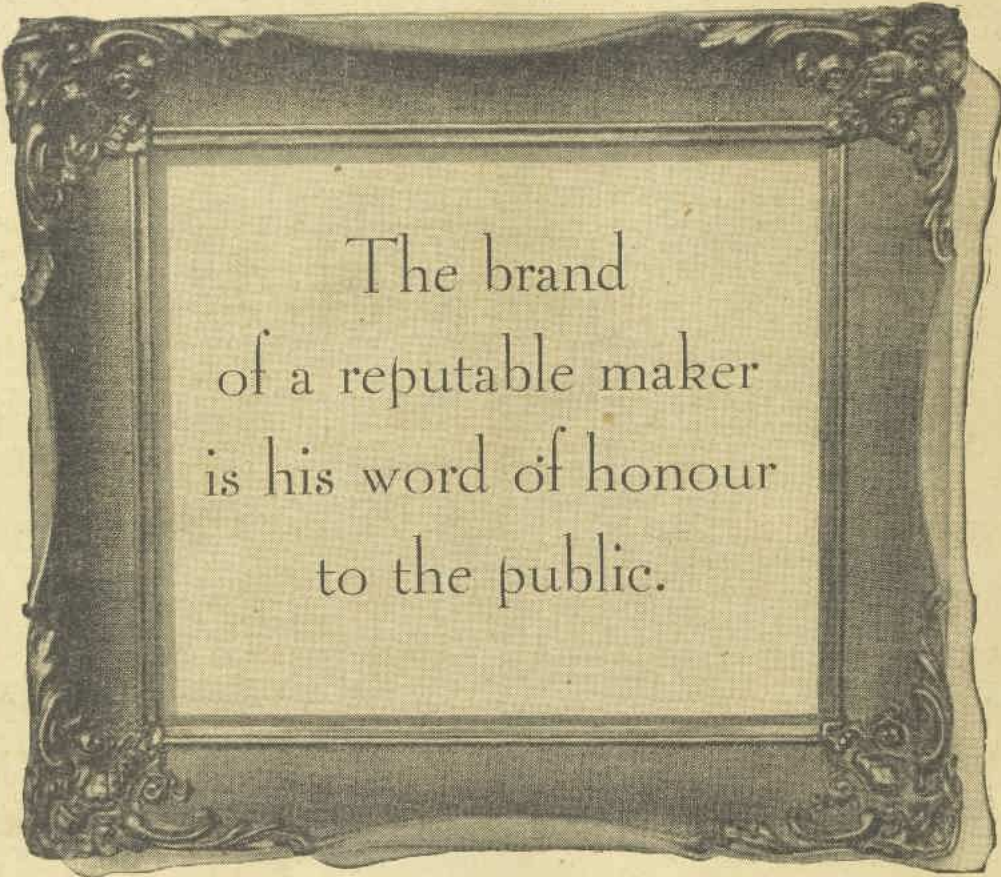
Chooses Home Town

LOVE of her old home town prompts Winsome Jennings in choosing Muswellbrook as the setting for her marriage with Hugh Foster . . . Lots of their Sydney friends will be trekking there for the wedding on June 20.

Have You Noticed—

The smallest watch in Sydney, smothered in diamonds and flashing from the lapel of Mrs. "Billy" Macintosh's coat?

Peggy Geill



The brand
of a reputable maker
is his word of honour
to the public.

Evening Sheers
by
Prestige

What Women Are Doing

To Visit Us

MISS AVRIL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, only daughter of the famous composer, is arranging to visit Australia on a lecture tour this year, and plans to make Sydney her headquarters. She hopes to arrange with leading orchestras here to produce her own and her father's compositions.

Miss Coleridge-Taylor has conducted performances of her father's compositions at the Albert Hall and at leading concerts in London and the provinces.

Impressive Rally of Church Women

NUMBERS rarely fail to be impressive and when nearly 900 Salvation Army women congregated in Adelaide for the Centenary Congress gathering the attention of the entire populace was focused on them and on the work in which they are engaged.

Mrs. Commissioner Turner, wife of Commissioner Bernard Turner, the international delegate to the Congress appointed by General Booth has accompanied her husband from America to Australia, and was among the guests of honor. Mrs. Commissioner Maxwell, whose husband is commander of the Southern Territory, travelled from Melbourne. The secretary of the Women's Home Leagues of the Army was also a delegate.

Making Her Name As a Sculptor

WOODED from her career as a commercial artist by the attractiveness of sculpture, Miss Marjorie Fletcher, a Sydney girl, is breaking new ground in her work.

She gained her Diploma of Sculpture (under the able tuition of Rayner Hoff) and the results of her handiwork receive much admiration from visitors to her studio in Adyar House.

Miss Fletcher makes a specialty of modelling from either photos or from life—preferring, of course, the latter—and here is the only studio of its kind in Sydney, conducted by a woman.



Miss M. Fletcher

Their Motto Is Apt

WELL might the Girl Guides have chosen a motto like "Be Prepared," when the unexpected is always happening!

South Australian Headquarters invited the companies in the State to demonstrate the work necessary to win an unusual badge at the Centenary Demonstration and Folk Dance Festival in the Exhibition Building in September. Various companies have undertaken to demonstrate the work for the Hostess' Badge, the Pioneer's Badge, and others.

But imagine the feelings at Headquarters when a letter was received from a company in the country, offering to demonstrate the work for the Dairymaid's Badge, if Headquarters could supply a cow!

Foremost in Ranks Of Cleeve Amateurs

MELBOURNE has produced a good crop of clever amateur theatricals, and among the number is Miss Marjorie Armstrong (Mrs. Graham Sutton in private life). She has been leading lady for the Hawthorn Operatic Society for five years in both musical and straight shows; has appeared with the Little Theatre, O. L. D. Caulfield G. R. M. in Athens, and Old Scotch Collegians, and toured with a professional company with Zillah Bateman.

Miss Armstrong was selected to play the only feminine role in "Ten Minutes Alibi" last month.



Miss Marjorie Armstrong

Encouraging Taste For Good Reading

LITTLE Greek children who are fascinated by the stories of their own land are included in the enthusiastic group of juveniles which Miss Edith Morley has at her reading hours at the South Australian Public Library.

Miss Morley helps this group of 50 boys and girls to appreciate literature and to develop their tastes for good reading. She arranges these reading hours on one Saturday afternoon each month and taking extracts from four or five authors, she tells the children about the writers and then encourages them to read aloud.

Besides the Saturday story hour Miss Morley and the librarian arrange Friday afternoon entertainments and at these speakers address the children on various subjects and illustrate their talks with pictures on the epidiascope.

Miss Morley finds that boys are interested in a greater variety of subjects than girls, who display a consistent loyalty to a few particular authors.

First Impressions of Eastern Tour

MRS. W. DUNCAN, the wife of the manager of Macdonald, Hamilton and Co., in Melbourne, has just returned from her first trip to the East. "As I have many interests, including music and literature, travel is a source of information to me," she says. She leads a busy life, as she is a member of several committees, including the executive committee of the Victoria League.

One of the cleanest cities in the East, says Mrs. Duncan, is Hongkong, owing to its contact with Europe. The harbor of Hongkong provides a dramatic entrance to China. What impressed her most about Japan was the energy of the people, the women taking an equal part with the men in helping the development of their country.

Australian Broadcasts Message From Japan

MISS BERTHA CLARK has made history in Japan, where she is in charge of a party of Australian tourists called "From a Mountain Summer Resort."

She broadcasted to Australia in conjunction with Mr. Ken Sato, the English leader of the Goodwill Mission which the Japanese newspaper "Nichi Nichi" sent to this country last year. This is the first time a broadcast of the kind has taken place.

Fifty Speeches in Three Months

LADY ECCLES SNOWDEN continues her indefatigable work in furthering the interests of Tasmania. She is the Tasmanian Government publicity officer in Sydney and is very keen about her work.

In the last three months she has given fifty addresses at public gatherings, and has disseminated a great deal of information concerning the attractions and beauties of the island. Lady Snowden and her daughter Jean have settled in their new flat at Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay.

Another Book to Be Published Soon

MISS ALISON McDUGALL, who returned from Europe a short while ago, is finding much that is new and interesting in her own country after an absence of three years.

Her experiences abroad were varied and so doubt provided a big part of the large and liberal education necessary to one who has already achieved success in the literary world.

Her novel "The Silver Dog," met with success, and another of her books will be published in September.



Miss Alison McDougall



To Study Nursing in England

MISS MOLLIE DOUGLAS, of Melbourne, has sailed for England to further her studies in nursing.

Miss Douglas, who did her training at the Tweedie Baby Hospital Melbourne, recently published a book on the Truby King methods of infant feeding.

Her sister Barbara is also a nurse and has been in England for four years. During that time she has been inatron at a boys' school, but is now at a famous hospital for babies in Blackheath. Mollie will join her there.

Painter of Miniatures

ABOUT thirty years ago Bess Norris, a young painter who did fine miniatures in her Melbourne studio, went to London to seek fame.

There she married Nevill Tait, the impresario, and that did not mean she gave up her artistic career.

One of her pictures was hung at the recent London Academy, and not far away from it was one by her son "Jimmy."



IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP



'FLU & COLDS fight them with DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

How to PREVENT 'Flu and Colds

EVERY morning—sprinkle a few drops of Double "D" on your handkerchief. Each time you use your handkerchief you will inhale the powerful antiseptic vapors of Double "D" which is so destructive to 'Flu-Cold germs.

EVERY night—gargle with a few drops of Double "D" in a tumbler of water. Double "D" makes a very splendid gargle, and is excellent for sore throats and ulcerated mouths. Adopt this protection to-day.

How to SMASH 'Flu and Colds

1. TAKE 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
2. RUB chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
3. INHALE 15 drops of Double "D" in a jug of hot water before retiring.

This Double "D" three-way treatment will smash your 'Flu in record time.

Double "D" is the purest and strongest Eucalyptus sold in Australia. Refuse all substitutes.

ENORMOUS SALES—9d & 1/3

DOUBLE Strength—DOUBLE Purity

Popular in the Smart Set



says
Kraft Cheese
is served
in every home
she visits . . .

The ever increasing popularity of Kraft Cheese among women who can afford the best proves that it is unsurpassed in flavour and consistent high quality. Kraft Cheese wins their approval because it is always fresh, it is recognised by experts as one of the most nourishing foods, and it has an amazing variety of uses. Kraft is "correct" for every occasion, every meal—yet it is surprisingly economical because there is no rind and NO WASTE!

KRAFT CHEESE

in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packets



Kraft Cheese is sold in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packets; 1 and 2 oz. portions—wrapped in hygienic silver foil, to protect its flavour, purity and freshness.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. The Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," contains scores of ideas for unusual new dishes. Write to Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., Riverside Avenue, Melbourne, 58 Clarence Street, Sydney, or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane, for your copy.

Mrs. Lyons—to the Mothers of Australia

(Continued from Page 2)

AND NOW, for the sons. A prominent business man who controls a huge organisation tells me that mothers are more interested in their sons' careers than are fathers. He says that nine out of ten parents who come seeking openings for their boys are mothers.

What have the fathers to say to that? Most parents are ambitious for their sons. Sometimes they build high hopes upon the most unpromising material. It is good that it is so. To have someone believe in you is to have half the battle already won.

But the fact remains that because of mistaken estimates of a boy's ability, many a life is made unhappy.

How can a man experience a sense of power in a job too big for him? Or if he is in the wrong kind of job? He will develop, instead, a sense of defeat that will color his whole outlook.

Business Ideals

A LITTLE boy who likes to play with trains is not necessarily an embryo mechanic, nor the lad who investigates the interior of a watch a future wizard of science. It is not always easy to discover where a child's main ability lies.

In this connection, however, it is possible in Sydney and Melbourne to obtain advice from vocational guidance centres. Such a course many parents would find most helpful to follow.

Most people, however, will feel that they are fortunate to find any kind of work for their boys during this difficult period. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that thousands of boys will be placed in positions for which they have little liking. It is comforting to reflect that adaptability is one of the leading characteristics of youth.

But for that very reason, employers should strive to put into their business organisations a spirit of idealism.

How can a lad take pride in his work if he is given inferior materials to deal with? How can he develop his character if he is asked to turn out a poorly-finished article?

It is a well-known fact that the best parents have never had any children! The person who begins, "If I had a son," usually talks with the utmost confidence. Diffidence comes only when a family has falsified many pet theories.

However, in a newspaper article, one may advance views in the hope that they may somewhere meet with approval, no matter how unimpressive one's own family may have found them. That is by way of preface to the statement that I believe the ideal life is a

life on the land. I should love to have a son a farmer. (Of course, there is the matter of the farm!)

But to watch small growing things, to cultivate the good earth, to tire the body with healthy, honest toil, is, I believe, to come very close to God.

Yes, I know the picture, "The Man with the Hoe"—the weary figure, blank of face, and without hope. But, obviously, behind that vacant face, there lay a vacant mind.

And no one to-day, need have a vacant mind!

There are ill-furnished minds in plenty, but, as a rule, they are overcrowded with things of little value.

One of the defects of our educational system is the tendency to turn out large numbers of youths, untrained for the professions, and with a distaste for any form of manual work. They feel that only a "white collar job" will satisfy their desire for social status. They forget that a good cabinet-maker is a better citizen than a bad doctor.

I know a family in a country town that consists of three sons. Two of them are lawyers, and the third is a carpenter. He is a good carpenter, and he occupies an honored position in the community. I like to think of that family and of that town, where social and moral values are seen in true perspective.

"My Secret Wishes"

ALL of my sons, with the exception of the eldest, are still young. I have my secret wishes for them, and, in small ways known only to mothers, I may gently lead their thoughts along the paths of my desires.

In my plans for them, wealth has no part at all, and fame is a fickle thing that may play havoc with the heart's happiness.

I want them to be honored members of the communities in which they live; but I want their honor to come, not from the multitude of their possessions, but from the integrity of their character.

I want them to be good Australians, worthy citizens of a worthy country. I want them to be Christian gentlemen.

Irish Lyons.

"Roughness . . . Dryness can really be melted—and smooth, transparent skin brought out"

How this softener melts dead surface skin is explained.



Harsh, dead particles melted away. The skin is gloriously smooth—fine—transparent.

Lady Helena Fitzgibbon, a charming member of the English aristocracy, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream banishes all roughness."



Dead, horny particles clinging to the surface cause the skin to appear rough—dry—dull.

Beneath every dry, rough skin there is a smooth, transparent skin. Harshness is caused by dead, horny surface cells. Melt them, and the fresh, new skin is revealed. And they can be melted—almost instantly!

A Dermatologist tells how—

"When a keratolytic cream is smoothed on the skin, the dead, horny cells which make it appear rough and dull are melted," he said. "Freed of these coarse, dry particles, the fresh new cells beneath are apparent. The skin looks clear—transparent—smooth."

"Vanishing Cream also prevents roughness by preserving skin moisture from too-rapid evaporation."

Epidermis, or outer skin. Its surface consists of horny cells which are constantly drying, causing roughness.

Now you know exactly what happens when you smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream over your skin! Use it on face, neck, hands, arms every night after creaming. Roughness—dryness actually melt away. And your skin becomes satin-smooth and fine.

Powder retained Hours . . .

Over your new smooth skin, powder and make-up blend evenly. Face shine is ended. Little faults concealed. Chappings vanish. This peerless cream gives your skin a suave finish—a seashell delicacy that fascinates.

Fill in the coupon and you will receive a generous supply of Pond's Vanishing Cream, also Pond's Cold Cream and Face Powder.

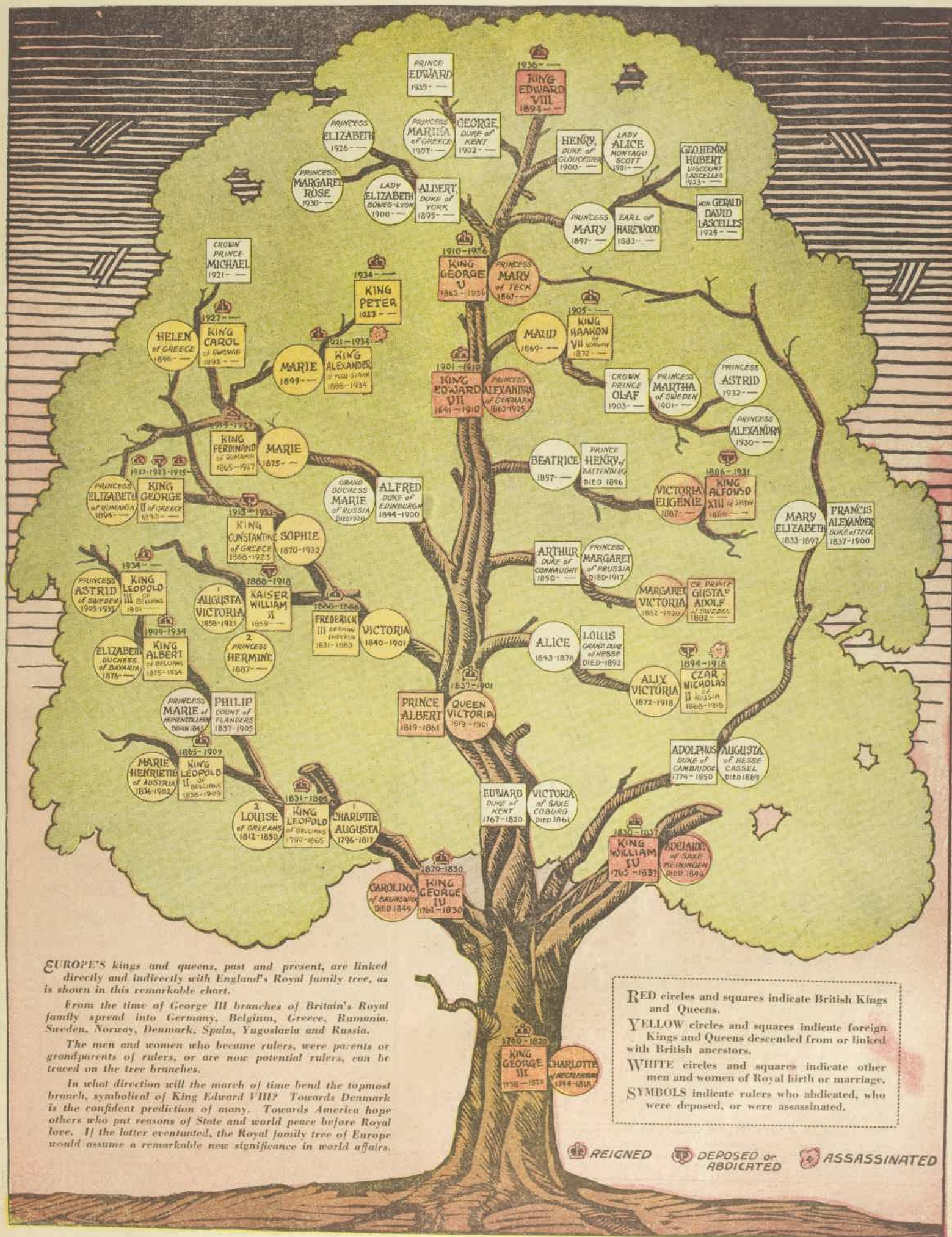
TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to four postage, packing, etc., for free trial of Pond's Vanishing Cream, also Cold Cream and a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rashless) [] Light Cream [] Rose Cream (Natural) [] Natural (Light Natural) [] Rose Brunette [] Dark Brunette (Suntan) []

POND'S Dept. 254 Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name

Address

How Europe's Royalties Grew From Britain's Family Tree





DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 20

Meg said, "No sugar, thank you," and as she sat in a little round chair lifted the cup from the saucer as if she were looking at the china. The cup she held in a stiff steady hand had a chip out of the gilded edge, and a long, dark crack which ran from the chip to the base of the handle.

"It's pretty china. It's a pity it's cracked," she said.

Miss Cannock sipped her tea. "Servants are so careless. Mr. Postlethwaite's china was in a terrible state when the Millers took it over... but you are not drinking your tea, Mrs. O'Hara."

Meg picked up her cup, walked to the window, and stood there as if looking out. If the window had been open, she could pour the tea away. She said, "I must see him," and she lifted the cup to her lips, but she did not drink from it. There was no strange smell. She would have been very glad of a hot drink. Her mouth was parched and dry.

She went over to a bookcase on the same side as the door. She was behind Miss Cannock's back now. "All my old books are here. It's funny to see them." She lifted the cup to her lips again. "I don't like this tea very much. Perhaps some sugar would improve it."

She had gone over to the bookcase with the idea of taking out some of the books as if she were going to look at them, and then pouring the tea into the cup. But as she stood there, a much better plan had come to her.

She went back to the table, dropped two lumps of sugar into her cup, stirred them well, and made believe to taste it. In a laughing natural voice, she said, "Oh! it's made it worse. Much worse! I can't think how anyone can take sugar in their tea, really! There. I've wasted a perfectly good cup of tea."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Cannock. She dropped a bit of bun on the carpet and stooped to pick it up again. "Oh dear—what a pity! I don't like putting people out, and Miller... he seems upset. I suppose you couldn't..."

With a whisk of her skirts, Meg was at the hearth. "My dear Miss Cannock, I'm not going to drink a perfectly foul cup of tea to please Miller," she said. And then she laughed and emptied the cup into the fire.

"There he needn't know. And now we'll wash the sugar out, and perhaps the next cup will be better."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Cannock again. She fussed with her scarf while Meg washed out the cup. "Oh, I hope you haven't put the fire out," she said. "Now I wonder if I had better fill the teapot up the least little bit."

SHE did so, and managed to send her plate slipping over the table edge on the floor. Meg bent down to rescue it. When she stood up again Miss Cannock was pouring out her tea.

She looked so exactly as if she were going to cry that Meg subdued her impatience, took her tea and drank about half of it, standing up by the table. And then there, as she was still swallowing it, and it was grateful to her parched tongue and throat, she knew that there was something in the cup. She hadn't outwitted the Millers after all.

But she had washed the cup. But that meant—

She kept her face still and looked at Miss Cannock. She was nibbling at a bun. It wasn't possible, but there was no one else who could have put something into the cup she had washed. Miss Cannock could, while Meg stooped down to pick up the plate.

Was it her imagination, or was there a veil of smoke, a veil of strange white mist, between her and the fire?

Half... she had had only half of the tea... and she must get rid of the other half... she mustn't faint... or go to sleep... it would sink into the woolly hearthrug, and no one would guess she hadn't drunk it.

She bit her lip hard on the inside. Then she lifted the cup. She took it from her lips without drinking and lowered it. The mist was thick between her and the fire. She wanted to shut her eyes and go to sleep. With a most punishing effort, she brought the cup down until it touched the rug. Then she tilted it sideways. After a wavering moment she sank down sideways across the tilted cup.

Miss Cannock got to her feet, looked down at her with composure, and then crossed the room without hurry and rang the bell.

Meg did not know how long she was unconscious. She came back to a sound of voices in the room, and more gradually to a sense of her own whereabouts. She wasn't on the floor any more. The voices came and went, just out of reach

... and then all at once the blankness was gone. She felt muzzy and languid, but her head was getting clearer. She wasn't on the floor, but on the couch. She looked through her lashes, and was puzzled because the wall was so close on her right and the high back of the couch so close on her left.

She shut her eyes again, and heard Miller say, "What next?"

He was quite close to her. Hearing him speak like that, so near, did more to rouse her than anything else could have done. Why, of course, the wall was so close because they had turned the couch around, with the back of it between her and the room.

W HEN Miller said, "What next?" a plaintive Cockney voice broke in. "I tell you I don't like it. I said all along I didn't, and I don't see any call to do it, neither."

The odd thrilling voice answered her with the touch of scorn that Meg had heard in it before. "Perhaps you think it isn't going to matter to you personally, Milly, but don't you make any mistake, if we get ours, then, my dear, you'll get yours, and I hope you'll like it." There was a note or two of musical laughter. Then the voice hardened. "You'd better get this straight, Milly. Robin O'Hara had you marked down all right in that packet of his."

Milly Miller, alias Gertrude Stevens, alias Crooked Sue.

"Ow don't!"

The voice went on inexorably. "I took you out of the gutter, didn't I? You'd better remember it, because that's where you'll finish up if you live to come out of prison." Meg thought, So Robin was dead. These people had killed him.

Miller spoke from somewhere startlingly near at hand. "How long is that stuff good for?"

The stuff that was the stuff they had put into her tea. But she had drunk only half. They didn't know that. Or did they?

The woman was speaking again. "Eight hours... ten... twelve... long enough, anyhow. She had finished what was in the cup before she went off."

There was a pause. Then Miller said violently, "Why don't you get on and get it over? Put her in the water and have done with it!"

Meg did not move, but she felt a cold inward shudder. They had drugged her... now they were going to drown her. But she could swim. There must be a chance.

The woman laughed. She said with cool, whipping scorn, "Have you got nerves aboard... like Milly?"

"No, I haven't."

"It sounds like it. Take a pull on yourself, my friend, and go on remembering that I'm running the show. I'm working to a time-table and I'm not taking any risks. She'll be out of the way by midnight, but not so very much before. The village can get to bed and go to sleep first. That boy from the Inn takes his girl into the churchyard most evenings. There's no accounting for tastes."

Is there? Now, suppose... just suppose it occurred to him to get over the wall. There's just one place where he could... I found it yesterday. There's a tombstone jammed up against the wall... well, you see? It's only a thousandth chance, but I'm not risking it."

Miller said, "All right." And then grudgingly, "You've got a head! Well, and then what?"

"Then Henderson runs me up to town, and we put her in the river just as we did with O'Hara. There'll be nothing to show that she was drowned before she got there."

MILLER spoke with a kind of grumbling anger. "You keep everything mum to the last minute! What's the idea? Are you and Henderson going to light out and leave Milly and me to answer the questions that are going to be asked? If that's your game..."

Her laughter cut him short. "My dear Bob! Don't be so cross! Having disposed of the incriminating evidence... we come straight back. Mrs. O'Hara is scheduled to leave Loddington by the eleven-fifty to-morrow. Henderson will drive her to the train. We shall stop at the village post-office and Henderson will go in and buy stamps. Everyone in the village will be prepared to swear to Mrs. O'Hara's having left Loddington. They will see her luggage on the grid. They will see her hat and coat on me, and she will have a cold and be blowing her nose when Henderson goes in to get the stamps. At Loddington I shall buy a ticket for town and tip a porter to put the luggage in the van. The train is always packed on a matinee day, so no one will notice who gets out at the other end."

Please turn to Page 32

£25 CASH £25

Must Be Won

MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 5

Twenty-Five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve this puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values.

For example, No. 1, with the addition of the letters "R" and "A," will make the motor-car name "GRAY," the letter-values of which are 20, 9, 26, and 2, a total of 57. When you have completed the ten motor-car names work out the total score obtainable from each, as in the example. Write out your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 12th JUNE, 1936, to

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834 T. SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 27th June, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by the proprietors of Motor Car Competition, G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 2

Four competitors submitted entries containing 723 points. This was the greatest correct total obtained, and they share the prize, each receiving £6/9/-.

MISS D. HALLET, 113 Ash St., Ashfield.
M. WILLIAMSON, 18 Thomas St., Strathfield.
MISS R. SCHNIEDER, 14 Ardena Rd., Camfield, Vic.
T. O. STOREY, 102 Ruskin St., Elwood, Vic.

PRIZE-MONEY WILL BE POSTED 9th JUNE, 1936.

Winning Names:—

MORGAN GRAHAM VAUXHALL
AUSTIN PAIGE
CHRYSLER JEWETT
LUGBY IRAT
ESSEX

Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A worthy magician of great powers, and his faithful servant.
LOTHAR: A Nubian, who stops in their travels to help.
LORA GATES: A girl who is terror-stricken by a werewolf which haunts her home. With her live
VASIL: Her brutish cousin, and
BORIS: Her uncle, who do all they can to get Mandrake out of the house. First Boris tries to murder him in his sleep, then Vasil, by causing a mysterious hammering

throughout the house, tries to drive them away. Mandrake learns that Lora, under the terms of her father's will, would forfeit her estate to Boris and Vasil if she were to leave her home. In the meantime Lothar has ventured outside, and in giving chase to a hooded stranger whom he suspects is the dreaded werewolf gets caught in a trap. Worried by his absence, and despite Lora's pleading and Boris' warnings, Mandrake goes out in search of him. NOW READ ON.

MANDRAKE GOES OUT INTO THE NIGHT IN SEARCH OF THE MISSING LOTHAR...



LOTHAR.
LOTHAR.



MASTER--MASTER.
ME--HERE.

IN THE NEARBY TRAP, LOTHAR HEARS MANDRAKE'S VOICE.



SO THERE YOU ARE. HOW DID YOU GET DOWN THERE?



LIKE--THIS.

THE HOODED FIGURE SUDDENLY COMES UP BEHIND MANDRAKE AND.....



MASTER! YOU HURT?

MANDRAKE LIES STUNNED BY THE SUDDEN FALL.



THE HOODED STRANGER DISAPPEARS INTO THE BASE OF A HOLLOW TREE...



...AND LOWERS HIMSELF BY MEANS OF A ROPE....



SO I GOT TWO!



SO I GOT ONE!



ME SEE WHO YOU ARE.



THE STRANGER SUDDENLY WHIPS AT LOTHAR WITH A BUDGEON....



...AND STARTS HIS ESCAPE OUT OF THE PIT.



AS THE HOODED STRANGER SCURRIES FOR THE ROPE, MANDRAKE COMES OUT OF HIS STUNNED STUPOR.

HIM--GO.



NOT SO FAST.

MANDRAKE GESTURES AND



THE MAN SUDDENLY STOPS CLIMBING AND IS HELD ON THE ROPE AS RIGID AS STONE!..

To be Continued.

MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES

CINE-KODAK EIGHT
REDUCED PRICES



Nothing is more intensely exciting than movie-making! No wonder it has swept the world—been taken up everywhere by those who wish to get the most out of life! All that you most enjoy takes on new zest with movies you make yourself. And you cannot afford not to be "making pictures" with the Cine-Kodak Eight at the new reduced prices. Just imagine securing an 8.5 model for only **£9/18/6**

POST THE COUPON FOR FREE MOVIE BOOKLET

Name
Address

Of all Kodak Dealers and KODAK (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 275 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

"MEANWHILE I go into the ladies' room, remove her hat and coat, put on a good, noticeable scarlet beret, and walk out of the station and back to the car. I keep out of sight on the floor with a rug over me coming through the village, and there we are."

"Well I won't say you're not clever," said Miller with that grudging note in his voice again.

And then she heard Miller say, "Mr. Postlethwaite..." and at the sound of Uncle Henry's name Meg relaxed and listened.

"They'll come down and want to ask him questions when she's missing, the police will, and that Coverdale. I suppose you've thought of that?"

"Oh, my dear Bob!"

"That's all very well, but what about it?"

She laughed with real amusement. "Mr. Postlethwaite has an appointment with Professor Muhlenbach in Munich. They have been corresponding about it for the last fortnight. He leaves for the Continent to-morrow afternoon. Now I am going to have some sleep, since I'll be out all night. Keep the door locked on the outside and look at her every half hour."

Someone was looking down at her and laughing, an oddly ringing laugh. And Meg saw Miss Cannock's bright blue dress, Miss Cannock's floating scarf, Miss Cannock's fuzzy fringe, Miss Cannock's face.

SHE lay in the dark, and was thankful for it. They had put out the light, locked the door, and gone away. She could relax, move her stiff limbs, and sit up if she wanted to. She found that she didn't want to. Her head swam and she felt giddy. But she mustn't give way to that. She propped herself against the end of the sofa and tried to think.

DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 30

"Bob, how far did you go?" "Only to the corner of the house. It was no good going on alone, and I hadn't my torch. She might have been a yard away and I wouldn't have seen her."

"No—that's right. Go down to the lodge and get Henderson and Johnny! It's all right, you know... she can't get away. She'll probably make for the gate or try to hide in the wood. There isn't any place where she can get over the wall. There's no need for anyone to get fussed. I'll go around the outside of the house with my torch. Milly, you stay here in case she doubles back! Now, Bob, off with you!"

They were gone. If only Milly had gone too. And in the time it would take to make a circuit of the house Miss Cannock would be back, and then perhaps it would occur to her to search the room.

IT was now or never. The instant which had forbidden her to move now moved. Instantly bade her go. Milly or no Milly, she must get out of this. All at once she could move again. She looked between the curtains and saw Milly crouching on the sofa with her arms thrown out across the padded end and her head down between them. She was choking with sobs.

Meg slipped off her shoes and took them in her left hand. She knew exactly what she was going to do, and she knew that she could do it. She knew it so surely that she wasn't afraid any more. She passed between the curtains and crossed the room in the most perfect silence, but even if she had tramped to the door in nail-shod boots, poor Milly's sobs would have prevented any other sound from reaching her.

Miss Cannock, swinging herself in over the window-sill with a noiseless agility which went very oddly indeed with the fussy fringe, the old-fashioned dress, the beaded shoes, switched off her torch and surveyed the weeping figure with sarcasm. She had removed the tinted glasses, and her eyes behind the colorless lashes were bright, and pale, and cool. She turned without speaking, drew down the sash, and latched it. Then with a sudden decisive movement she went over to the other window and pulled the curtains back.

Meg's instinct had stood her in good stead.

Meg was half-way across the hall in her stocking feet. The thing that had told her to leave her hiding-place had brought her so far, but it didn't tell her what to do next. And then, sharp upon her hesitation, there came to her through the open door of the room from which she had just fled the rattle and jangle of the curtain rings as Miss Cannock flung them back. She ran up the stair silently and swiftly.

To Be Continued

LOSE THAT COLD To-NIGHT

THIS is the time of the year when Colds are on the increase. Most of them are petty affairs at inception. Take heed, however, because it is the small petty cold that often has serious complications. Stop that Cold NOW. You can do it in one night by taking three 'ASPRO' tablets at the first symptoms, then two to three tablets every three hours, with a hot lemon drink with the last dose when going to bed. Keep 'ASPRO' handy for yourself and family for prompt action to deal with the various ills and chills of winter in the form of 'Flu, Rheumatism and pain attacks.

IF YOU FEEL A COLD OR 'FLU' ATTACK COMING— TAKE

'ASPRO' AND WAKE UP WELL

'ASPRO' NEVER FAILED TO BREAK UP A COLD

C/o. Post Office, Dartmoor, Vic. 22nd June, 1935.

Dear Sirs, Living in the country and having to work in all weathers, I am often subject to Colds, and find on taking two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink at bedtime, they have never yet failed to break up my cold. It is best to take them as soon as you feel a Cold coming on.

(Sgt.) N. K. WILLIAMS. 13th/36

ALWAYS USE 'ASPRO' FOR

Rheumatism
Sleeplessness
Toothache
Feverishness
Temperature
Irritability
Sore Throat
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Neuralgia
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ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

George Edwards BROADCASTS AN 'ASPRO' Play

Every Sunday Night at 7 to 9.

TUNE IN TO 2UW, 2HD or 2GZ FOR

"The Sin of David" June 7th



CLINIC WISDOM

SISTER, WHATEVER CAN I DO FOR BABY? HIS SKIN IS TERRIBLY RED AND CHAFED.

YES, POOR LITTLE MITE, HE DOES LOOK UNHAPPY.

BABIES' SKINS ARE SO SENSITIVE. YOU SHOULD USE REXONA SOAP—IT'S SO SOOTHING, PREVENTS SKIN TROUBLES.

REXONA HAS MADE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO BABY'S SKIN.

NOT ONLY TO BABY'S—TO MINE, TOO. NOT A SPOT OR A BLEMISH OF ANY KIND THE LAST FEW WEEKS!

Always use Rexona Medicated Soap for baby—its gentle medicated lather is his best protection against rashes, chafing, bleaches and the irritating skin troubles that make him so cranky. Rexona Soap contains the same soothing healing properties as Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer. For stubborn skin complaints these two make a completely effective treatment.

Rexona SOAP, 10/- per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/- 6/- (City and Suburbs).

Rexona

SOAP, 10/- per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/- 6/- (City and Suburbs).

MORE WOMEN Needed for Empire's OUTPOSTS!

Australian Delegate's Plain Talk at London Conference

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative—By Beam Wireless from London

Plain talk on women's part in national and international affairs was heard at the British Commonwealth League Conference in London this week, which was attended by an Australian delegation headed by Mrs. Linda Littlejohn.

The importance of encouraging more women to live in the Empire's colonial and mandated territories was stressed at the conference.

"THE status of woman as wife, mother, and homemaker will soon be at its lowest, since most countries consider it unworthy of economic reward," declared Mrs. Linda Littlejohn.

She added that while she welcomed protective legislation, nationally and internationally designed for the benefit of industrial workers, any attempt to introduce special protective legislation for women defeated its object, weakening their position and making more difficult the employment of women.

"The word 'rights' has only one meaning," she added. "There are

no separate rights for men and for women."

A resolution, moved by the Australian delegation, condemned the British refusal to admit women in the diplomatic and consular service, the only dissent to this being Mrs. Cowen, of Queensland.

To Improve Status

THE lack of effort to educate native women as nurses and doctors to enable them to aid development of their own races, was criticised.

Conference decided that women's organisations must urge their Governments to forward correct reports of women's economic status, not only as fixed



MRS. LITTLEJOHN, who told the London conference that "the status of woman, as wife, mother, and homemaker, will soon be at its lowest."

by law, but also as existing by custom and practice, to the Geneva International Labor Office, as an aid to raising women's status all over the world.

Governments were also strongly urged to drop their present weak, vacillating attitude towards the League of Nations.

Women, too, it was claimed, could do much to strengthen world interest and sympathy with the League's work.

WHEN HE'S 16-



will his teeth act as they did when he was 6?

Nature intends first teeth to come out at an early age. But parents alone are to blame if the set which replaces them doesn't last a lifetime. For it is the early habit of looking after them properly which ensures fine, strong, white, beautiful teeth.

Looking after the teeth properly

means brushing them twice a day with a germicidal tooth paste. Euthymol is the one tooth paste which kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds. Euthymol keeps teeth white and gleaming for beauty—scientifically clean for health. See that your family use Euthymol regularly!

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Pronounced U-THY-MOL

1/3 per tube



DON'T ... FORGET

The U.L.V.A. Ball at the Trocadero for the Benevolent Society of N.S.W. at 9 p.m., June 2.

Annual dance organised by Old Cranbrookians' Association, Cranbrook School, June 5, 8.30 p.m.

Card party at Farmer and Co. for Royal Hospital for Women, arranged by the Kensington-Randwick auxiliary, June 5, at 2 p.m.

The "Old Newingtonians" dance at the Trocadero on June 4.

Scarba Social Set dance at the Benevolent Society Hall in aid of the funds of Scarba Welfare House for Children, June 4.

Double Bay-Woolahra Younger Set first annual dance in the Masonic Hall, Double Bay.



MISS ELLEN SAUTELLE, a member of the committee of the Dental Undergraduates' Ball which takes place at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, June 25.

on June 10. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Hotchkiss (PM4638).

Dance arranged by Younger Set Eastern Suburbs Hospital, Masonic Hall, Double Bay, June 10. For information ring PM 4638.

Dance arranged by Riverview Old Boys' Union, Blaxland Galleries, June 11, 9 p.m. Reservations at Farmer's.

Fourteenth annual dance of the Model Business College and Old Girls' Union to be held at the Trocadero on June 12.

The King's School Old Boys' dance at the Blaxland Galleries on June 19. Tickets obtainable from Miss Marion Riley, Killara, and Messrs. B. H. O'Connor and W. A. Friend.

The first dance of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association to be held in the Macquarie Hall on July 4.

SENSATIONAL OFFER!



A Famous Sewing Machine at a Reduced Price—With Free Gifts too!

A Free Workbox Sewing Chair, complete illustrated Dressmaking Course and complete set of dressmaking attachments will be given free to each purchaser of a Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine during June. Write now for particulars of this splendid offer.



FREE Combination Chair and Workbox to Purchasers of A

Bebarfald BlueBird SEWING MACHINE during June!

THE ONLY MACHINE GUARANTEED FOR YOUR LIFETIME

In addition, the Bebarfald BlueBird is covered by a written Money Back Guarantee, and this definitely assures you of a lifetime of satisfactory sewing. Bebarfalds are the pioneer manufacturers and distributors of Cabinet Sewing Machines in Australia, and their vast experience enables them to produce these reliable Sewing Machines to sell at such a low price, and cover them by such splendid guarantees. Post coupon now for full particulars and free copy of the book, "More Frocks for Less Money and How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

Usually £25/18/6 THIS MONTH £21/10/-

£1 Deposit Secures Delivery

The balance can be paid in convenient weekly or monthly instalments. Special terms for Interstate customers.

YOUR OLD MACHINE ACCEPTED AS PART PAYMENT.



also FREE course in Dressmaking COMPLETE IN ONE BIG VOLUME

This is fully illustrated and is equal to a £10/10/- similar course from a correspondence college. In addition, each purchaser receives Free Hollywood Patterns to their own measurements.

COMPLETE DRESSMAKING ATTACHMENTS FREE

The Bebarfald BlueBird is complete with a full set of automatic dressmaking attachments, and these are supplied free to each purchaser. With these you can hemstitch, pleat, tuck, shirr, etc., as easily as you can sew straight seams. Free personal tuition in your own home for City and Suburban purchasers. Large illustrated instruction book for country customers.

Begin NOW to Make More Frocks For Less Money POST COUPON for 32 Page Book

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Please post me immediately full particulars of the Lifetime Guaranteed Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine and also the free gifts during June.

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W.W.S.

RASHES



Rashes spread quickly with little fingers scratching at the itching skin, and festering sores can easily be caused. So don't neglect a rash. Rexona Ointment brings quick relief. Itching stops at once and the inflamed, blotchy patches begin to fade. Soon baby's skin is clear and healthy again.

TREATMENT. Wash the affected parts with Rexona Medicated Soap; dry, then gently smear on Rexona Ointment. Rexona Soap contains the same soothing and healing properties as the Ointment—and together they quickly restore the skin to natural health.

RASH DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY
Mrs. J. F. Cornish, 92 Cavendish Street, Stanmore, writes:—"My little girl had a very bad rash on her body. I used Rexona Soap and Ointment, and soon the rash completely disappeared. I think Rexona is wonderful."

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet
(City and Suburbs)

B.174.32

FASHIONS THAT Flew Shown Here Before Paris

How Aeroplanes Keep Milady Right in the Mode

Fashion novelties from Paris, chosen with a view to lightness for air travel, are on view in a city store only six-and-a-half days after they were packed in Europe.

A HAT specially designed by "Agnes" has been seen by Australian women a week before a copy of it was shown in Paris.

Of blue melines net it is of 1900 inspiration with shallow crown and wide brim. It is trimmed with a large flower of lacquer crystal thread, which looks like ecobaphane. "Agnes" christened it "Bieu d'avion," as it was to travel to Australia by air.

Aerial Fashions

THE aerial fashions also include sheer stockings shading from light color in the front of the leg to deep color at the seam at the back—pale beige to brown and pale grey to gunmetal—which will have a slimming effect on plump legs. The latest evening gloves, colored suede to match evening bags and match or contrast with evening frocks, are being shown.

There are also lacquered kid gloves trimmed with perforated patterns, kid handbags trimmed with ruffling and shirring, with gloves to match, and a

copy of a handbag chosen by the Duke of Kent for the Duchess—white leather trimmed with large raised spots, and handles of black patent.

Mr. P. E. Lampe, who flew out with the fashions, predicts that new models in everything from frocks to shoes will be flown to Australia as soon as there is a freight service.

Traveling in leisurely fashion by boat are new models from France which will indicate the newest fashion trends for spring.

New colors are, Chinese-green, turquoise-blue, mustard, grey for suits, the alliance of navy with yellow, and the perennially popular black and white.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER are enthusiastic devotees of the hunt. Here they are shown at a meet of the Pychley Hunt at Moulton, near Northampton.

WE will wear woollen materials "with knobs on." All woollens, both woven and knitted, are knobby. Coats are finger-length or 7-8-length, and many of them have swagger backs.

Suede is overwhelmingly popular for shoes, many of them square-toed and heeled, and some of them emphasising length with a centre-seam down the vamp. Dress gloves are of suede or soft kid, with metal ornaments or patent leather trimmings on the gauntlets.

Collars are fussy and feminine—of organdy, gimpure lace, tating, or pique. Hats are large or small, flat or high, and some have glass or crystal brims.

Hats of shiny straw with a platinum or aluminium surface making them a cool grey will break the monotony of white hats in the summer.

Flowers in Favor

FLOWERS trim everything—street frocks or evening frocks, and hats. Sprays of tulips are the newest garden hint for frocks, and lily-of-the-valley and anemones on hats. Flowers for evening wear are very large, which is probably a matter of discretion as evening frocks are very décolleté.

Belts are very wide, with large fastenings. Some are of canvas with gay Tyrolean embroidery, and worn with bags to match.

Printed silks are not only "dotty," but "silly" as well—patterns include dogs, snails, tortoises, clocks, chessmen, and golf sticks, and floral prints are larger than ever.

Stiffened veils no longer stop at the nose. They cover the face and neck and tie in a bunch at the back.

White and grey Indian lamb are among the new furs used, and ermine is now dead dark chocolate.

ESCAPED Being BORED

And Makes £10,000 a Year
From Our London Correspondent

A recent visitor to London, Mr. F. G. Elder, became richer because he was bored.

HE wanted an occupation that would help him to kill time, and selected grapefruit canning, which now brings him in £10,000 a year.

"I am now fifty-seven, and ten years ago I decided I had made enough out of the advertising business to retire, so I moved my home to Florida and took up golf, fishing, and motoring," he said.

"All went well for a year, and then my wife noticed I was not happy."

"I discovered that a life of ease is not such a grand thing after all, leastways not when you are fit and energetic. You just have to keep on working at something."

"Florida is where the best grapefruit is grown. I opened a small cannery, but that business simply would not keep small. It kept growing, and now my plaything business employs 600 people, and is making me richer than I ever was before. We pack 300,000 cases of fruit a year, and England buys 150,000 cases of them."



Service...

You may not know what important work the Rural Bank is doing. Thousands of homes have been built, thousands of farms developed, through its useful services—and this has resulted in greatly increased employment, and increased prosperity. The Bank's activities are, in fact, vital to the progress of the State, and the Bank should, therefore, demand the support of every business man and every private investor. Interest-bearing Fixed Deposits are accepted and cheque accounts opened at all branches.



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"STYLED BY VEREYS"

LADIES' COSTUMES OR TOPCOATS

MADE TO MEASURE, £5:5:0

IMMEDIATE WEAR, £4:4:0

COSTUMES, TOPCOATS, RIDING HABITS, JODHPURS, RIDING BREECHES, SKIRTS, CREAM SKIRTS.

Ladies are wise to be certain of a Man-Tailored garment, as menfolk are quick to notice if lapels, button-holes and shoulders are not perfect by their own standards. VEREYS provide an easy fit, and yet give soft feminine lines in a tailored mode.

NOW TWO DISTINCT LADIES' DEPARTMENTS

Made to Measure and Immediate Wear. Self measurement forms on request. Ladies' material made up.

Every garment is cut, made and finished under personal supervision of one of Sydney's leading Stylish Cutters.

Phones: 7W 5123 and B 5123

MADE TO MEASURE

Ladies' Costumes	from	£3 5 0
Costumes, wool linen	"	£3 15 0
Ladies' Topcoats	"	£3 5 0
Riding Habits	"	£6 15 0
Riding Breeches	"	£2 5 0
Jodhpurs	"	£2 5 0
Ladies' Skirts	"	£1 10 0

IMMEDIATE WEAR

Ladies' Costumes	from	£4 4 0
Costumes, wool linen	"	£3 3 0
Ladies' Topcoats	"	£4 4 0
Riding Breeches	"	£2 5 0
Riding Habits	"	£5 15 0
Jodhpurs	"	£1 17 6
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LIFE Goes ON

Continued from Page 23

GOOD heavens, he still thought that this was her house. Well, he would, of course. It was five years since he had married Nita Raines and gone off to Australia. Strange that she couldn't make her mind grasp that fact. It seemed as if it were the most natural thing in the world that she should be just here talking to Bart Harrow.

"Bart," she said slowly "I-I don't live here any more."

"What?" He seemed incredulous.

"You see," her voice broke slightly "dad died three years ago. There wasn't—oh, well, I had to sell the house and move that's all." She smiled, a rather pathetic effort "I'm a working girl now."

He looked at her sympathetically. "I'm sorry," he said again. She was glad to find that he had the understanding to say nothing more.

"But let's forget all that!" she added, briskly normal again. "Listen, there's a ripping place near Dorking, if that isn't too far for you. And on the way I'll probably ask you about a million questions. So be prepared!"

"Right!" said Bart.

BUT as they drove down the Fulham Road and over Putney Bridge she found it difficult to begin her questions. And this difficulty, she recognised, was due to the fact that, as yet, Bart had made no mention of his wife. Strange that he was keeping silent about the blonde Nita. But then it might be simply an oversight on his part. And after all, she thought she hadn't known Nita awfully well. Perhaps there was no real reason why Bart should refer to her. But she caught herself wondering whether or not Nita was in England with him.

"Do you still like England best?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Yes, but my work's out there. I've got a topping little sheep station, Marcla. Back in New South Wales, about three hundred miles from Sydney. Vast, mysterious, challenging, this land he pictured. And Bart, with his lean, hawk's face, his brown, snowy fingers, his open grey eyes, he was a good son by adoption to this shaggy foster-mother. She wondered it, far down there at the bottom of the world, there were children—children with sturdy brown bodies and clear eyes—the children of Bart and Nita. Somehow or other she couldn't quite visualise Nita Raines as part of the life he described. Nita had seemed so much a product of London. Yet you never knew. People adapted themselves. But what a blind fool she had been five years ago.

"Look here," Bart exclaimed suddenly. "I'm only going to be home for a month. You must let me see you very often."

Her heart beat faster. It was sweet to know that he still found her attractive. In the same moment she wondered again about Nita.

"I'd love it, Bart," she told him. They reached Dorking and found the place that she had suggested.

"I suppose," he said, when they were seated at dinner, "that I've talked you dead about myself. And I've hardly inquired about you. Have I been very selfish?"

She smiled at him.

"Of course not. You're the one who has the interesting things to say. I—I've just gone on."

"I'm sorry," said Bart, "that things have changed so much for you."

With an effort she summoned a smile.

"Oh," she told him, "things have changed, of course!" She forced the smile to become gay. "But they're changing again. Perhaps for the better."

He looked at her quickly, keenly.

"Marcla, you mean . . ."

She nodded, averting her eyes. So it had come to this, had it? She, Marcla Wetherill, going in for tragic little lies to save herself from being pitied.

"Lucky man!" said Bart across the table. His voice was low.

Marcla held the smile by sheer will-power.

"Thanks, old dear, I'm lucky, too."

"Do I know him?" Bart's voice sounded strangely flat.

"I don't think so," she answered hurriedly. "His name is—Dirk Jones."

AS the days passed she found cause to regret the moment of pride in which she had told Bart that she was engaged to Dirk Jones. It had placed, she knew now, a barrier between them. Bart's attitude towards her was impersonal, one of almost tender politeness.

Please turn to Page 49

THE MISTRESS OF THE PIANO returns!

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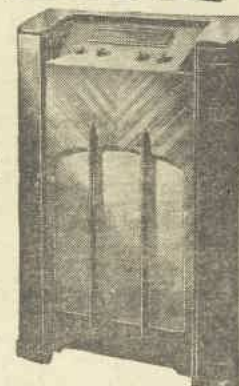
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• "Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and OVER, baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery—CAREFUL!"



• "OUCH—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't hurt, but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"



• "There's a big difference in baby powders; some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. That is why Johnson's Baby Powder is best for babies."

That is also why so many mothers are using Johnson's Baby Powder for their own toilet use. Made originally to keep baby skins sweet and lovable, it must be the best for their own skins, too.

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BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

What the Housewives Did for the Ponies!

By BETTY CEE

The ponies are funny meetings.

It's curious to think that people don't go for the first race and stop all day as they do at Randwick. No, they seem to treat a pony meeting like a shop.

If you want anything, you pop in and get it. If you fancy something for, say, the fifth race, you take a taxi and pop out, and you can back it and be back in town in less than an hour.

YOU see people going to pony meetings all the afternoon, they're so close to town. From the time they start until even the last race they keep a gentleman at the gates ticking over the turnstiles. It's a constant procession, in.

Some leave as soon as their horse wins, or loses. Some actually arrive for the first race and stay all day. Yes, and don't I know it, because that's what I did, at Victoria Park, and it cost me nearly all my winnings.

I've heard some people speak of the ponies as if they were a depraved taste. But all the best people seem to go. There were the Campbells of Collarenebri, the Downings of Dubbo, Maxie Rosenbloom of the United States, numerous members of the Jockey Club, and all the same bookmakers and jockeys and trainers.

Why I went out was because Mrs. C. Russell owns Maud, and her husband trains it, and Jimmie Maxwell was



BILLIE HURT, aged 12, who has just received the N.S.W. State Medal Award of the Trinity College of Music, London, for the junior division of the elocution exams, held in November, 1935. She is the daughter of Mrs. W. G. Hurt (Miss Winifred Gardiner, the well-known contralto), of Croydon, and a pupil of Miss Joyce Foreman, L.T.C.L. Billie is also a successful pianist, having passed her Grade 3 exam, with honors, at the State Conservatorium.

—Paramount photo.

riding it, and they all thought it sure to win the Brush Hurdle.

When I got there the bookmakers were yelling 3 to 1 Maud, and I had £9 to £3, and the old brown mare went to the front and that was all they saw of her. She won in a canter, and made me wish I'd brought out the money I'd put aside to pay for my new costume. But there you are.

Then I ran into Captain Fraunfelder, with his little hard-hitter and smiling face. What I like about him is that he tells everybody when he's got a "good thing." He said, "If you've lost on my horse, get it back to-day; he's a cert." He meant Rembrandt, and I had lost on him, so, in some trepidation, I took £4 to 1. But there was no need for alarm. Rembrandt just went to the front, and strolled away from them as if they weren't merely mules, but mules hobbled for the night. That's what I like about the ponies—they don't care how much they win by.

I missed the next two races and enjoyed some food and coffee. You get peckish at these meetings that start at noon and crowd 12 races into one programme.

I got back just in time to lose £2 on Mestoravon, that Dr. Vivers, of New England, owns. But Mestoravon was never in it, and when I saw him I knew

the reason. He's the portrait in oils of what a thoroughbred should not be.

Having heard a "whisper" about King Charles, I picked up my skirts and made for the ring where they were calling "even money" His Majesty. But these punters don't give a poor girl a chance. They were really rough in fighting to get their money on, and I had no luck. But I won't ask you to listen to what I felt like or said when he trotted home the winner.

I simply had to follow Mord. You'll remember I had it at Moorefield when it was second to Dameitta, and here it was at 6 to 1 and believed unbeatable. So it might have been had it not been left and compelled to cover a couple of rods farther than it need have done through having to go round the field.

What Can a Girl Do?

WAS I in a dilemma for the next, I ask you? Jack King had We Three in it and reckoned him a better proposition than either Mord or Canegrass. If I back him he'll lose. If I miss him, the stable's luck will change.

So I capitulated, so to speak, and took £3/10/- to £1, and We Three and Westport dashed out of the barrier together and remained locked together. Unfortunately for me, We Three was half a neck behind Westport when this locking business began, and I couldn't unlock them and rearrange the pose in time to let him win. And that's how much he lost by.

I simply must tell you about Jack King. He's had two wins, but nine seconds and two thirds, in the last fortnight's racing. That sort of luck hurts. But I know what'll happen. As soon as I quit, it'll change.

What can a girl do, pursued by such a vicious fate?

Miss Dorothy Browning's father is a double bookmaker at the ponies. So is her brother, and she herself owns the pony, Mountain Rose. But told me about her. I had £10 to £3 Mountain Rose, and when she stole a march on the field in the straight, I was just gathering up my things to run to the ring to collect when a thing named Caroline mowed off my little Mountain Rose short at the stem, and gave me another second.

Maurice McCatten is an unlucky fellow on favorites. They were just hopping off in the second division of the 14.2 when his mount, Gallivanting Belle, was squeezed back, and I had the pleasure of seeing my £2 trailing the field. No Belle, be she ever so swift, can afford to make that kind of slip in pony races that are mostly run over four and a half furlongs.

After the races I worked it out that perhaps the ponies could be cultivated to a person's amusement and profit. For instance, if one were enjoying a winning run of luck, what's wrong with racing twice a week and doubling one's profits?

I know plenty of women who get home in time to hurry a table d'hôte of sausage and potatoes through because at the ponies they always finish early. The League of Racing Housewives demanded that.

New Styles for WOMEN at HARRIS & BOYD'S



Fashion's decree for Winter, 1936, is man-tailored ladies' costumes. Our Mr. Boyd personally supervises the cutting, styling, and finish of each garment, and gives individual attention to every try-on. Thus your entire satisfaction is assured. You are invited to inspect the new Continental and English style plates in the showroom—they are intriguing... novel and smart.

If you cannot call for patterns, write or phone and they will be forwarded to you promptly.

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If you would avoid such suffering, do not neglect the early symptoms of indigestion. Act on the first warning and use the remedy that has proved successful for so many years—Mother Seigel's Syrup.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

June 6, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 37

CALLING Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Nazi Ban Again

TO the uninitiated, Scandinavia is the home of the Nordic race, but to the Nazi purists this is not enough. The great Garbo has now fallen under the ban of racial taint. She evinces, they say, characteristics of "an Eastern Baltic strain" which apparently has a Russian flavor that rules her out as a 100 per cent. Nordic.

The Dietrich, too, falls under displeasure. She is a German, she looks Nordic—although some cynics say the Aryans are flattering themselves in thinking they have Marlene's looks—she

Merle Tries To Decide

PARAMOUNT has submitted to Merle Oberon the script of "The General Died at Dawn." She likes the story, but cannot yet decide whether or not she will accept it. Korda is still urging her to return to England to fulfil her contract with him, but she must stay in America until her suit against David Selznick is settled, either in court or outside. She feels that her reputation was damaged to the extent of 125,333.33 dollars when the Selznick Corporation turned "The Garden of Allah" over to Dietrich after it had been promised to her.

is, as far as her descent can be traced, Nordic, but they have grave doubts whether or not she has a Nordic soul.

If the Aryans keep on disowning all the beauty and brains at this rate we may shortly expect to see some lesser members of the tribe trying to prove that they have a saving taint somewhere in their ancestry.

March Moves In

FREDRIC MARCH has moved on to the set of "Mary, of Scotland," bag, baggage and complete trailer dressing-room. A freelance actor, he travels fully equipped, and his dressing-room is the most ingenious the film colony has ever seen. Pull a lever and the wheels disappear, the body resting flat on the floor of the stage. The entire outfit is electrified for heating, refrigeration, ventilation and door-bells.

Good Combination

AN association that made "Good Night, Vienna" such a success is to be renewed. Herbert Wilcox is to direct Jack Buchanan's next picture.

The film will be Jack's latest stage success—retitled "This'll Make You Whistle."



A Charming Portrait of Jean Parker



Another Migration?

NOW it is practically settled that Ronald Colman will cast his cloak at the feet of a film queen. Discussions, begun in Hollywood when the younger Fairbanks was over there recently, for Colman to play Sir Walter Raleigh in a Criterion Films production in England, are nearly complete.

The script of the part approved by the star is due in London any day now. According to present arrangements Doug Junior will not act in the film. No casting arrangements have yet been made.

Charm & Temperament

THAT suave young man of Mayfair charm, Herbert Marshall, has been assigned the male lead in "Girls' Dormitory," starring Simone Simon and Ruth Chatterton. Constance Collier will have another important role.

Sparkling, beautiful Mlle. Simon is faced with the task of living down her reputation for snootiness and temperament. When she left the cast of "Under Two Flags," because of illness, it was hoped that her unruly temper had been caused by her physical condition. Time will tell.

Named among the best-dressed women in Europe, Simone brought with her from France 20 huge trunks of models.

Curls Abandoned

THE long, gold curls and childish pout have been put away forever by Mary Pickford, general manager of the new Pickford-Lasky Production Co. Miss Pickford makes her debut as the head of a mighty studio with the release of their first production, "One Rainy Afternoon," starring Francis Lederer. Their next picture will be "The Gay Desperado," with Ida Lupino and Nino Martini.

The great executive is far removed from the tiny walt with the spectacular curls who first made her appearance many years ago on a flickering screen. She feels that her talents can be used to best advantage at her large, mahogany desk, rather than before the camera.

WHEN STARS Are ★ At Their WORST Meeting the Glamor Queens During Their Time Off

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

HEIGH-HO!! How tired all of you good people must be of reading all about the glamorous exploits of our best-looking movie stars. There never has been a publicity or press agent who hasn't praised the Big Shots of Moviedom's elite up to the high heavens—forgetting, at the same time, that they're human beings even as you and I, with the ever-present failings and foibles of Humanity!!

So-o-o-o! I'm going to do the unusual! I'm going to give you an

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

MEET THE "QUINTS"

JUST two years ago in a tiny frame house in Collander, Ontario, the Dionne Quintuplets were born.

Never before in the history of the world had quintuplets been known to live longer than a few hours, and when news of their birth flashed round the earth, medicos made no secret of their belief that the five little sisters would not live.

Day by day their progress was followed with universal interest. Medical skill, patience and exceptional care were theirs constantly. To-day they are not only alive, but as healthy as any five kids in the world.

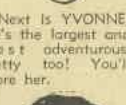
Now FOX FILMS have starred them in a picture all their own, "THE COUNTRY DOCTOR". It is a true to life story of the hardships and happenings of a Canadian backwoods doctor. A story of love, drama, humor and five delightful little ladies. You'll adore every one of them as you see them in the various stages from infancy till almost their second anniversary.

* Let us introduce them:—

First there's MARIE, she is the tiniest; just like a human doll with her big brown eyes and long dark lashes.



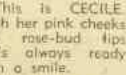
Next is YVONNE, she's the largest and most adventurous. Pretty too! You'll adore her.



And now ANNETTE—when the "Quints" get up to mischief she is usually the ring leader.



This is CECILE. With her pink cheeks and rose-bud lips she's always ready with a smile.



Lastly meet EME-LIE. Didn't she cause the doctors some anxiety? Now she's the most famous.



World Copyright 1936 NEA Service Inc.

In all they're the hoppiest, healthiest and best behaved babies in the world.

Miss Peterson and Joan Hersholt, who play the leads in "THE COUNTRY DOCTOR," found opportunity to become well acquainted with the "Quints," and agree they are the sweetest babes they have ever known.

Make certain you meet them when they visit your favorite theatre.

**A FOX PICTURE
FOR EARLY
GENERAL RELEASE.**

intimate peep into the private lives of those stars whom we idolise... to reveal them as they really are when they're not "glamming" all over the place and making their curtsies like so many guests at a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

YOU can have the stars when they're supposedly at their best—for me, I'll take them when they're at their worst, when they're normal, approachable people.

It's when the Glamor Girls and the Dream Princess turn off the spark and sit on the nearest stump for a rest that I like them best. The toups may be crooked, the mascara may have run, and the grand manners may have worn thin. But it's then that they become human wretches, wishing, hoping, like you and me! That's when I like 'em!



JOAN BLONDELL, highly sophisticated. It's hard to imagine her being crazy on camping and fishing. She is, though. (Top right) Beautiful MADGE EVANS. Can you imagine her scorching some unfortunate roadhog for cutting in? She does, and in no mean fashion.

Needless to say, your Big Shot movie star doesn't like to be caught sans glamor. She doesn't like to see her picture in the paper without make-up. But what she probably doesn't know is that we like her a lot better when we discover a few human frailties.

Claudette Colbert is a darned fine actress. But I never liked her so much, as a woman, that is, as when I saw her reel out of the theatre after witnessing a private screening of "Farewell to Arms"—her nose was red from crying, the mascara had run, and her lipstick was all sloppy. She was quite a mess, and definitely looked the worst that she's ever appeared in public. But she looked so divinely human, that she was liked all the better for it. So don't let your Auntie Sarah ever call my Claudette cold and beautiful again. Just you meet her outside the theatre after a Helen Hayes performance! Me being the type that sheds ashamed tears when the hero is sent to the battlefields from his sweetheart's arms, I always get a kick out of seeing somebody high and mighty that feels the same way, don't you?

It's car driving that brings out the worst in delightful Madge Evans, too. She's been driving ever since those shapely legs could reach the pedals, and she's most accomplished. But she's the mutt type... and I'll bet you are, too. If Madge is scooting along at 40 and a feller cuts in at 50, then she starts on her rampage like a fish-wife, finally arriving at the M.G.M. studios with a temper like a wild bull elephant.

In Traffic!

PUT Madge in the Trocadero, or in her living room, and she's the most cool and collected individual imaginable. Ride with her in traffic... and, oh baby!

I just mentioned Madge at the Trocadero, didn't I? Well, that reminds me of two handsome young guys who you'd think would get a great thrill in patronizing the more social of the night-spots. But try to drag Johnny Weismuller or Randolph Scott to these places... especially when they're working on a picture... and you'd be snubbed! Both Randolph and Johnny hate climbing into a tuxedo for the best party in the world. Additionally so when it is remembered that both both of them play in the type of pictures that nearly always necessitates long hair. And to trim up the old coiffure for social reasons during a picture is taboo. So, if by any chance they can't get out of a date under these circumstances, watch out for fireworks, because they're both like a couple of bears with sore heads. Human enough, eh!

Then there's Bill Powell... a grand guy. But definitely not, when he's playing cards. No, sir! Not that I mean he's a bad sport or a skimpy loser. Not a bit of it. He's just the hysterical type when it comes to cards. Just invite him over some night for a quiet game of bridge. The more serious you become, the funnier Bill will think the whole thing is, and very likely, when you're trying for a grand slam, Bill will start to laugh his head off. The whole thing is too, too amusing to Mr. Powell.

Continued on Page 45

★ Why is it?

- ★ WHY is it that the famous Charmosan face powder is the biggest selling face powder everywhere? Why is it the choice of famous stage and film stars and thousands of Society women, who could spend pounds on buying a box of powder, but who prefer Charmosan powder, which costs but 2/6 per box?
- ★ We will tell you. Charmosan face powder is not an ordinary face powder. It is more, for it contains a subtle "something" that gives instant charm to your skin; that makes it cling with the sweetest witchery for hours; it takes away your youth; it is chic, suave, modern.
- ★ Charmosan face powder is fragrant with one of the loveliest and costliest perfumes in the world.

Charmosan face powder

In all shades and tints. Such a big box—so economical. The enemy of your years—the good fairy of skin beauty. Sold everywhere.

- ★ **RE—Remove "make-up" dust, etc., from your skin each night with Charmosan Cold Cream.** This wonderful cream goes right into the pores and out again, cleansing the skin marvellously and leaving it supple and smooth. Much better than soap and water. This nightly massage with Charmosan Cold Cream also keeps away hateful wrinkles and crows' feet. It is perfumed with north and island—gorgeous. Big jars, 2/6. Tubes, 1/-.



HOW FREDDIE Was Taken to U.S.A.

Crucial Action which Separated a Mother from Her Child

This week's instalment of "My Fight For My Child," by LILIAN MAY BARTHOLOMEW

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

IN June, 1934, Freddie was still with his grandparents and his aunt at Warminster, attending school, and quite unconscious that forces were at work deciding his future career.

He was ten years old, and a more physically beautiful and mentally alert child can hardly be imagined. Although he had already worked in one film, for the past year he had not been allowed to do any film work, and so far as we, his parents, were concerned, it seemed as if his artistic career was at an end.

BUT we could not, of course, know what was going on in the background, and not until Freddie was in the United States did we learn what happened in the important weeks of June. The facts were subsequently given to us by a person who was directly concerned in the business negotiations which led to Cissie's departure with the boy to America.

It appears that two directors of a famous American film company arrived in England in June for the purpose of finding a suitable boy actor to play the title role in a projected film of "David Copperfield."

American Directors

AFTER Freddie had appeared in his first film in England his name was naturally known to agents, and he was particularly well thought of by a very distinguished teacher of acting, whose business it is to train, supply, and recommend juvenile actors to film and stage managements.

Apparently the American directors got into touch with this teacher, and among other boys recommended for the part of David Copperfield was Freddie. The teacher, who did not know of our existence, made contact with Cissie and pointed out that there was a wonderful



THE MARCH TO FAME. Top: Freddie as he appeared in the role of David Copperfield, which brought him fame and fortune.

CENTRE: Then came "Anna Karenina," with the boy star appearing as Sergei with the renowned Garbo.

LEFT: In the bottom circle you see him in a royal role—King Peter, of "Professional Soldier."

The request was a perfectly natural one to us. We had not seen Freddie for nearly three months, and we had not the slightest inkling of any film negotiations. Anyway, Cissie left us that night with our promise of consent.

As far as I can remember, the consent ran: "I am agreeable for my sister Millicent—Cissie's Christian name—"to take my son, Frederick Cecil Bartholomew, to New York for a holiday."

My husband signed. Cissie then told us that she expected to be back in England well within sixty days. But in less than two hours after my husband had signed the form of consent Cissie dropped a casual remark that there might be a chance of getting Freddie into the films while they were in the United States.

I felt uneasy. The prospect of Freddie remaining out of England for a long time suddenly opened up. But I dismissed the thought at once, since so far as I knew nothing definite had been arranged.

We inquired the date of sailing. She told us that she thought it would be on the following Wednesday in the Ile de France, but she promised to write to us and give us a definite date.

going to New York might cause the American authorities to forbid the trip.

"You see," she said, "everything is all right now, but if the American authorities knew that there was even a possibility of Freddie getting work on the films, they might prevent us from sailing."

In any case, the matter became so complicated that neither my husband nor I could get any clear idea of what was happening. My husband telephoned Cissie and asked her if, as she said, she was sailing in the Ile de France on the Wednesday.

First Suspicions

ALTHOUGH we knew so little, one thing was now clear: some sort of film business was definitely afoot. And again the thought of being separated from Freddie for a long time oppressed me. I begged my husband to sift the matter to the bottom.

But we could learn nothing definite. Everything was veiled in secrecy. Then (I suppose she heard something unexpectedly from the film company), came a Saturday when we received a

Above all, she impressed on us not to say a word to anyone about her

SOON we will be watching Freddie Bartholomew play "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Here he is in the part with Aubrey Smith.

telegram which reached us after the Berengaria was out at sea.

It read: "Off in a hurry. Love, Writing, Cissie."

My husband and I were dumbfounded. By the time we received a postcard from the Berengaria signed by Cissie, assuring us that everything was all right, we were frantic. In desperation my husband consulted a solicitor, who took the view that nothing could be done.

When my husband came home and told me that we could not get the boy back I collapsed and had to be carried to bed.

If I could have been assured that dreadful night that there was no intention to keep Freddie in America indefinitely—that he would return to us as soon as possible—I should have been comforted.

But in the face of what had happened I could only assume that there was no intention to bring Freddie back to England.

Continued on Page 43



chance for him in Hollywood if he were lucky enough to be selected by the Americans.

So Cissie brought Freddie to London. He was tested in recitation by the teacher, and the next morning he was taken to Elstree for a film test in the presence of the American directors.

The boy's talent so impressed them that they decided they would like him to play the part of David Copperfield.

The first time that my husband and I heard of anything unusual was when Cissie came to our house on the evening of the 6th or 7th of July. She was in a state of great excitement, and almost before the greetings were over she burst out:

"I have great news for you!"

We were rather surprised at the news, which, as she told it to us, was simply that she had been offered a holiday to America for Freddie and herself, and I felt a certain uneasiness that the boy should go to America, so far away from home. I remember asking Cissie if she thought he would be safe—a ridiculous question to ask, no doubt, but a very natural one for me, since I have never been out of England and have had no experience of travelling.

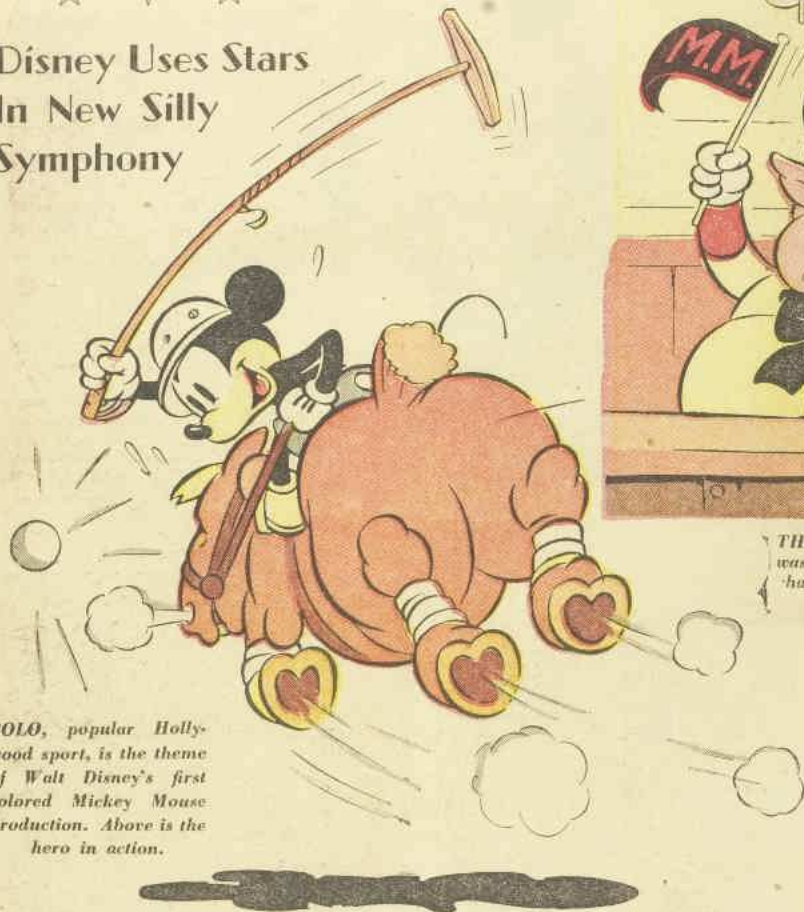
Cissie laughed and assured me that Freddie would be quite safe.

She then said that in order to take Freddie out of England it would be necessary to obtain my husband's consent, since the boy was under legal age.

MICKEY MOUSE NOW IN COLOR



Disney Uses Stars
In New Silly
Symphony



POLO, popular Hollywood sport, is the theme of Walt Disney's first colored Mickey Mouse production. Above is the hero in action.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS get together with Shirley to watch the big game. It was a happy thought to picture the most popular child star in the world with the characters of the most successful Silly Symphony made to date.



THIS REPRESENTATION of Clark Gable shows what a caricaturist the world lost when Disney took to making pictures. You've seen Clark's companion many times, but never in such thrilling company.



MAE WEST, sophistication and all, rubs shoulders with the simpler but just as amusing creations of Walt's fancy. Can't you imagine how the cartoonist has used her walk for his own purposes?



ANOTHER unmistakable face; it belongs to Edna May Oliver. Note how perfectly this caricature catches the expression which this actress has made typically her own.

SHIRLEY... *The World's Sweetheart*



HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,
Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

THE struggle over, Freddie Bartholomew now assumes triangular proportions. His father, too, has filed a motion to set aside the guardianship of his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew, and asks that he be appointed in her place if a guardian is considered necessary by the Court.

Aunt Cissie's attitude during all the excitement has aroused the film colony's admiration. She tries to spare the boy unpleasant details, and has taken pains to arouse no antagonism against his parents. The boy adores his aunt, and their devotion to each other is touching. Her attention to his needs is unending, but the boy

DOTS . . . and DASHES

IT'S interesting fun to note how the stars relax between scenes of a picture. I've collected a little data on this subject for you. ● Clark Gable usually takes what he calls "a little siesta"—in other words a good, sound sleep. He can sleep through anything, even Jean Harlow's phonograph. ● Katharine Hepburn never seems to relax, and rarely goes near her dressing-room. She finds it restful to chat between scenes, about books, flying, sport—anything but Hollywood and films. ● Ginger Rogers collapses in the nearest chair and starts to read. ● Fred Astaire "relaxes" by rehearsing new dance steps in a corner of the stage. ● Ann Harding knits. ● Shirley Temple studies her school lessons.

has a wholesome respect for his guardian. When she suggests study, he studies; and when she says rest, he rests. She allows him only a small weekly allowance such as any boy of twelve might enjoy.

Public Enemies Nos. 1, 2, & 3 COUGHS—COLDS & 'FLU ARREST THEM AND SAVE MONEY BY TAKING HEENZO

Chest and throat ailments cause adults to lose more wages and children more schooling than any other ailments

**TAKING HEENZO IS DEFINITELY
the most effective and economical method of banishing
Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, & Influenza**
HEENZO COSTS 2/- & SAVES £'s

Here is the Secret:—

given by a leading chemist, that will enable people to make the best family cough remedy, and at the same time save much money. Everybody knows that a good cough and influenza remedy consists of two main sections.

The first section is the undiluted medicinal ingredients; and the second is, of course, the necessary water and sweetening. The preparation of the medicinal ingredients requires trained knowledge, but the water and sweetening can be added in the home just as easily as in the pharmacy, and you save a lot of money by doing so. Now, prove these facts by trying this HEENZO recipe. Into a jug put four tablespoonsful of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfastcupful of warm water. Stir till dissolved, and when the syrup is quite cold pour into a large bottle and then add a two shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, obtained from your chemist or store. By doing this you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-mixed cough remedy that, if purchased in the usual way, would cost up to £1. An outstanding feature about HEENZO is the fact that it is a safe remedy for babies as well as adults, and over 12,000 people have written letters proclaiming it the best remedy they have ever used for quickly banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza.



MISS EILY NORTHE
(late of Eunie Weston School, Melbourne), now Dances and Ballet Mistress of the Imperial Ballroom School, 163 King Street, Sydney, writes: "On several occasions I have contracted colds due to dancing in draughty halls and rehearsal rooms, but, fortunately, your Heenzo has always proved a sure and speedy remedy. Like so many others, whose professions demand a freedom from coughs and colds, I consider Heenzo an absolute necessity."

HEENZO

should be used in every home



CHARLES LAUGHTON

who starts his film, "Rembrandt," very shortly, is at present in Amsterdam tapping sources of information for his portrayal of the great Dutch Master. Laughton is very particular when acting an historical role to see that he has the atmosphere and the period as realistic as possible.

There was an odd little scene at a local party the other eve. After dinner a little group gathered around a table—Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Bill Powell, Jean Harlow, and a few directors and writers. The gay chatter of dinner had lapsed into silence. "Well," sighed Carole finally, "what can we do for a few laughs?" They spend all their working hours trying to entertain you, and don't know how to amuse themselves.

AFTER preparing to bustle off to Europe at least three times, Marlene Dietrich and her troupe have now settled down in Hollywood with a new three-picture contract with Paramount. That, coupled with the Seimick technical opera, "The Garden of Allah," will keep her in Hollywood for many months, while Korda is kept waiting on his one picture deal.

In "The Garden of Allah," under the true color lens, the pale, frail Dietrich of the black-and-white film blossoms magnificently into a more vivid, warmer, more robust beauty. The true Dietrich was lost in the old medium.

On location with "The Garden of Allah" company Dietrich shows herself to be democratic, congenial, and adaptable to the rustic conditions there, and insists on living in a tent like the rest of the company. When Claudette Colbert was on location in the same vicinity for "Under Two Flags," she lived in a modern air-conditioned hotel nearby, and Claudette is voted the most democratic of the stars.

BINNIE BARNES pulled a lovely "boner" when she visited Northern California—San Francisco, to be exact—for the premiere of "Sutter's Gold." Thoroughly nervous and "jittery" from all the excitement, she was shunted next to Frisco's Mayor Rossi for news photography. At a loss to know what to say, Binnie gulped, "You know, Mayor, this is the first time I've been out of California!"

FOX STUDIOS' most recent importation from France—Simone Simon, temperamental but viciously pretty.

THE divorce courts recently put an end to a romance that brought many excellent jungle scenes to the screen. On the grounds of the misconduct at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, of her husband, Major Chaplin Court Treat, Mrs. Stella Treat was given a decree nisi by Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord to the London Divorce Court. Major Treat is a Londoner.

The couple spent most of their early married life exploring Central Africa—with a camera. They shot some excellent wild life scenes which were extensively used as background for the African pictures that have enjoyed such popularity. One I remember showed Mrs. Treat feeding a baby lion with a feeding-bottle.

What might have been a slightly embarrassing moment was neatly averted recently whether by accident or on purpose I don't know. Jean Harlow had been spending the evening in Box 43 at the Cocoanut Grove.

Embarrassing Moment

At quite an early hour she decided to leave. Shortly after, Hal Rosson, her ex-mate, was ushered into Box 42 with a snappy blonde on his arm! The funniest thing happened in this town! Incidentally, Hal has been doing very well for himself in England, where he has worked with Alexander Korda, photographing some of his most important films, including "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Ghost Goes West." He is definitely one of Hollywood's topnotchers in the lens business.

MRS NATALIE KALMUS, of Technicolor, arrived in London this week to put color into British studios. She brought with her a number of technicians from the Hollywood studios, and they are going to be let loose on the Korda plant at Denham.

They will work on the first technicolor feature in Great Britain, Don Byrne's "Wings of the Morning," a racing picture which will feature the famous French star, Annabella, and will be Robert Kane's first color production for Twentieth Century-Fox release.



NEW COMPETITION .. SHIRLEY

THE best hundred letters will win for each of their writers one of those Shirley dolls which aroused so much enthusiasm that our last competition, in which they were offered as prizes, was the most successful we have ever run.

There is no entrance fee for this new contest of ours, and no rules to follow but one: letters must not exceed one hundred words in length.

You all know the story of the Dionne quintuplets. You will remember that they are being cared for by a clinic, and that in a recent series of Australian Women's Weekly articles Mrs. Dionne pleaded for her children to be taken away from the clinic and delivered back to her care.

The real issue involved, therefore, is the conflict between mother-love and unemotional but practical and scientific child-welfare. Which is going to mean more to these five little girls? Can the benefits to them of the care they are receiving outweigh a mother's deprivation?

These are the things you must consider and on which we want your views.

In a 20th Century-Fox film entitled "The Country Doctor," shortly to be re-

Dolls As PRIZES Should Mother of Quins Get Them Back?

ANOTHER hundred beautiful Shirley Temple dolls for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly! These will be the prizes awarded in our new competition, an appealing letter contest on a subject about which every woman must have her own strongly-defined opinion.

Should the "Quins" be given back to their mother? This is the question we want you to answer. What do you think? Why do you think it?

leased in Australia, there are graphic sequences showing the daily life of the "Quins" under their present regimen. It shows what highly-scientific care has

meant to these five babies, and may suggest, too, the difficulties that would have been encountered had they been left to the normal attentions given to babies who arrive without quite so many accompanying sisters or brothers. This picture will help you in coming to your decision; the articles we have already published, however, and the photographs

Competition Highlights

THE subject of the contest is one of interest to every true woman.

Everyone can write a letter of 100 words or less. A long or a short letter may win. A sentence sometimes expresses as much as a paragraph.

Writers of the best 100 letters will receive a lovely Shirley doll.

that have appeared in our pages, will have given you, already, sufficient details to enable you to form your own conclusions.

Think for a moment. Would you advise that Mrs. Dionne should be given back her children, or do you think the authorities have selected the wisest and kindest course? It is a question which millions the world over are asking to-day, and one on which The Australian Women's Weekly is anxious to find out public opinion.

You will be interested in expressing yourself on such a subject as this. And think, too, of the joy a beautiful Shirley



LATEST ADDITIONS to movie-dom's celebrities, the Dionne Quintuplets have made a sensation in "The Country Doctor." Here they are, as they appear in the film, with Jean Hersholt, the doctor in the film, who contributes an excellent piece of acting.

Temple doll—a replica of the child star—would bring to the heart of some little girl you love. There are a hundred such dolls to be won, a hundred children to be sent into rhapsodies over a present they will cherish for years. A letter can win one.

Don't forget: restrict your letter to one hundred words. When it is written, mail it immediately, addressing the envelope to "Quins Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 137CC G.P.O., Sydney.

NEW SECRET OF HAIR BEAUTY!

BLONDES
STAY FAIR
AND KEEP
THEIR HAIR
BEAUTIFUL



BRUNETTES GET AMAZING
SPARKLE AND GORGEOUS
DEEP COLOUR.

No matter whether your hair is light or dark, it is constantly being dulled by unseen impurities of the atmosphere (dust, grime, gases from motor cars, chimneys, gas stoves), which are always forming a dulling film that makes your hair look faded and commonplace. Only by removing this film can the secret of true hair beauty be discovered. You can do this now not only quite easily, but absolutely safely, for Lavona Shampoo is specially compounded to reveal the hidden beauty of your hair and bring out its film-dimmed lights without harming its delicate texture. No harmful dyes, bleaching agents, camomile, orris root or other injurious ingredients. Lavona Shampoo removes this film completely and safely. Try one to-day—you'll be delighted—Lavona Shampoo makes your wave last longer. Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

Lavona SHAMPOO—6^p EACH
THE SHAMPOO THAT safely REMOVES THE "ATMOSPHERIC FILM" THAT DULLS YOUR HAIR

Freddie Taken To U.S.A.

Continued from Page 39

I ROSE the next morning convinced that I had lost my son, but determined to fight for him until the end.

To make matters worse, we did not know where to get in touch with the boy. Jessie had left no address in New York—at least, we could not obtain one, so the only thing we could do was to get in touch with the American Labor Department at Washington and lay the facts of the case before them.

Later, we received a reply, signed personally by the famous Miss Frances Perkins, U.S. Minister of Labor, to say that so far as her department knew, Jessie and Freddie were in the United States on holiday, and that their permits would come up for consideration at the end of six months.

Efforts and inquiries in London proved fruitless.

But shortly after Jessie and Freddie arrived in New York articles began to appear in the Press, and it was not long before it became difficult for any newspaper reader to plead ignorance of the name Bartholomew.

Yet nobody knew the facts except my husband and I, and we were poor people, incapable of making ourselves heard or of raising enough money to go to the United States in order to challenge the right of any person to take away our child and to control him.

For months life was an agony for me. It is still an agony, and will be until I have Freddie in my arms again.

Next Week: Battering at a wall of silence.

THE "SONOTONE" ENABLES The DEAF to HEAR Even When People Speak Softly to Them. IF YOU ARE DEAF—

Angus & Coote invite you to

Call and Try this Amazing Hearing Aid.

TO DO SO COSTS NOTHING. YOU ARE MORE THAN WELCOME. The "Sonotone" was perfected only in 1932. Dr. Hugo Lieber gave twenty years of his life to the completing of it. Before 1932 there was nothing like the "Sonotone." So—

NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN DEAF.

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU'VE TRIED—

Do Try the "Sonotone"

Bring your friends with you—those who are obliged to shout and strain to make you hear. Show them how easy it is to hear—when you use the "Sonotone."

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and at Margaret Street, Toowoomba.

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Absolute Beginners, Medium Players, or Advanced Classical Pianists, no matter where you live, if you have a piano at your disposal and can spare 30 minutes per day to practice, I can teach you REAL JAZZ by means of my Special Postal Course, which has taught thousands in other parts of the world, and is now teaching hundreds in all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

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NATIONAL BLDG., 556 FIVE ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Synthesizer," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

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HE MASTERED MEN WITH HIS FISTS ... WOMEN WITH HIS ARMS!!

A debonair adventurer who rose from poverty to prestige in a story that moves like a roaring whirlwind.

FICTIONS FIGHTING AND ROMANTIC HERO LEAPS TO LIFE FROM THE PAGES OF JEFFERY FARNO'S WORLD FAMOUS BOOK.



SOON FOR RELEASE
IN ALL LEADING
THEATRES THROUGH-
OUT THE COMMON-
WEALTH.

UNITED ARTISTS

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ FOLLOW THE FLEET

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. (R.K.O.)
THERE is so much first-class entertainment packed into this picture that it misses a three-star decoration by the very hint of a whisker. In fact, if "Top Hat" had never been screened, thus establishing a standard for this class of thing, there'd have been no doubt about it.

"Follow the Fleet" lacks just that fine, exhilarating champagne quality that made its predecessor such a winner. Astaire and Rogers are just as good as ever they were. Their dance routines, as usual, are out of the box (the kind of box where all the best things are kept). The musical numbers are "hot"—excellent!

But in "Top Hat" we had not only the two headliners, but Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blaire—perfect support for the main figures. Such bright secondary characters are not present in this offering. This, and the story, which, again, is not up to T.H. standard, explains all.

As it stands, however, this film is head and shoulders over the usual musical which carries two stars. As I said before, it comes within an ace of being excellent all through.

At any rate, don't miss it. I guarantee enjoyment—State; showing.

★★ STRIKE ME PINK

Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman. (United Artists.)

YES, despite its faults, a good show. The laughs are there, working up to a scream at the end, and when all's said and done, those are what a comedy is supposed to hand out.

It is some time since I've seen Mr. Cantor, and I can't say that I'd rave about either his singing or his speaking voice. Also, there are comedians equally as good, in my humble opinion, appearing in support. But the script-writers and gag merchants have worked hard on this offering, and with their able assistance Eddie gets home to a typically Keystone finish, which will get audiences by the hair.

There are arid spots in this film, but not sufficiently long dwelt on to wreck it. Also, there is Ethel Merman. The first song she sings in "First You Have Me High, Then You Have Me Low," or words to that effect. Full fathom five wouldn't be low enough for me. American crowds may admire these gutter dramas in song form, but I'd hate to think of local audiences falling for them. All through, the numbers in this picture are not so good.

Sally Eilers is responsible for one of the pleasant spots. Her dance number on a mirror floor is really worth watching—Regent; showing.

★★ DESIRE

Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper. (Paramount.)

IT will be interesting to see how this picture fares in terms of box-office returns. Actually, it deserves to do well; it is a good feature, combining excellent story interest with very adequate acting. But—the glamorous Dietrich has been so built up in the past that the public, despite several disappointments, is still likely to go along to this offering expecting something right out of the ordinary and, not getting it, come away with the disappointed feeling that it was not as it should be. I hope not; we'll see.

The tale tells of a young American (Cooper), who, on holidays in Spain, meets a lady who has purloined a very valuable pearl necklace—Marlene, to wit. He falls in love with her, and she, after some resistance, with him. The conflict arises from his efforts to get her to return with him to America while, at the same time, her light-fingered confederates are opposing such a move. Virtue triumphs in the end.

Despite the fact that it will not put Dietrich back as a world idol, the film is definitely enjoyable. The direction has given it a lightness that is particularly pleasing; the whole thing is a nice blend of romance and humor. Cooper is well cast; in fact, he is the dominant figure from beginning to end.

To sum up: Go and see it. I didn't regret the time put in watching it, although I would like to say a few words to whoever allowed Miss Dietrich to display two sets of eyebrows in one or two close-ups—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

Frank Morgan, Cletty Courtneidge. (M-G-M.)

HERE, once more, we have the phenomenon of a picture released as a support, without benefit of blurb, boloney or baloney, surpassing in sheer entertainment value many of the industry's much-heralded "features."

Analyzing this offering, there is not a great deal to it. Morgan has certainly not been poured into it; the two stars, Morgan and Cletty Courtneidge, are definitely not "tops" at the box-office;

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

the story is nothing out of the bag. And yet, you'll chuckle all the time it is running, and when it is over, feel pleased with yourself and everybody else. Any picture that leaves you feeling like that is a good picture.

Briefly, the film is about a never-dowell, elderly major (retired) of lovable disposition. Retiring in disgrace from the home of his son, a country vicar, the major (Morgan) meets a music-hall singer (Miss Courtneidge). The two eventually team up, become a riot, and so on and so on.

Morgan in this role definitely shows himself to be a comedy character actor of the first rank. His performance alone makes the picture worth while. As for Cletty—I've never been able to go into raptures about her, but she gets away with it this time. Her burlesqued rumba with Herbert Mundin is lovely; funny, without being ugly.—St. James; showing.

★★ KING OF THE DAMNED

Conrad Veidt, Helen Vinson. (G.B.)

ALTHOUGH Veidt once more fails to give a performance equal to that he gave in "I Was a Spy," his work in this picture, taken with the story value, is sufficient to earn a two-star decoration for the film.

As Conveyed 23, one of three thousand prisoners in the penal settlement of Santa Maria, the German star is cast in a role showing him as an unusual idealist, one who is prepared to sacrifice his personal welfare for the benefit of his fellow convicts. His are the brains which plan a successful revolt, the whole purpose of which is to prove that, properly treated, the criminals with whom he is herded are capable of self-control and constructive work. The picture ends on a note which seems to indicate that he succeeds in this, despite the appearance of failure.

Apart from Veidt, acting honors go to Noah Berry as Moon. Seeing this actor after a long break it is hard to know whether Wallace has modelled himself on Noah, or Noah on Wallace; they might be the same man. Helen Vinson is weak, as is the direction in spots. The chief trouble with the story is in having to accept the sudden transformation of three thousand of the scum of the earth into just so many law-abiding, industrious fellows. It's kindness as does it.—Plaza; showing.

★★ KING OF BURLESQUE

Warner Baxter, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie. (Fox.)

FOX Studios were certainly not stingy when they made this picture. They've put plenty into it—mostly talent of the song and dance, variety type—and the result is a show which is thoroughly good popular entertainment.

Warner Baxter, as the burlesque showman, rough but honest, who falls in love with a society lady while the obvious women for him is pushed aside, has a hankering theme to try to bring to life. He does creditably enough, sufficiently well, in fact, to supply the necessary thread of romance on which the producer has strung alternate pearls of comedy and vaudeville.

Jack Oakie is himself, and this means laughs. As for the remainder of the big cast, they're all slick performers, guaranteed, en masse, to give anyone but a chronic highbrow a good hour and a half of amusement—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

Continued on Next Page



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.]

Light up the candles! Cut yourself a piece of cake and celebrate—the "Australian Women's Weekly" is three years old to-day!

It's not Leo's birthday—but he's happy just the same.

He's got plenty to put into the Bright Lights.

Just take a peek at them!

"A Night at the Opera". Funniest comedy in ten years. Causing audience hysterics at Sydney St. James and Brisbane Cremorne as the 3 Marx Bros. present the funny side of grand opera.

"Wife versus Secretary". Everybody all pepped up awaiting its release at Melbourne Metro. And why shouldn't they? Clark Gable (back in dress clothes), Jean Harlow (his brown-haired stenog.), Myrna Loy (the gorgeously gowned wife), in a story by Faith Baldwin.

"Rose Marie". Last word in musical romance. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, screen lovers of "Naughty Marietta", offering golden moments in the many unforgettable melodies of this old favorite.

"Small Town Girl". Janet Gaynor making her debut with M-G-M. And her new boy friend is charming, debonair Robert Taylor. Wasn't he swell in "Broadway Melody of 1936"?

Bob Montgomery is coming back! And what a role! Imagine Bobbie as a lad who hadn't seen a girl for two long years—and is suddenly confronted with gorgeous Myrna Loy. It all happens in a movie wilderness, and the title is "Petticoat Fever". (Apt. don't you think?)

"The Bohemian Girl" is a less well worth waiting for. Sam Lerner and Oliver Hardy as pilfering gnomes find themselves in possession of a kidnapped beauty. Producer Hal Roach has retained all the original half music, including "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls". Then You'll Remember Me", etc.

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Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

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to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burn in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo... it polishes also. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

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WHEN STARS Are At THEIR WORST

THEN there is Dream Prince No. 1 . . . Clark Gable. He's the kind of guy that goes away for three weeks' camping, shooting, fishing and hunting . . . and he doesn't shave all the time. I doubt if he washes. Then he returns to the studios on the way back just to see what's been happening while he has been away. And, my gals, when Clark Gable hasn't shaved for three weeks, that's **SOME** beard! It's enough to frighten Leo the Lion himself.

Hollywood is a town of almost overbearing hospitality. And the best hostess of them all is Carole Lombard. She's perfect. Her party may last for hours and hours, but all the time she looks stunningly beautiful, despite tireless efforts to keep the fun and frivolity going at full swing, seeing that everybody knows everybody else, and that you and I are doing the right thing at the right time. But when about four in the morning comes, and the last guest has tottled off, that's when she relaxes.

Usually there are a few left, five of the good old faithfuls who've been asked to stay. Carole flops right down in the middle of the floor, her courage is sprinkled with anchovy oil, her slippers she kicks into separate corners, and then La Glamorous Lombard gets outside some fried chicken, bread, baked beans and cheese. I think it's then that I like Carole best. I wouldn't miss a Lombard gorge, and an after-the-party chat for all the tea in China.

Acknowledged as one of the most sophisticated in Hollywood is Joan

Continued from Page 38

Blondell. But, strangely enough, she's one of those lasses who likes the back-to-nature week-ends, when she can throw off all her glamor and silken finery to dress in rough-and-tumble breeches and a tam-o'-shanter, and let nature take its course. Nature generally does.

One of these faunts is memorable. She tottled off, leaving behind all her beauty aids, and even the most simple of everyday cosmetics. For a whole week, she swam, sun-baked, and lived in a tent. She didn't even comb her hair. And when she got back, yippee! Her nose and forehead looked like a crazy quilt, with patches of peeling skin and red blotches willy-nilly. Her hair was rank and untidy . . . and she looked less like a movie star than my dog, Sam!

Different Story

AND here's the pay-off. Her advent into Hollywood was espied by a newspaper man, who, naturally, scented a good yarn—cum photo. He got his picture unbeknown to the star, and when she saw it in the paper, she had to spend good money to stop it being syndicated. As it was, the rest of the papers carried the story that "Joan Blondell has just returned from a well-earned vacation in a spacious cottage, overlooking the ocean—a veritable fairyland. She looks more charming than ever for her rest."



THE "DREAM PRINCE"—Clark Gable, with another dream.

Maybe, I'm dumb! As a whole, Hollywood stars, like most of us, are at their worst playing games. They all want to win, but go into perfect frenzies when they lose.

Next to games, I think it is the candid cameramen who bring out the bad traits in their characters. One little click of the camera when La Belle Star isn't looking, whether it's at the tennis matches or watching a polo game, and you might as well call everything else off for the day. They'll sulk for hours.

Which reminds me of an incident that happened only a few days ago. A photographer from New York was on a certain set snapping the players with her little camera for her publications, when suddenly she left in a huff. The director hurried over to the star and said, "You didn't insult her did you? She's very important."

"Certainly I didn't insult her," said the Great One. "You know I'm not the least bit temperamental. I simply told her to get to the devil off the set."

Private Views

Continued from Previous Page

★ ★ LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

Carole Lombard, Preston Foster.

GOOD, light fare of the sophisticated, wise-cracking variety, and, as entertainment, something that nine out of ten picture-goers will find enjoyable. Carole Lombard as the headstrong, stubborn Kay Colby, refusing to surrender to millionaire Scott Miller (Foster) just because of the latter's over-confidence, is well cast. She injects a sparkle into the film that is so sadly missing in many of the offerings put before us.

In the cast is our old nightmare of the silent days—Cesar Romero. Hard as he is to look at under the best of conditions, to see him in the throes of a "hang-over," with an ice-bag on his head and a cold in it, is to see something that would make strong men shudder. Still, he's admirably placed in this picture, and deserves some praise. Very few would allow themselves to be seen as I have just described him without a howl of anguish and an alarm call to the Department of Justice.—Plaza.

★ A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Marx Brothers, Kitty Carlisle, Allan Jones. (M.-G.-M.)

IF the whole of this film were up to the comedy standard of its final sequences, I'd let loose a whoop that would shatter all windows within a radius of two hundred yards, and affix three stars. But that, alas, is not to be.

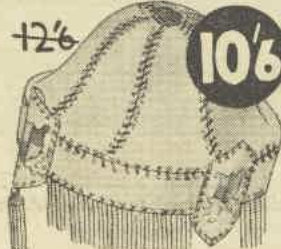
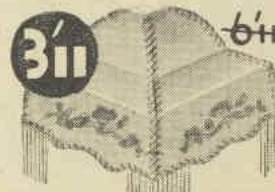
To tell the story of this picture would be useless; the Marx brothers, being what they are, depend on comedy gags and farcical situations rather than story. The point about this film, however, is that only in one section did it really make me emit those hearty guffaws which come from way down. That was when the three lunatics were shown on the loose in the Metropolitan Opera House, mixing orchestra parts so that, from an aria, the musicians swung into "Meet Me at the Follies" (or some similar jargon), and swinging about in the flies in such a way that the black-drops changed from a street in Venice to the deck of a warship or the homely faces of a group of tramps—all this while a tenor was trying to do his stuff. This was screamingly funny.

But for the rest—no, I'm afraid I'm definitely anti-Marx. As a patron of vaudeville of many years' standing, I can say that a great deal of their routine would have got them "the bird" from any audience at one of Clay's celebrated "Amateur Nights" in the brave days of old. Which explains the one lonely little star; one hearty howl doesn't make a good comedy—at least not to one who takes his comedies seriously. I do.—St. James; showing.

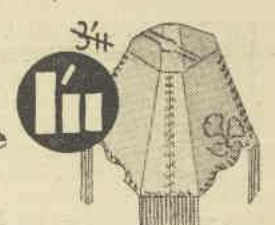
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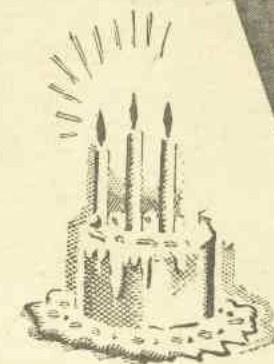
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CURATE'S WIFE who Owns Her Own RACEHORSES

She Never Bets, But Parishioners Have a "Little Flutter"

(By Air Mail from Mary St. Claire, Our Special Correspondent in London).

This will serve to introduce to Australia Mrs. E. M. Royds, curate's wife, rector's daughter-in-law, Mothers' Union enthusiast—and owner of the winner of the Lancashire Hurdle Race at the Liverpool spring meeting recently.

The odds on the horse she owns, Pinkcoat, were 20 to 1, but that did not make any difference to Mrs. Royds, because she does not bet.

MRS. ROYDS is the wife of the Rev. C. E. C. Royds, who assists his father, the Rev. Craddock Royds. Both she and her husband watched the race, and were terribly excited over the victory.

"It was one of the greatest thrills of my life," she said. "My husband sees nothing inappropriate in joining with me in running horses for sheer sport. I simply love horses."

"Many of my friends urged me to take up racing, and I won about a year ago. That was the first horse I ever ran."

A Manly Sport

"I have two horses in training at present—Pinkcoat and Look Again."

Asked about betting, Mrs. Royds said: "No, we never bet. If you don't bet and the horse wins you are all right, and if I lose, well, you are still all right."

"Oh, dear, no, we never dream of suggesting to parishioners that they should follow our horses, but all the same I think some of them who enjoy a little flutter do so for the sake of local association."

"I regard racing as one of the most manly and interesting sports there is."



HAVING BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED while carrying an umbrella which obstructed her vision, Mrs. Eva Landman spent her three months in hospital inventing a safety parasol. She developed the idea that if transparent edges dropped from an umbrella when opened it would not only give free vision, but even more protection from the weather than the old style.

WOMEN MOTORISTS are Safer THAN MEN

Only One Per Cent. Injured in Accidents in New South Wales

Women motor drivers have come into their own—and with the aid of indisputable statistics.

Figures made available by the Commissioner for Transport in New South Wales for the last six months of 1935, the latest available, show that women were responsible for only an infinitesimal percentage of road accidents.

So that as far as officialdom is concerned any prejudice that might have existed against women motorists has disappeared. What remains is fostered by men drivers.

IN New South Wales at the moment there are approximately 363,666 licensed drivers of motor-cars and motor-cycles. Of this number 14 per cent. or 50,900, are women or girls over the age of 17 years.

In the six months under review 89 drivers of motor vehicles were killed in New South Wales, and of this number only five were women. In motor accidents of lesser magnitude during the same period 4000 drivers were injured, of whom only 40 (or one per cent.) were women.

As an offset to this extraordinarily low percentage of accidents to women drivers it should be pointed out that very few women drive motor-lorries, or vehicles for public hire, and their average mileage and hours of driving cars are much lower than those of men.

Still, Superintendent Stanton, head of the Traffic Branch of the Police, told The

and there is no record in the courts of New South Wales of a woman driver having been convicted of manslaughter through the agency of a motor-car.

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Heal Bad Leg

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NO! BUT I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT IT

I WILL! AND I'LL WRITE FOR A RECIPE BOOK

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I DIDN'T BUY THEM. I MADE THEM!

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A Good Recipe

NUT BREAD

Ingredients:

1½ cups flour
1½ cups sugar
MUMS Baking Powder
3 tablespoons Brown Sugar
1 dozen nut-up dates
1 cup broken walnuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon
About 1 cup milk
Little butter

Method:

Rub butter into flour and Baking Powder. Add other ingredients and enough milk to make a thick batter. Pour into greased nut loaf tins, not more than half full. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour.



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Catarrh Causes Head Noises and Deafness

GREAT EUROPEAN REMEDY OPENS UP CLOGGED NOSTRILS AND RELIEVES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

Few people realise what a serious disease catarrh really is. If neglected the damage it does is often irreparable. Deafness, lung troubles and head noises that drive the sufferer nearly frantic are frequently due to this insidious disease, whilst neglect of catarrh often makes its victim into a worn out, run-down catarrhal wreck. What is catarrh to-day may soon be something far more serious. It is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting disease. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked, it frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing and slowly but surely undermines the general health.

If you have catarrh in any form, go to your chemist and get an ounce of Parment (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 1 lb. of ordinary crystal sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day. Parment is the great concentrate for catarrh that is now being so extensively used here in Australasia, where it is giving satisfaction even under our own trying climatic conditions.

Catarrh being a disease of the blood, the only possible way to cure it is by treating the blood itself. Drive the catarrhal poisons from the system by treating the blood and the disease itself must vanish. Parment has proved successful in so many cases because it acts directly upon the blood and mucous membrane.

To be able to breathe freely, to hear plainly, smell, taste, and arise in the morning refreshed and strong, and with the head and throat free from disagreeable conditions that make life worth living. For your own sake give Parment a trial—and with your whole system crying for relief you should start the treatment now.*** (Copyright.)

When Your Stomach Groans With Gas

When Sourness, Pain and "Burns" Follow Every Meal, Make This Simple Test.

If you really want stomach comfort—quick, certain and lasting relief from the usual annoyance of after-eating distress—make this simple test to-day. At trifling cost get from your nearest chemist a few ounces of Salix Magnesia—and take a teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water after your next meal. This is a simple, pleasant, inexpensive test that positively can be depended upon to prove its value in less than five minutes. In most instances relief comes instantly. For Salix Magnesia is prepared specially to eliminate stomach gas and blot out the excess acids which are the real cause of a gassy stomach—at the same time, it sweetens, soothes and cleanses the stomach.

A brief trial of Salix Magnesia should quickly convince you that 90 per cent of constant stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Start the test to-day but be sure you use genuine Salix Magnesia—now the most scientifically balanced form of magnesia and bismuth available to stomach sufferers and recommended by doctors and chemists throughout the civilised world for more than ten years.

NOTE—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with other unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, sulphate, etc.—It is always wise to clearly pronounce the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia to your chemist.***

STOP HIS DRINKING

"I could not let my son wreck his life," one mother writes, "so I secretly gave him 'WINKO' with amazing results. He is a new man and off the drink." "WINKO" will save your son and husband too. Get our free advice on this great treatment. Write or call, Dept. W.W. ROYAL WELFARE P.V. 233 George Street, Sydney.

APPARENTLY he accepted the situation as she had outlined it, and was determined to abide by the rules of the game. On the point of telling him the truth several times, Marcia hesitated and kept silent, restrained by her pride and the thought of Nita.

On the evening before he was scheduled to start for Australia, Bart suggested that they drive down into Sussex for dinner.

"It's my country, you know," he said. "I was born there, near the Downs. What do you say?"

"Of course," she agreed. "I'd love it."

For her the night was a strange blend of beauty and sadness. Every minute of it was like a little warm light glowing in her heart. But punctuating her mood with rapturous pricks of reality hung the thought of tomorrow.

To-morrow Bart Harrow was leaving England, going back to—to whatever awaited him on the other side of the world. And with him, all unknowingly, he would take something of Marcia. With her, perhaps, that she had to give. Yet even at this eleventh hour, her pride checked a confession that her engagement to Dirk Jonas was the flimsiest of fabrications, a mere defence to shield what she considered her failure in life from Bart Harrow's keen grey eyes.

Coasting back towards London through the shadow-strepped night, Bart stopped the car suddenly.

"Do you mind?" he asked, turning to her. "I want to breathe in a little more of England. Heaven knows when I'll see it again."

She made an effort at lightness.

"Oh, you'll be coming back."

"I don't know," he said in a low voice. "There doesn't seem much to come for."

She looked at him quickly. Was he happy in this work of his, happy with that blonde girl who had—who had

TRAVELLING RUG FREE

THOSE who wish for the most pleasant of holidays on June 27, 28, and 29 should join the parlor coach trip to Bondanoon, leaving Sydney midday, via Bower and Moss Vale, and embracing the lovely Kangaroo Valley. Those golf-minded may stay at Bondanoon, while others continue their scenic joy ride.

The return will be made to Sydney on Monday afternoon, reaching home about six. The very reasonable inclusive cost, providing for everything (golf, too), is £2/12/6.

Those completing their booking through The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will find awaiting them on their seats a very beautiful travelling rug which will be a present from the bureau, and may be retained as a useful memento of a happy trip.

caught him on the rebound? Ah, if only there was the chance to make him happy, contented. But it was too late now. What a fool she had been—once.

Bart seemed to be trying to say something, but the words wouldn't come.

"Marcia," he began with, then stopped suddenly, looking at her with eyes that seemed to burn through the shadows. The next instant his lips met hers in a long, almost fierce kiss.

FOR a moment a hush seemed to fall over the singing night around them. Then Bart's arms loosened about her. She felt his hands trembling, felt her own heart leap and pound in the back of her throat.

"I'm sorry, Marcia!" he said. "I couldn't seem to help it. Please forgive me!"

In that moment she was nearest to telling him, on the verge of throwing herself into his arms again, of protesting that whatever had gone before was now no matter, that nothing counted any more except that they were in love. But something stopped her. Once she had casually tossed this man to Nita Raines. She couldn't—her pride would not let her—beg him back again. She let her lip to drive back the tears that forced themselves into her eyes.

"There's nothing to forgive," she said listlessly, inadequately. "I—I... M's as much my fault as yours."

He seemed to want to speak, then flung his hands in a hopeless gesture. The next moment he started the car again.

Silently they drove back towards London. Next day at lunch time Marcia walked up the Strand and turned into Trafalgar Square. It was a bright, clear noontide, with the sun dropping streamers of gold over the hurrying city. People swarmed by her, mil-

LIFE Goes ON

Continued from Page 35

lions of people, it seemed. And what did it matter to them, these pushing, jostling forms, that last night Bart Harrow had whispered "Good-bye"? And what did it matter that he had seemed to add, in a scarcely audible voice, "My darling"; and then had turned and left her abruptly, as if he couldn't trust himself to stay a second longer!

Oh, of course, it didn't matter. You broke your heart and life went on just the same. Then you married someone you didn't love. And, finally you died. And that was that. It didn't matter, and nobody cared.

A girl came towards her along Trafalgar Square. At first Marcia thought, in a vague way, that she looked familiar. Then, as the girl approached closer, her heart stood still.

"Nita Raines!" she gasped involuntarily.

Just then the girl caught sight of her. For a second a blank look crossed her face. But suddenly she smiled and hurried forward.

"My dear!" exclaimed Nita. "It's been such a long time that I hardly knew you. Fancy meeting you like this?"

Nita was still the Nita that Marcia remembered. Tall, blonde, stylishly dressed. From her superior height she smiled good-humoredly down at Marcia.

"Why, Nita," gasped Marcia unsteadily, "this is a surprise!"

Something that felt like a steel-bladed knife plunged suddenly through her heart as she spoke the platitude words. So Nita had been with Bart all along! How on earth had he ever contrived to be free all those evenings? And why, why hadn't he mentioned her?

Nita was babbling unimportant nothing. How was Marcia? Where was she living? What was she doing? Had she married? Oh, there were a thousand questions that Nita wanted to ask.

Marcia answered mechanically. And finally, through Nita's barrage, she got in one of her own.

Please turn to Page 60

STAY Lovely LONGER

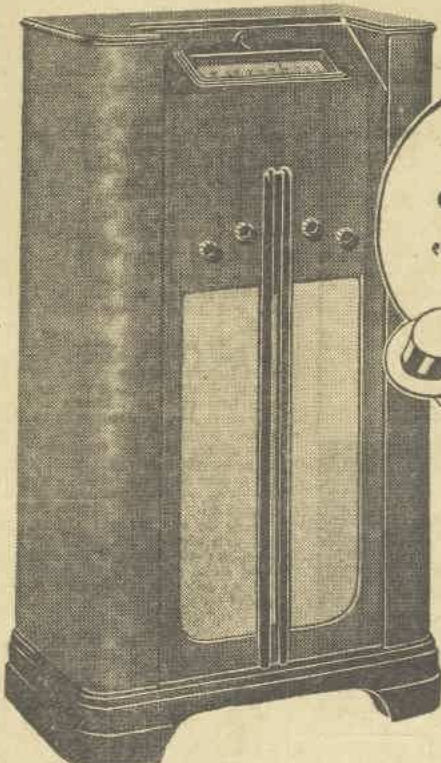


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KATHLEEN COURT COMPLEXION PILLS

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Must I keep on repeating "Airzone's Tone is Airzone's Own"

IT'S remarkable how the average person who knows anything about radio invariably places AIRZONE FIRST when tonal quality is discussed—and yet, not remarkable after all, for Airzone have always taken infinite care to live up to their proud slogan—"Airzone's tone is Airzone's own"—and what a beautiful full, resonant tone it is!

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This model has a special Magnavox Speaker which gives amazing tonal quality and volume. The new horizontal dial is fitted with edge illuminated glass scale. Equipped with G type glass valves. Has metal core coils, the very latest development, giving considerable increase in efficiency, greater selectivity and more sensitivity.

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Now you can serve still more of this delicious beverage which provides the extra nourishment for everyone in your household.

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Muddy Skin—
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worse when harsh
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Delicious healthful food brings back colour sparkle with regular habits—in short time

● Harsh laxatives increase constipation. Your system, weakened by repeated violent purging, no longer functions normally. Your health, charm, happiness, all suffer. And you are risking serious intestinal troubles in later life!

Temporary relief may result when laxatives are first used. The real cure comes with proper eating. Food lacking "bulk" gives intestines nothing to work on. Until "bulk" is provided, relief is impossible.

Add "bulk" to your diet by eating



Kellogg's All-Bran—100% bran. It gently stimulates natural muscular action—promotes normal, regular movements.

All-Bran is not a medicine, but a natural, deliciously flavoured, cereal food. Two tablespoonfuls of All-Bran, covered with milk or cream, served daily for one week, will relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings a week will ensure normal, regular elimination.

Buy a packet to-day! Your grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran.

GOODNESS-BADNESS

Continued from Page 11

"WONDIE," Susie explained affably. "Annabelle 'n' I always say 'wondie' for 'wonderful' these days. We used to say 'simply mar-velous', too. Now we just say about something we like, 'It's marvie!' or 'It's wondie!' I think that's a perfectly marvie horn, Frankie. Will you let me play on it some?"

"You?" His scorn was sombre. "Listen. There's only a few grown-up people in the United States can learn to play on a cornet. I been practicing on it myself for two days and I can't play it exactly right myself, even yet myself."

"Frankie, will you come on over in our yard with it and just let me hold it? I promise I won't play on it. I'll just put it up to my face like I was playing on it; but I promise I won't."

"I can't. I can't come over in your yard."

"Why not, Frankie?" As he now saw no reason for being inventive, he told her the truth. "My mother won't let me. She won't let me play with you and Minturn."

"Why not?" "Cause you're bad," he said. "She doesn't like you and Minturn 'cause you're bad."

"We are not! How're we bad?"

"Cause you're noisy. She's told me a hundred times never to have anything more to do with either of you or let you come in our yard or ever go in yours, on account of the noise you always make. She hates noisy children."

At dinner, a little later, Susie mentioned the perplexity she still felt. As a prelude, she first spoke of Mrs. Maples' earlier telephonings. "She called up Maria four or five times, Mamma. She told Maria—"

"I know," Mrs. Rollins looked preoccupied. "How often do you suppose Maria's told me all about that since I got home? I don't know what Mrs. Maples expects from seven or eight children playing outdoors; but I dare say you were a little noisier than usual."

"No, we weren't, Mamma. We been lots noisier, time and time again. But what I don't understand, she must 'a' thought Frankie brought his new horn over here and let Minturn and me play on it; but we never even touched it, and it was Frankie himself in the alley all the time, and his mother and father bought it from President Roosevelt to play on, but it wouldn't 'a' made any more noise with Minturn and me playing on it than it did with Frankie playing on it. So why did she get mad and say Minturn and I are bad, when Frankie says he's the only one could make any noise on it anyways and no one else could, even if they tried?"

MRS. ROLLINS said to her husband, "Well, I suppose I've got to call Mrs. Maples up and have it out with her. What am I going to say?"

"Why, merely that you're sorry she was disturbed, and the next time a crowd of children are over here playing you'll try to keep their noise within bounds. About the horn, just say our children haven't got any and didn't touch Frankie's."

"Yes, I suppose that's best," she said, still frowning; and went out to the telephone, which was in a closet in the hall. When she returned, her frown had deepened. "Practically insulted me!" she said. "Told me she distinctly heard the tooting coming from our yard; that Frankie absolutely had no horn, and that if my children said he had, they were simply deceiving me to get out of it!"

"What!" Mr. Rollins exclaimed. "Told you to your face that our children aren't truthful with us?"

"To my face over the telephone," his wife said. "Most people seem to feel free to be more insulting with a wire between 'em, but that doesn't excuse her for accusing Susie and Minturn of telling us a story."

Frankie was astute; but a fascination was upon him. His eyes were fearful with strain, his whole face ached, and his mouth especially was an affliction; but he did not even consider moderating his cornet practice. Instead, using his wits, which had to be constantly in service or he would have known few enjoyments, he did a bit of close reasoning.

So long as his mother believed Susie and Minturn to be the cornetists he could continue to make eloquent the golden-throated instrument. He hadn't felt wholly safe in the alley.

Thus he achieved pure logic; the forbidden Rollins yard must be the safest place to play a cornet in. Ergo, in the seasonably crisp air of the next morning, Saturday, he scrambled over the alley fence, and appearing before Susie, Minturn, Millicent, Pease, Tommy Dale, and little Virginia, he began, in a manner of speaking, to play.

They rushed to him, beseeching; all burned to play, and when he refused them, were only more clamorous. He felt himself forced to give reasons; but, as he had forgotten the details of his yesterday afternoon's conversation with Susie, he said that trying to play on a cornet even for an instant would make anybody under twenty-one, except himself, sick as a dog.

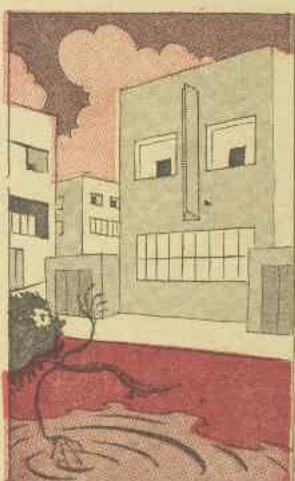
Backing against the fence, with his instrument firmly withheld behind him, he repeated the simile. If they had their way they would all be sick as a dog, he insisted; and he had promised the doctor he would never allow anybody under twenty-one years of age to touch the cornet, because the doctor didn't want everybody going around sick as a dog.

Susie, wide-eyed, vehemently pointed out to him the inconsistency between this statement and that of the previous afternoon. Needing scarce a moment for thought, he maintained that both were true, and that the second only confirmed the first. "There!" he said, concluding. "That shows how much you know, you think you know so much. You don't know anything at all!"

"How sick did he say?" Minturn asked. "How sick?"

"What?" Frankie had forgotten again. "How sick did who say what?"

"The doctor. How sick did he say?"



PROGRESS

O LOVELY waters blue, with white gulls calling,
Where tawny rocks dream thro' the summer's day;
Hard, ugly walls are piling, trees are falling,
The shrubs and flow'rs I loved are torn away.

Swift Progress, while you set the world awander,
With gifts that raise man's status from the slave;
Teach him no more to desecrate and plunder
The beauty haunts that gentle Nature gave.

—Hilda Pullen.

It'd make anybody that wasn't under twenty-one years old?"

"Doctor?" Frankie said vaguely; then he remembered and spoke ominously. "Sick as a dog, didn't I tell you? Sick as any dog you ever saw in your life!"

"Right away?" Minturn asked. "Did he say it'd make 'em sick right as soon as they begin to blow or only after a while, maybe not till to-morrow or sometime?"

Little Millicent's shrillness made Frankie's unfavorable reply virtually inaudible.

"It wouldn't make me sick ever!" she cried. "I can play on the piano and on the guitar and on the organ and on anything I want to, and it doesn't make me sick. I could play on that horn all day and I wouldn't be—"

"You could not! You got to know how to fix your mouth to play on this cornet. You couldn't play on this cornet if you did know how to fix it, because you wouldn't know how. Look!" Frankie set the mouthpiece of the cornet to his lips, and, after some unsuccessful distensions, produced a series of blasts. "There!" he said, pausing. "You couldn't a one of you make it play like that if you tried a year."

Please turn to Page 51

MISS SUPER SHEEN Jnr.

-SUCH A FAST YOUNG THING

MY STARS! IT MUST BE THE CLEANERS— SEAMS FADED & FRACK RUINED!— NOW WHAT?

LET ME LOOK AFTER YOUR SEWING IN FUTURE! MY COLORS ARE FAST!

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GOODNESS-BADNESS

Continued from Page 50

MILICENT. Susie Minturn and Tommy immediately insisted that they could surpass him without trying at all. Disregarding the doctor, they clamored for the instrument, reached for it, sought to wrest it from Frankie; and even little Virginia, extending avid fingers, squealed, "Give me! Give me! Give me!"

"Listen!" Master Maples, with his back to the fence, pushed away the grasping hands. "I got the rights to play my own cornet, haven't I? Listen!" He produced brassy sounds, all maddening to the desires of the applicants; and then, as their interference began to endanger his very teeth, he left the fence and ran, pursued but blatting frequently nevertheless.

He truly loved the shapely instrument and the noises he made it make. Running, he blatted; twisting, he blatted; and, dodging one pursuer to duck away from another's clutching hand, he still blatted. But such love is contagious, and Susie Millicent, Minturn, Tommy and also little Virginia had now as great a passion as he to make such sounds. More, they were caught by the mob spirit, their impulses might lead them to extremes. Minturn and Tommy grappled with the musician, bore him to earth and accompanied him thither. Millicent cast herself, he-did upon the three; Susie and Virginia followed her example. From the base of the vocalising human cone thus formed, apparently inextricably, there came one final, loud instrumental outcry, proving Frankie's almost bitter attachment to his art. But busy hands were seeking the cornet and he was left of it.

The hoyden, Millicent, did for herself what referees and umpires could scarce have done for her. Out of the whooping entanglement she came, and, regardless of what she stepped on, got to her feet and began to play the cornet, which was now in her possession. That is to say she couldn't make it blat-blowing into it failed to bring what was expected—but she still had a voice, though this morning she had already over-used it. With the mouthpiece of the cornet held near her own, she pranced and danced about the yard and was loud in vocal imitation. "Ta, ta, ta, de, ta! Ta, ta, de, ta, ta, ta! Listen to me! I'm the big brass band! Ta, ta, de, ta! Ta, de, ta, de, ta!"

"Ta, ta, de, da, de, da!" The prancing Millicent trumpeted triumphantly, and, exultant, was not content to play upon the cornet alone but must be a drummer too. "Boom! Bop-pety, bop-pety, boom! Listen to the horn!" Then, that drum and horn might be heard together, she danced across the grass to the house and used the cornet both as its proper self and as a drumstick. Alternately placing it to her mouth and beating the stucco surface of the Rollinses' dwelling with it, she was gloriously inconsiderate of other people's property. "Ta, ta, de, da, de, da! Bim, bop-pety, boom! Ta, ta, de, da, de, da! Bim, bam, boom! Listen to me, I'm the big brass band! Bim, bam, boom!"

Master Frankie Maples, maddened and aghast, rose to his feet. "Listen!" he shouted. "That's my father's cornet! You give me back my father's cornet!"

"Ta, ta, de, da, de, da! Boom bop-pety, boom!" Millicent's tomboyishness was carrying her too far; no cornet is intended to be used as a drumstick, and this one was visibly becoming unsymmetrical. "Ta, ta, de, da, de, da! Bim, bam, boom!"

"Oh, my goodness!" Frankie cried. "Look at my cornet!"

AGNONISED, he charged upon her, and so did Susie and Minturn and Tommy Dale.

His supreme effort had just wrenched it free of all clutches save his own when a powerful adult voice, not Maria's, startled him, altered his emotions radically and dominated the scene.

"Frankie Maples!"

A large mulatto head, just risen over the top of the back fence like the yellow moon resting on the sea's rim, suggested to all minds present the probability that the rest of a heavy colored woman was standing on something substantial in the alley. "Frankie Maples, don't you squawk no single more now on that bugle! Ain't your mamma crazy enough from it already? Yes, and what she goin' say when she hear you run off to where you ain't allowed to? She been lookin' for you all up and down the house, because your papa comin' home to lunch and you got to be wash' and change your suit on account they was goin' to take you to a movie with 'em; but when she hear where you been and who 'elpin' them Rollins children squawk on that bugle, I bet you ain't goin' to no movie nor nowhere, no ma'am!"

Forthwith, the large head descended ominously from view; yet the black wooden fence, though its top was now vacant, had the air of something sinister. Susie and Millicent and Minturn and Tommy stared seriously at Frankie Maples. Their interest in him was that we all take in a person about to undergo something unusual which we would rather not be connected with. Now, too, as on the previous afternoon the visitors were stirred by a homing impulse. Little Virginia's finger began to hurt again. She pointed it at Tommy, and, although two minutes earlier she had been fighting for the cornet as lustily as anybody, she now abruptly resumed her wailing just where she had left it off.

"You stepped on it and hurted me, Tommy Dale! Yes, and you kicked me, and everybody kicked me. Yes, you did, and I'm goin' to tell my mamma!"

Weeping afresh with surprising vigor, she trudged away. Tommy went with her arguing uselessly, and Millicent said all in one breath, "Thank you for a nice morning, so please remember me to your mother, Susie; g'by!" The farewell, like Millicent herself, passed unnoticed.

Minturn, whose manner had become markedly aloof, addressed Frankie. "Listen, is your mother going to come over here after you?"

Master Maples, swallowing at rather regular intervals, was still staring at a lately vacated area just above the alley fence. As he said nothing, Minturn put another question to him.

"Who was that colored woman?"

"Lilac," Frankie said in a feeble voice.

"Will Lilac tell your mother?"

FRANKIE opened his mouth and let it remain in that posture. Minturn took this for a sign of affirmation and had an attack of consciousness.

"I got my homework to do for Monday," he said, with a note of challenge in his voice. "I'm not going to spend my time dawdling around here any more. I got too many lessons on my hands." He withdrew into the house, and Susie and Frankie were once more alone together.

Frankie still stared at the transparent space lately occupied by the head of Lilac. Susie still looked at Frankie, and her feeling was somewhat complex. He interested her, certainly, or she would not have lingered; yet what she felt for him wasn't definitely friendship. Nor was she in love with him. Several months had passed since Susie had known that emotion—at a party where there was a boy named Alfred, whose collar had attracted her. Until then she had never seen Alfred's collar, nor Alfred either; and she had not seen them since, had not thought of them, in fact, since the day after the party. What had drawn her to them disturbingly was unlike anything she felt about Frankie Maples. Precisely speaking, she wasn't drawn to Frankie; she had respected him, but most of that was gone now. He seemed helpless, had lost that air of reticent knowledge he was wont to wear behind his spectacles. His middle two upper teeth, more visible than usual, looked troubled. Gazing at them principally, Susie had those maternal promptings that move the best of her sex when males are in difficulties. Her desire was to help him, to be his instructor and guide, and to hear herself talking improvvisely.

"Frankie Maples," she said, "you've been a bad, bad boy and now I bet you're going to get it. I bet you know you're going to, too, yourself. Don't you?"

He swallowed repeatedly; but made no other response.

"Frankie Maples, what you going to tell your mamma and papa?"

He stopped swallowing, drew a deep breath and got his faculties to working again, more or less. "That ole Lilac!" he said. "I'll tell 'em she's a storyteller every single word she tells on me. 'That ole Lilac's a great big storyteller!' I'll say. I'll tell 'em I heard you and Minturn playing on some kind of a horn and I came over here to stop you from it." Frankie's voice grew stronger; he was regaining a little confidence. He was even able to assume an almost plausible air of worthiness. "I'll say, 'Yes, I know you said I couldn't go in their yard; but they were making a terrible noise with their ole horn and I wasn't going to let 'em get my mother out of her senses any more because I guess I love my mother, don't I?'"

Susie pointed to the cornet. "Yes, and then they'll say, 'Where'd you get that bugle, Frankie Maples?'"

"What? Who will? Who'll say where?"

Please turn to Page 53

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I'm Three To-day!



Three candles on the birthday cake
And presents by the score;
A party frock, two baby dolls,
And happiness galore.



With story books and fairy
tales
Upon the nursery floor.
And then adventure-bound
we go
A-tramping out-of-door.



My diary next a secret place
To tell the day's event,
And so to bed, a sleepy head
With very good content.



Betty
Patterson

GOODNESS-BADNESS

Continued from
Page 51

"YOUR mamma and papa will," Susie shook her head slowly and reprovingly.

Frankie had a moment of triumph purely self-deceptive. "They won't ask me, on account of I'm going to hide it before I go in the house."

"They will too ask you, Susie said inexorably. 'I'll tell 'em she saw you with a bugle, and your papa'll say, 'I bet you took my bugle, Frankie Maples!' and if you say no, he'll say, 'We'll just see!' and find it's gone. Then what'll you say, Mr. Frankie Maples?'"

Frankie gazed dully upon the inescapable cornet; but Susie, seeing him stripped of his last resource by her reasoning, became all kindness.

"I tell you what, Frankie," she said. "You better go straight home right now, 'cause anyways if you don't they'll be over here after you. You walk straight in the house and right straight up to your mamma and papa and tell 'em all about how you took this bugle out of the attic and all about it and—"

"Listen!" Frankie interrupted. "Do you expect I haven't got any more sense'n to—"

"No; no; it'll be all right," Susie assured him benevolently. "You just say, 'Look, Mamma and Papa, here's Papa's bugle I been bugling on all the time these days lately, and I been telling everybody a whole lot of great big stories about it, too, and been a great big storyteller; but I won't any more 'cause it's bad to be a storyteller. So now I'll be good all the rest of the time, Mamma and Papa.'"

"You must be crazy!" Frankie said. "You must be crazy!"

Susie's benevolence only increased. She was winningly persuasive. "No, it's the only thing'll stop you from having some of the worst punishment that's ever been around here. Frankie. 'Cause look, Frankie, if you don't tell the truth just the way I been telling you how, why, look, Frankie, you'll have more punishment for getting caught in all these other stories you were going to tell them, and goodness knows then what'd become of you! But if you just do what I say and go straight up to your mamma and papa and give them the bugle back and say every single thing that's true, why, then you won't get punished at all, Frankie."

"I won't? You must be crazy!"

"No," Susie assured him sunnily. "Your mamma and papa'll say you're a good boy for telling the truth and

they'll be awful nice to you and take you to the movies."

"They will?" What she said began to have weight with him; for she was after all older than he was. Her manner now too was gently adult as well as entirely confident—the manner of a kindly grown person who speaks of well-known facts to a child.

"Why, certainly," she told him smiling. "Nobody's mamma and papa ever punish them when they tell them just what's true. Frankie. Didn't you know that was the way when you do anything they said not to? You always just say, 'Yes, I did; but I won't any more.' And then they say, 'Well, all right, I guess you won't any more, and I'm glad you don't tell stories, and then that's all they do about it. Didn't you ever know that was the way?'"

"Honest?" he asked. Her effect upon him was growing. One reason for this was that he had never yet tried the way she suggested; and another reason was that alternatives didn't present themselves to his mind encouragingly.

"Why of course, Frankie!" Susie laughed in sheer pleasure; she was delighted with herself. She tasted sweetly a sense of power over other people; had the feeling that she could influence them, could guide them upon higher paths selected by herself. All at once she was almost fond of Frankie. "That's a good boy, Frankie," she said, beaming upon him. "You go straight home now and tell your mamma and papa. You'll see."

"Well—" He hesitated; then gulping, decided to follow her advice. "Well, I'll try it," he said; walked slowly to the alley fence and slowly climbed it. At the top, he indulged himself with another moment of hesitation, seemed inclined not to go farther.

"Frankie Maples!" The voice of Lilac, recognizable though irritated was heard from the yard on the other side of the alley. "Frankie Maples!"

Frankie's hesitation increased. He looked back at Susie with a poignant questioning in his spectacles. Brightly she waved him onward and called to him in a half-bushed voice between cupped hands. "I'll be simply wonderful, Frankie! You'll see!"

He caught courage, even optimism, from her perfect faith; and pausing no longer, slid manfully from her sight. Susie, happily conscious of having

used her personality on him to promote good deeds skipped out to the front yard singing gaily as she went a throbbing little waltz croon. "Hold Me Tight in Your Arms," one of modern science's gifts to the children via wireless.

AFTER lunch she returned to the yard and waited for some time near the back fence. She had no special desire to see Frankie again for his own sake; but it would have been a pleasure to learn from him that her method had worked; so to speak and that everything had proved to be as she had predicted simply wond'le. Frankie did not come. She mounted the box and called softly to the direction of the fence across the alley. "Oh, Frankie? Oh, Frankie May-pulls?"

Frankie did not seem to be within hearing; and she concluded mis-

MORNING

Along the streets,
Past houses still asleep,
Air like cool water flows
Lantana, on a vacant place,
Sprinkles like a dragon, and
as greenly glows.

—S. Macquarie.

akenly that by this time he must be enjoying the movie to which his mamma and papa had planned to take him. So, a little disappointed that he had not come to thank her she jumped down from the box, went about other affairs and postponed her reception of his gratitude.

She did not see Frankie again, in fact, for several days. He was not a pupil at the Greensward School, attended by Susie, and when she did next meet him it was by chance. His manner toward her was not what she expected.

Late upon an afternoon, having fifteen cents, she was approaching the neighborhood drug store and saw him

just leaving it. "Oh, Frankie!" she called in a sweet voice, and hastened down the street toward him.

He gave her a look—the look of an aggrieved person the look of one led astray by good advice and not desirous of more of it, the look of a sufferer who has had his lesson and learned it all too well. Having given her this look in which there was an unmistakable tinge of resentment, he turned away and walked quickly in the direction that would get him home eventually but by a route that did not intersect Susie's.

Mystified by this really frank avoidance of her she was not to learn its cause until the following Saturday morning when her brother explained it to her. Minton had been talking with Frankie from one alley fence to the other but when Susie came out Frankie retired immediately.

"He says it's just one week to-day Minton informed her gloomily. 'He says it's just one week to-day since he got the worst punishment made ever been around here. He says you sarked him into it.'"

"What? Why I didn't! Only—" "He says he could too hid it," Minton continued. "He says nothing'd happened if he hadn't acted the way you told him to. He says if it wasn't for that, he could still be bugling on his bugle and his mamma and oapa'd keep thinking it's us."

"Yes but he'd be a terrible story-teller Minton."

"Well anyways," Minton said, puzzled, "what he got punished for was he didn't have sense enough not to tell 'em he'd been making all that noise for about three days."

Susie was in low spirits and was even more perplexed than Minton was. She seemed vaguely to perceive that matters of policy or ethics must depend considerably on the kind of rulers you have; but this only shimmering glimpse of an important fact didn't cheer her up. After a while, however, Millicent Pease and Lemuel Finch and Annabelle Greene and Tommy Dale and little Virginia arrived, and they all began to make a great noise together.

Susie made the most. She was gay again, and, although she was a dear, sweet little girl, one reason she was happy was that Mrs. Maples probably wasn't.

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"WHY not!" said

Ronald, bluntly. "Was there any particular reason, or just general disapproval?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Uncle John—he's not really any relation, of course—is very old-fashioned in some ways, and has the most absurd ideas about what girls ought to be told. But one thing is certain—the moment Hubert made it clear that he wanted to marry me, Uncle John's manner towards him changed completely."

"One further point, Miss Moody," said Ronald, with a faint smile. "What were your feelings on the subject?"

"Well," she answered frankly. "I didn't say I would, but I didn't say I wouldn't. He's rather a dear, and I like him immensely, but I can't say I'm in love with him. In addition, I'm terribly fond of Uncle John, who has been a sort of mother and father to me, and the fact that he disapproved did influence me."

"I understand perfectly," said Ronald. "And that was the condition of affairs between you and Hubert Daynton at the time of his arrest?"

"I'm afraid it wasn't," she answered slowly. "Two months ago Bernard Power came to stay at the village inn. He was an artist, as you know, and in some way or other he got to know Uncle John. Now my guardian is a photographic man—he is the one absorbing hobby of his life—and as Bernard went in for landscape work they seemed to find something in common."

"You both of you look thoroughly human, and you'll know what I mean when I say he was always pawing one, touching one's arm or something like that—a thing I loathe. But matters came to a head three days ago. I happened to be passing the summer-house when he called out to me to come and have a look at his picture."

"Without thinking I went in. To do him justice he was a very clever painter. And before I knew where I was he'd seized me in his arms and was trying to kiss me. I was perfectly furious. I'd never given him the slightest encouragement. However, after I'd unsmacked his face as hard as I could he let me go. And then I told him a few home truths and left."

Again she paused, and bit her lip.

"I left Mr Standish and, as evil

THE Creaking Door

Continued from Page 14

fortune would have it, I ran into Hubert paying one of his very infrequent visits.

"Has that rotten painter been up to his monkey tricks again?" he cried. "And very foolishly I told him what had happened. He was furious, and there's no denying that Hubert has a very nasty temper when roused. I regretted having said anything the moment the words were out of my mouth, but then it was too late."

"In the middle of our conversation Uncle John joined us. He saw at once that something was up and asked what had happened. Hubert told him and he didn't mince his words, which got Uncle John's back up. And finally the two of them very nearly had a row."

"Uncle John's point of view was that he was the proper person for me to go to, and that it was no business of Hubert's. Hubert, on the contrary, said it was any decent man's business if some swab of a painter kissed a girl against her will. And then he made the damning statement that he personally proposed to interview Mr. Bernard Power the following morning."

"Did anyone else hear that remark besides you and your guardian?" asked Ronald.

"No one," she said. "Of that I'm positive."

"Why did he specify the following morning? Why didn't he go right away?"

"He had people coming to lunch, and it was getting late."

"AND the following morning was the morning of the murder," said Ronald thoughtfully. "Now let's hear exactly what Daynton says took place."

"He says that he started from Gadsby Tower at half-past nine and walked over to the summer-house. He found Bernard Power had not yet arrived, so he lit a cigarette and waited for him—a cigarette which he admits he threw on the floor and put out with his shoe."

"Then Bernard Power came in, and apparently Hubert went for him like a pickpocket. He called him a lecherous man, and a few more things of that sort, and they had a fearful quarrel in the course of which Hubert put his stick up against the wall, because he was afraid he might hit the other with it, and he was a much smaller man than Hubert. Then he left, and went back to his own house, which he reached at twenty past ten."

Ronald Standish nodded thoughtfully. "Forgetting all about his stick," he remarked. "A very important point, that."

"He was so excited, Mr. Standish," said the girl. "I know the police think as you do but surely it's understandable."

"My dear Miss Moody," he said with a smile, "you quite mistake my meaning. Now that I've heard your full story I think it tells enormously in his favor. It is certain that he must have discovered he had left his stick in the summer-house on his way back to Gadsby Tower. There is nothing that a man notices quicker. If then, he had murdered Power he would at all costs have had to go back to get it. To leave such a damning piece of evidence lying about was tantamount to putting a noose round his neck."

"Now that I've heard the details my opinion is quite different. Bob and I will come down with you this afternoon."

THE grounds of Mexbury Hall were extensive, and the summer-house was a good quarter of a mile from the hall itself. Trees surrounded it on three sides, affording admirable cover for anyone who wished to hide. The fourth was open, and gave a magnificent view over the country to the south. It was simply built of wood, with a sun blind that could be let down over the big window.

Ronald knelt down by the wooden steps leading to the door, and carefully examined the ominous red stain. Then, with a shake of his head, he got up.

"Too late," he said. "Nothing to be got out of that now."

He pushed open the door and stepped inside. Then, according to his invariable custom, he stood absolutely motionless, with only his eyes moving from side to side as he absorbed every detail. On the easel stood the half-finished picture. The overturned chair still lay where it had fallen as the artist had crashed to the floor.

"Not much doubt about what happened," he remarked, the constable on duty. "Never seen a clearer case in all my service. Pair battered to pieces, he was, poor gentleman."

"What's the meaning of this, Roberts?" said a gruff voice from outside. "I ordered you to admit no one."

Ronald Standish swung round. A choleric-looking man in uniform was standing in the doorway.

"Inspector Savage, I take it?" Standish said genially. "I have been commissioned by Miss Moody to make a few inquiries on behalf of Mr. Daynton."

He held out his card, and the Inspector granted.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Standish," he remarked. "And if I was you I'd wash my hands of it. You'll get no credit out of this case."

"Perhaps not," agreed Ronald. "Still, when a lady asks one to do something for her it is hard to refuse."

He was swinging the door backwards and forwards as he spoke, and I saw by the glint in his eye that he was hot on something.

"Very clever, Mr. Standish," laughed the Inspector. "I say, sir, must you go on making that squeaking noise with the door?"

Please turn to Page 55

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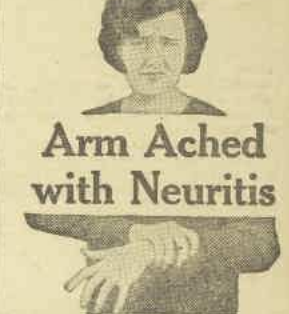
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OS

THE Creaking DOOR

Continued from Page 34

"BOTH ways, you notice," said Ronald. "It creaks when it opens and it creaks when it shuts. Moreover, it shuts of its own accord. Very interesting."

We stared at him in amazement, but he took no notice, and at last the Inspector turned to go, with a significant glance at me.

"By the way, Inspector," said Ronald suddenly, "had the dead man got a brush in his hand?"

"No; but one was lying on the floor beside him."

"Was there any point on it?"

"For a moment the Inspector looked nonplussed."

"I really couldn't tell you at the moment," he said, and Ronald shook his head.

"My dear fellow," he remarked, "you surprise me. Get hold of it and examine it. And if there's point on it, sit down and think things over, bearing in mind the fact that the door creaks."

"And if there isn't point on it?" said the other with ponderous sarcasm. "There will be," answered Ronald quietly.

"Anything else you can suggest?"

"Yes, but I don't think you're likely to do it."

"What's that?"

"Release that unfortunate chap, Daynton."

"Release Daynton?" gasped the other.

"Why not? For I can assure you that he had no more to do with the murder of Bernard Power than you or I had."

"Then who did do it?"

"I promise you shall know at the first possible moment," said Ronald.

"Well, until I do," grinned the other, "Mr. Daynton remains under lock and key."

Ronald was silent as we strolled back to the house, and I knew him too well to interrupt his reverie.

"By the way, Bob," he said suddenly, as we neared the door, "say nothing—even to Miss Moody—about our thinking Daynton innocent. It might get round to the servants."

SHE met us on the drive, and with her was a man of about forty-five, who, we correctly surmised was her guardian, Mr. Playfair. "Well," she cried, after introducing us, "what luck?"

Ronald shook his head. "Early days yet, Miss Moody," he said gravely. "I've seen the Inspector, and I'm bound to confess it doesn't look too good."

"I blame myself very much," said her guardian, "but never in my wildest imagination did I dream of such a tragedy occurring."

"In what way do you blame yourself, Mr. Playfair?" asked Ronald.

"In going out so early that morning. I ought to have waited here and been present at the interview. Hubert is such a hot-headed chap."

"But, Uncle John, he didn't do it!" cried the girl.

"My dear," said the other sadly, "I wish I could think so. And let us hope that Mr. Standish succeeds in proving it. Candidly," he went on as she left us, "I wish she hadn't been to you. You understand how I mean it. The case is so painfully clear that I fear even you can do no good. And the sooner she realises it the better."

"Perhaps so," agreed Ronald, "as you say, it's a pity you went out as early as you did."

"Well, I wanted to get to Comber Ness by noon, and it's very nearly a four hours' run. I don't know whether my ward has told you," he went on, with a faint smile, "but I'm a most enthusiastic photographer. And I have just acquired a new toy. Are you by any chance interested?"

"Very," said Ronald. "I do a bit that way myself."

"Then come and have a drink, and I will show it to you."

HE led the way into the house and we followed him.

"It is a stereoscopic camera," he explained, as he took it off a table in the hall. "And doubtless you know the principle on which it works. The two lenses are the same distance apart as one's eyes, and two negatives are taken at each exposure. Then by making positives and holding them in one of those machines that you probably remember from your early youth, the whole thing stands out as in real life."

"And you went over to Comber Ness to get a photograph," said Ronald.

"Exactly," said the other, and then gave a rueful laugh. "And didn't get it—at least, not what I wanted. I've only just got the machine. In fact, it was my first load of plates. Now, if you examine it you will see a little number at one end of the plate-carrier. Every time you change a plate after taking a photo the number goes up one, so that you always know how many plates are left. The numbers range from one to twelve, and the night before Wilkinson, my butler, who is almost as keen as I am on it, hap-

pened to mention to me that number twelve was showing, which meant that there was only one more plate left. And I forgot all about it till I arrived at Comber Ness."

"But one exposure was surely enough?" said Ronald.

"Quite—if I hadn't wanted to take two different views. It is, as you know, one of the most celebrated beauty spots of England, and I had promised an American friend of mine two photographs taken from totally separate points. And I had only one plate. So there was nothing for it but to use the camera as an ordinary one by covering one lens with a cap and taking one view on half the plate, and then covering the other lens and taking the second view on the other half. But, of course, it spoiled things from a stereoscopic point altogether. However, I'm glad to say they both came out well. I left them to be developed that day, and they were sent up this afternoon with the other eleven."

He was examining some of the results as he was speaking, and at that moment his ward came into the hall.

"Good Heavens! Uncle John," she cried, "this is hardly the time for photographs."

"Sorry, dear," he said contritely.

"The matter came up in the course of conversation with Mr. Standish. You see, this was the camera I was using that day at Comber Ness."

She seemed sorry at having spoken so sharply, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right, old 'un," she said. "So that's the new toy, is it? Can we see the pretty pictures?"

Please turn to Page 56

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"I've got to make the positives first," he answered. "These are the negatives."

"Well, it's all beyond me. And I thought they were going to be much bigger. Each of them seems just the same size as that other camera takes—the little one."

"Quite right. This camera takes two identical pictures on every plate, each of which is the same size as the little one."

"And when were these very good views of the grounds here taken?" said Ronald.

"Let me see. I think I took those the day before I went to Comber Ness."

"A very fine machine," cried Ronald. "They are so clear cut. And these two separate ones of Comber Ness. Beautiful! Beautiful! I should very much like prints of those myself, if you would be good enough."

"Certainly," said our host. "Delighted. And now I expect you'd like to see your rooms."

Leading the way upstairs, and having told us the time of dinner, he left us. And shortly after Ronald came sauntering into my room and sat on the bed.

"What do you make of it, Bob?" he said.

"Nothing at all," I answered. "And though you may be perfectly clear in your own mind, old lad, that this man Daynion didn't do it, I don't see that you've got much forerunner as to who did."

He made no reply, and was staring out of the window as the butler knocked to find out if there was anything we wanted.

"I hear you're very keen on photography," Mr. Wilkinson said Ronald pleasantly.

"In a small way I dabble in it, sir."

"Mr. Playfair was telling me it was a great hobby of yours. What do you think of that new camera of his?"

"I've only seen it once, sir. He asked me to tell him the number showing at the end. Twelve it was, I remember. That was the night before the tragedy, sir. I do hope that you may be able to do something for poor Mr. Daynion. Such a nice gentleman, sir."

"I hope so, too, Wilkinson. By the way, Mr. Playfair does most of his developing himself, doesn't he?"

"Invariably," sir," said the butler, looking faintly surprised.

"But he had this last lot developed for him?" persisted Ronald.

"Yes, sir. He apparently lunched at Barminster on the day of the murder, and left them with a chemist there."

THE butler left the room, and I stared at him.

"You seem very interested in our host's photography," I said.

"Bob," he remarked, "if you had just bought a new stereoscopic camera and had motored over a hundred miles for a view, would you suddenly be so overcome by a promise given to an American friend that you wouldn't use your new acquisition as such?"

"What in the name of fortune are you driving at?" I cried.

"Why, good Lord, man, you can't suspect him."

"I didn't say I did. I merely asked a question. You see, Bob, one thing is perfectly clear. A man who was at Comber Ness in the morning and arrived at Barminster for lunch could not possibly have left here as late as ten o'clock."

"Very well, then?"

"A perfect alibi. But it would have been an equally good alibi if he had carried out the same time-table and taken a stereoscopic picture there. Instead of two separate views. So again I ask—why those two different views?"

"It must be the American," I cried.

"Must it? Or is it because he couldn't take a stereoscopic picture?"

"Then he couldn't have taken the other two? Look here, Ronald, I almost shouted, 'what do you mean?'"

The grin departed and he looked at me gravely.

"It means," he said, "that we are dealing with a particularly dangerous and unprincipled man, whose only slip up to date is that he did not expend a pennyworth of oil on the hinges of the summer-house door."

ALL through the evening his words kept recurring to me, and the more I thought of them the more amazing did they become.

It seemed to me he must be wrong, and yet Ronald Standish was not in the habit of making a definite statement without good reason. And when, next morning, he suddenly announced his intention of returning to London, I was even more dumfounded.

The girl was terribly disappointed, and it struck me that his attempts at consolation were very half-hearted. He seemed to have lost interest in the case.

"I'll be back this evening, Miss Moody," he said, "and perhaps by then I may have something to report."

But I heard him expressing a different opinion to our host when she was out of hearing. For some reason he did not want me to go with him, and so I spent most of the day with her, trying to cheer her up. It was a little difficult, since I manifestly could not allude to the amazing hints he had

THE Creaking DOOR

Continued from Page 55

dropped the preceding evening. In fact, the more I thought of them the more fantastic did they seem. If Ronald had a fault it was that he sometimes seemed to go out of his way to find a complicated solution to a thing when a simple one fitted the facts. And for the life of me I could not see wherein lay the difficulty over our host's explanation of the two different photos on the one plate.

He returned about six, looking weary and dispirited, and my heart sank.

"Waste of time, I fear," he said, as we all met him in the hall. "I'm afraid it's a case of going back to London for good."

"And throwing up the case?" cried the girl.

"I fear I was to blame, Miss Moody, in speaking too hopefully in my rooms," he said. "So if you could give orders for our things to be packed we'll be getting along. By the way, Mr. Playfair, don't forget those two photographs you promised me."

"I did them for you to-day," said our host. "I'll see if they are dry."

He left the hall, and for a moment we were alone.

"Got him, Bob," he said, and his eyes were blazing with excitement, "by an amazing piece of luck."

But he was his apathetic self when Playfair returned with the prints.

"Astoundingly good," he remarked, as he examined them. "How did you manage to do it, Mr. Playfair?"

"Do what?" cried the other, staring at him.

"Avoid taking the steam-roller which has been standing idle in the centre of this particular view for the last ten days."

For a moment there was dead silence, and I saw that every atom of color had left our host's face.

"I did not go to London to-day," went on Ronald. "I want to Comber Ness, where I took this photograph. Not fixed yet—but look at it."

He flung it on the table; it was the same as the other. But in the centre was a steam-roller with a tarpaulin over it.

"You devil!" screamed Playfair, and

made a dash for the passage leading to the back of the house.

"Hold him, Bob!" roared Ronald, and I collared him. He struggled like a maniac, but I kept him till Ronald came running back with the plate in his hand.

"He was going to destroy that," he cried. "Well, Mr. Playfair, have you any explanation as to why that steam-roller is missing from your photos?"

And then with a sudden shout, "Stop him, Bob!"

But it was too late. I felt his body relax in my arms, almost immediately after his hand came away from his mouth. Then he slithered to the floor—dead.

"I'm blown if I see now you did it, Mr. Standish."

It was three hours later and Inspector Savage was gazing at Ronald in undisguised admiration.

"By starting with a theory diametrically opposed to yours," said Ronald, "you were convinced he hadn't. Then who had? My first idea was that the murderer was some man Power had wronged—probably over some woman. He had been hiding nearby, and had taken advantage of the quarrel he heard to do the deed and throw the suspicion on someone else. Then I suddenly realised the enormous significance of the fact that the door creaked, and shut of its own accord."

"Now, Power was sitting at his easel some four yards from the door. Suppose the door was shut when the murderer entered; it would creak as he opened it. Suppose it was being kept open by the stops, with which the deed was done. It would creak as it shut, after the stone was picked up. In either event it would creak."

"Now, what does anybody do who hears a door creak behind him—especially if there has just been a quarrel and the creak may mean that the other person has returned?"

Please turn to Page 62



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THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

IT has often been said that "Love is blind," and the very best advice I can possibly give any girl who is lucky enough to be engaged is this: Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, and, as a cynic said, half shut afterwards!



The engaged girl who is out to make the most of her future should have a copy of my new book, "The Bride's Book," which is given free from my office at Beharfaids, to engaged girls only. This publication covers the whole planning of her future from preparing a Complete Trousseau, all Wedding Etiquette, to planning a happy home quite within her reach.



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GAY SEABROOK is not afraid of mice. In fact, she was Minnie's voice in the famous Disney comedies.

WAS VOICE of Minnie THE MOUSE

Gay Seabrook's Part in Disney Comedies

Gay Seabrook, the vivacious Hollywood girl, who has arrived in Sydney to play the lead in "Three Men on a Horse" at the Theatre Royal, has often been heard in the Walt Disney cartoons as the voice of Minnie the Mouse.

But Mickey Mouse is only one of Miss Seabrook's famous partners, for she has played with Richard Arlen, Emerson Treacy, the late Will Rogers, and many other notable stars. And she will broadcast an interview with Dorothea Vautier from 2GB at 11.45 a.m. on June 4 during The Australian Women's Weekly sessions.

MARY PICKFORD, Walt Disney, Kent Taylor, and Richard Arlen are just a few of the many Hollywood stars who meet at Miss Seabrook's lovely apartment, which overlooks Hollywood's famous boulevard.

Miss Seabrook says that "Pickfair" is a delightful place to visit. Before she left Hollywood she was there with Anita Louise, Gwynne Pickford (Mary's adopted daughter), and Douglas Fairbanks' three nieces.

"Pickfair" is always open to the younger set, and Miss Pickford seems to be the youngest of them all," says Miss Seabrook.

"Walt Disney is one of the finest men I know. He was no good at ordinary work, so he and another boy—Walter Fifer—turned an old alley into a studio. Fifer is still with him, and he has also employed 'the gang,' as he calls them, a band of youngsters who struggled with him against terrific odds."

On Thursday, June 4, at 11.45 a.m., Miss Vautier will ask this attractive star to tell you all about her beautiful apartment, which is built on the side of a hill and is decorated in lovely shades of cream, with brilliantly-toned pieces of china, cushions, and flower bowls here and there.

The entrance door of the flat is like a stable door, and between the kitchen and living-room is a perfect reproduction of a tap-room in an old inn.

Preview Feeling

LIKE all screen actors, Eric Colman looks forward to the preview of "The Flying Doctor" with a certain amount of trepidation.

There is no more nerve-racking experience, he says, than sitting in a crowded audience watching oneself walk and talk as one actually does in real life. A mirror is not half so revealing as the eye of a talkie camera.

"It is almost like watching another person," he says, "and at the same time knowing that that other person is yourself."

Comic Opera Gems

THE Gilbert and Sullivan operas are an institution throughout the English-speaking world. Wherever English is spoken, the witty lines of Gilbert have passed into currency, and probably there is no Britisher who does not know at least one of Sullivan's tunes.

On Thursday, June 4, 2GB will present the first half-hour broadcast of a series

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, June 3: 11.45 a.m., "The World To-Day"; 3.30 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, June 4: 11.45 a.m., Our Interview with Miss Seabrook, star of "Three Men on a Horse"; 3.30 p.m., "Rhythm." (A musical presentation).

FRIDAY, June 5: 11.45 a.m., "So They Say"; 3.30 p.m., "Modern Composers."

SATURDAY, June 6: 6 p.m., "The Music Box"; 9.30 p.m., An English Musical Travelogue.

SUNDAY, June 7: 6.30 p.m., Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the next Australian Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, June 8: 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight"; 3.30 p.m., "Musical Memories."

TUESDAY, June 9: 11.45 a.m., "News and Reviews"; 3.30 p.m., Musical Presentation.

of exclusive vocal performances of the Savoy operas. These broadcasts will delight all Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts, for they are recorded under the authoritative direction of Rupert D'Oyly Carte, and feature many famous present-day Gilbert and Sullivan artists.

They will bring back memories to the older generation, while to the youngsters of to-day, who know not the living theatre, they will provide a new experience.

All Serene

"GLOOMY SUNDAY," the latest song success from Hungary, is said to have so affected the people of the land of its birth that a number proceeded to commit suicide. It does not appear likely to have any similar effect on Australian audiences.

Jack Davey tried it out on 2GB listeners recently, and so far he has not even heard of anybody being upset by the pathetic song of the ghost who spent gloomy Sundays in a churchyard, lamenting the loss of his lover. In fact, most people were inclined to regard "Gloomy Sunday" as a rather good comedy number.

MURDOCH'S Winter Red Spot SALE

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OTHERWISE, claims the artist, a woman is merely pretty. There is no beauty without a wedding of delicacy and power. In support of this he points out the masculine note in screen beauty. The stars appeal to him as follows:

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Historical Examples

HISTORY, too, affords examples of the masculine basis of feminine beauty. Elizabeth of England was a buccaneer; Catherine of Aragon a Spanish Don; Helen of Troy, whose face launched a thousand ships, got the men that way because she looked like a slim

young athlete with the face of an angel. Beatrice, who inspired the burning verse of Dante, resembled a young gondolier, and, of course, Cleopatra looked like Claudette Colbert. The artist points out all these things in a very convincing manner.

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THE MODERN GIRL gets away with it when she wears her brother's clothes—the masculine note again.

When the masculine note is overdone it is a travesty. Rather should it be hinted at to obtain perfection in feminine beauty. So says Mr. Armstrong.

The office psychologist—a lady—resents his remarks: "Nothing of the sort," she says. "Be yourself, girls. Be feminine and win out on charm and your own personality."

"Many girls," she says, "ape the man because man is so much in love with himself that he is mighty pleased with the reflection provided by the masculine girl. Who wants to be an ape, anyway?"

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LIFE Goes ON

Continued from Page 49

"HOW—how is Bart?" she asked, with all the control she could muster.

Nita gave her a sweeping glance. "My dear," she said, "I haven't the foggiest. I've not seen the gentleman for three years."

Marcia felt her knees give way. "You—you haven't..." She stopped swiftly, aware that she was on the verge of putting a personal question.

Nita waved her hand negligently. "Oh, it's no secret," she said. "I tell everybody. Bart expected me to live at the end of the world where there's nothing but gum trees and kangaroos. Well, I couldn't stick it, that's all. So I came back three years ago. Bart was very sporting about it. He let me divorce him and didn't contest it. Of course, the whole thing was a mistake in the beginning. I think we both recognised that. I told him it was better to get it over and done with, and he agreed. So—well, here I am. Engaged to another man now, if you please."

SUDDENLY Trafalgar Square seemed filled with blinding light as if the sun had burst like a bomb and drenched the world in a flood of brilliance. Through it, Marcia, her brain reeling, heard Nita's voice: "I must be running on, darling. Do look me up sometime!... Smith Street, Chelsea. Good-bye, my dear! So nice to have seen you."

Two seconds later a grey-haired taxi-driver started his motor in a rather surprised and dazed manner. The young lady who had just engaged him had said "Fenchurch Street Station" right enough. But had she actually added "and drive like hell"? It had certainly sounded very much like it. But—he shook his head. One took what came in life. And a fare was a fare. But, beyond doubt, the diction of young ladies had changed very much since the days when he was a boy!

Bart Harrow, swinging moodily through Fenchurch Street Station, nearly dropped his suitcase at sight of Marcia. The next second he did drop it. For he found another use for both of his arms.

"Oh, Bart!" she gasped as she clung to him.

Bart Harrow's heart thumped violently against his ribs. He didn't know what had happened. But, on the other hand, he didn't care. This was good enough as it was without going into details.

"I've just seen Nita," Marcia answered at last. "Oh!" said Bart. "Why on earth didn't you tell me?" Marcia's big blue eyes came up to his reprovingly.

He looked away. "I—I was going to. But then, when you told me you were engaged to—to what's-his-name, it—well, it didn't seem any use. And somehow I fumbled letting you know that my marriage had gone west. So there just didn't seem to be anything to do except to shut up."

MARCIA'S hand slipped into his. It looked very small in his big brown one.

"Bart," she whispered. "I've got a confession to make. I'm not engaged, dear, to anybody."

He looked at her dazedly. "What?" he said.

"Not to a living soul. You see, I—it was silly of me, of course. But after—oh, this is terribly hard for me to say—but after you went away five years ago I found out that—that, well, that I shouldn't have let you go. And then, when you came back, I was too proud to—to let you know that I'd made a mess of everything. So I invented an engagement to sort of help my pride out of a bad corner. Oh, Bart, have we lost everything again because I've been so stupid?"

Unmindful of the throng around him Bart Harrow bent and kissed her.

"Lost?" he said huskily. "We've just found everything, dear. You and I have been marking time for five years, that's all. But we're going to stop doing it right now. Look here, where is there a telephone in this station?"

"Telephone?" queried Marcia. "Yes, I'm postponing this sailing till the next boat. Then we're going out together. That is—he bent a swift look on her—"if you can stick a sheep station in Australia."

Sick it? She could have stuck the South Pole with Bart Harrow!

"You just give me the chance!" Her eyes were two dancing blue lights.

"I'm not giving it to you," said Bart, with an almost grim tenderness. "I'm going to make you take it this time. Savvy?"

"I do!" said Marcia happily.

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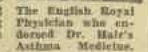
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FIVE of a Kind — or FIVE KINDS? Interesting Horoscope of the Dionne Quintuplets

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

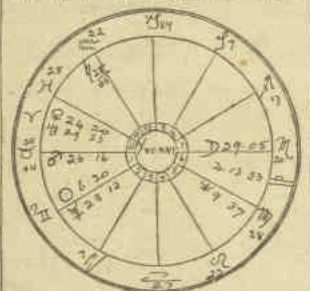
Talking of birthdays! What about the "Quins"? These famous babies were born on May 28, 1934, and consequently belong to the astrological sign Gemini, which, symbolically, is represented by "The Twins."

Now, as statisticians declare that we must wait until at least another 41,600,000 babies have been born before we can even hope for another set of quintuplets, the world is wondering about the Dionnes, who are now two years old. Will they be five of a kind... or five kinds?

ASTROLOGICALLY, there is a lot to say about the matter. The "Quins" were all born in less than an hour... between 3.56 and 4.45 a.m. on May 28, an hour very important in regard to planetary movements. So important were these starry chances, in fact, that they will have an immense bearing on the different characteristics of the "Quins," as well as varying their personal appearance and many of the events of their lives.

They will all be inherently Gemini, of course, and thus versatile, quick-witted, adaptable, changeable, and intelligent, but they will express these and their other characteristics in different ways. Yvonne, Annette and Cecile, for instance, will have more in common between themselves, than with Emilie and Marie, for while the first three were arriving, the Zodiacal sign Taurus was strongly placed on the eastern horizon, thus denoting more placid, solid, materialistic and practical natures than those of Emilie and Marie, who were born when Gemini was rising.

Yvonne, Annette and Cecile will be the best money-makers and money-holders, and thus the business managers. They are likely to have more artistic and acting ability than Emilie and Marie, and to have quite attractive singing and speaking voices. They will love to pose, or act a part, and will plod



ACCORDING to astrologers, the star-map of Yvonne (shown above) indicates that she will be the "stormy petrel" of the Dionne "Quins." The circle represents the dome of the heavens; the outer symbols the Zodiacal Signs, and the inner symbols the planets.

through much hard work to perfect themselves in any desired sphere.

Emilie and Marie, on the other hand, will be extremely quick-witted and seldom have to study in order to learn. They will hear or see and absorb, and then be able to repeat like parrots. They will be much less stable than the first-born three, and much more changeable, restless and excitable. They will crave to "go places" and do things, be avid readers and fluent writers or speakers.

Reviewing these characteristics, it is interesting to recall that in The Australian Women's Weekly on November 23, 1935, we were told that Yvonne, of the practical nature, was the first to learn to walk, and that Emilie, of the talkative fraternity, sneaked ahead of her sisters by getting in the first word, just as she will probably have the last.

Stubborn and Self-willed

THE three first-born will be short and stocky as to build, and inclined to stoutness. Their expression will usually be charming and expectant, but will often be spoiled by a pouting, sulky look, for they will undoubtedly develop a strong streak of stubbornness and self-will and resent opposition.

Emilie and Marie, on the other hand, though not perhaps so dainty in looks, will be slight and youthful in figure, generally cheerful of countenance, and rather easier to manage.

Yvonne is liable to be the "stormy petrel" of the family through her abruptness and independence. At the same time she will prove constructive and capable along practical lines. Annette will run her a close second. The "Quins" must always beware of

exploitation and imposition, especially that which concerns public amusement. The sun and Neptune were in conflict at their birth, and were strongly placed again at the time when their father signed a theatrical contract to exhibit the "Quins" at the Chicago Fair, almost immediately after their birth. This influence grows strong again during their third year of life.

All told, the "Quins" may be said to possess fortunate star-maps, and in the case of the three first-born, especially, to be capable of getting much happiness and success from life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment, without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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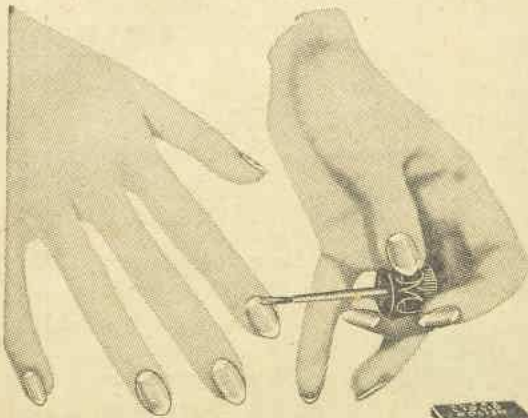
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THE Creaking Door

Continued from Page 56

"He looks over his shoulder to see who it is. And if he sees some enemy of his, some man he has wronged, he does not continue his job with his back to the newcomer. But Power went on with his painting. Therefore the person he saw he did not regard as an enemy, but looked on as a friend. So much of a friend, in fact, that he did not object to this new arrival walking about behind his back—always an uncomfortable sensation unless your mind is completely at rest. And at once a very different complexion was put on the matter.

"Then came my interview with Mr. John Playfair, and the question of the two separate pictures of different views of Comber Ness on the one plate—the point that puzzled you so much, Bob. You remember that when I sold it might be because he couldn't take a stereoscopic picture you countered by saying that in that case he equally could not have taken the two separate views. Which was right up to a point. He couldn't have taken either, but that doesn't prevent a negative appearing on a plate.

"The man was a skilled photographer and he was faced with the necessity of proving to the world that he had been to Comber Ness. If he could do so he was safe. But since he had no intention of going anywhere near Comber Ness, what was he to do. He knew that if you take a negative and make a positive from it you can produce a second negative in a dark room on exactly the same principle as you produce a print. But he had no stereoscopic picture of Comber Ness. He's only just bought the machine. What he had got were two separate views taken with his smaller camera.

"So he makes two positives—you remember Miss Moody told us he was fiddling about in the dark-room all the afternoon before the murder—and then he takes out his last stereoscopic plate. You see the importance of its being the

last one; that accounted for his having to put them both on one plate. And that was why he took three unnecessary photos of his own grounds. On to that last plate he clips the two positives, side by side, exposes it in his dark room, and returns the plate to the camera. There is his alibi. He need never go near Comber Ness, and, in fact, he never did.

"He had Wilkinson's evidence that twelve was the number showing—you noticed there, Bob, the slight discrepancy between Playfair's statement and the butler's. He had the chemist's evidence that the plates were handed over to him to be developed. He had the hotel evidence that he lunched at Barminster.

"Exactly what he did we shall never know. He drove away at eight-thirty and presumably concealed his car in some lane. Then he returned and hid near the summer-house. He was taking no risk up to date. If he was found there was no reason why he shouldn't be in his own grounds. And everything came off. He murdered Power and drove quietly over to Barminster, where he lunched.

"But why this cold-blooded murder of a man he apparently liked?" I asked.

"The usual reason," he answered. "Once or twice after dinner last night



BABY MOON

There's a wee baby moon
Playing on its back
With its little silver toes
in the air;
And it's all by itself
In the wide blue sky.
But the funny little moon
doesn't care!
—Mary Holmes.

I caught the look in his eyes as they rested on the girl. He was in love with her himself, which can account for many things. Why he took up Power at all I can't tell you—possibly at the beginning he had some idea of choking off Dayton by making him jealous. Then he may have feared that instead of doing that the artist's attentions to the girl might have the opposite result and bring Dayton and the girl closer together. Or perhaps he may have become jealous of Power himself. Anyway, he saw his opportunity of getting rid of both of them. And but for the astounding piece of luck of my finding that steam-roller where it was, he'd have gone darned near doing it. Being a clever man, he realised at once that his whole alibi had become worse than useless—it had become a rope round his neck. For what possible reason could there be, save the true one, for his saying he'd been to Comber Ness when he hadn't? That was why I was so offhand to-day. At the first hint of suspicion he would have destroyed the plate and never given me the prints, trusting to the chemist's evidence that it had been a view of Comber Ness.

"Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Stanshish," said the inspector. "Mr. Dayton has already been released."

"And doubtless will provide the necessary consolation for Miss Moody," said Ronald with a smile. "For I don't think we need waste one second's pity on that singularly cold-blooded murderer."

And it wasn't until we were driving into London that he turned to me thoughtfully.

"I think the lie was justified, Bob, don't you?"

"What lie?" I said.
"That steam-roller only arrived at Comber Ness early this morning."

(Copyright)

No DANDRUFF NOW



"YOU WANT TO KNOW

what I wash my hair with? I keep to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It makes my hair beautifully glossy, and it does prevent dandruff."

Undoubtedly, Wright's is the SAFE soap for cleansing the scalp and hair. Its antiseptic properties are a dependable safeguard against dandruff; its fragrant lather stimulates and refreshes the scalp.



10d. per cake at all Chemists and Stores.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with the pulse-stirring reds so effectively used by the South Seas enchantress



Daring, coaxing South Sea colour for lips ... entirely without pastiness. That is TATTOO! Apply it...let it set...wipe it off...only the COL-OUR remains...smooth...even...lasting...and the lips, instead of becoming disappointingly dry and harsh, are made desirably soft. Tattooed lips can't chap! Actually try all five TATTOO shades ... at the Tattoo Colour Selector in your favorite store. You are sure to find an exciting new shade, more flattering than the one you are now using. Yes, chances are, you will!



CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, PASTEL, HAWAIIAN. Send 1/6 for introductory rice, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Downard & Co., Pty. Ltd., 324 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. I.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

"It was no good getting angry with my customers"



Do YOU find your job a strain on your patience?

If you find your job a strain on your nerves—this probably means you are suffering from "Night-Starvation."

Horlick's, taken regularly at bed-time, guards against

"Night-Starvation"—it replaces the burnt-up energy while you sleep. You wake up with new reserves of vitality and power. Horlick's has a most agreeable flavour, and it is very economical—the milk is in it, you need only add water. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.



HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA-ENERGY ALL DAY

ERNEST BENNETT leaned across to Sandy. "I say, Mo-Diamid, you know the country. Is it true about this Valley?"

Sandy smiled. "I know the part round the Cape and the big towns like Johannesburg and Durban," he said, "but I've never been within five hundred miles of this place. The legend is well known, however, and as there's no other explanation for the old man's sudden wealth, it looks as if the Valley really must exist."

"What about it, Ernie?" George broke in.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," replied the younger Bennett. "But how about our business?"

"Oh, we'll fix that," George swung quickly round on Henry. "How about you, Uncle?"

"I don't know," Henry Long said, with chilling reserve.

"But father, we must!" exclaimed Patricia.

"Surely you don't expect me to take you, even if I did decide to go? I couldn't possibly afford it."

FOR a moment a cowed expression came into Patricia's eyes; then they brightened and she

Continuing THE Fabulous VALLEY

from Page 17

said hastily: "Very well, then, I'll pay for myself."

Her step-father shrugged. "If you wish to squander your own money I can't stop you."

"What about those chies?" Sandy asked the lawyer. "Have you them here?"

Bullett nodded and, rising from his chair, walked over to a long tin case, which he unlocked. Removing the contents, he carried them to his desk.

The three articles displayed consisted of a fine knobkerrie of heavy, dark wood, the rounded top of which was curiously carved; a necklace some four feet long, consisting of tiny skulls, carefully graduated from a size not much larger than a walnut up to that of a cricket ball; and a leopard-skin kaross, such as natives of the interior sometimes use as a body covering.

"Phew!" exclaimed Ernest, picking up the necklace. "Creepy thing—isn't it?"

Sandy took it from him and examined it curiously. "It's a witch doctor's," he said. "These are the heads of monkeys."

"If you please," Mr. Bullett intervened. "According to my client's instructions, since there are more than three of you, I am to distribute these by lot, and for that purpose I have had this prepared." He produced a small tin box in which lay seven carefully folded slips of paper of equal size. "I suggest that you draw them in order of age."

GERTRUDE took a slip, unfolded it quickly, and the words, "Leopard-skin Kaross," were seen printed upon it.

Henry drew next, and to his obvious chagrin got a blank. George Bennett followed him with a like result. Ernest proved no more fortunate than his brother. Sandy followed and drew the knobkerrie. Only the necklace of skulls now remained, with Michael and Patricia to draw. It was Patricia to whom the gruesome thing fell.

The interest in the draw having subsided, Mr. Bullett gave his dry little cough again. "I should be glad if you would resume your seats for a moment," he said, "because there is one other thing that I wish to say to you."

They fell silent at once, eager to hear if the lawyer had any other clues to offer.

"As your family solicitor, I consider it my duty to give you a very solemn warning. There is a legal aspect to the matter, with which I must acquaint you. The fact that my late client discovered this exceptionally prolific diamond field gives him no legal right to dispose of it to anybody."

"His action in selling or exporting these diamonds without a license, and his failure to report his discovery to the Government, rendered him liable to prosecution and very severe penalties, had he been caught. Should any of you, therefore, decide to go on this expedition, your first duty would be to apply for a prospector's licence, which I am given to understand can be obtained in these days only with considerable difficulty. Then, should your efforts to find the Valley prove successful, you must report the matter immediately to the South African authorities, and under no circumstances should you remove any stones from it other than those necessary to prove your discovery."

"Oh, come now," complained Ernest. "Finding's keeping—I always do say."

But Sandy shook his head. "No, Mr. Bullett is perfectly right. I know enough about South African law to assure you of that."

"Well, but what happens then?" inquired George. "Surely the Government doesn't seize all the diamonds if we have had the risk and expense of finding the place?"

"Not quite," Bullett replied gravely. "But the Government takes a certain percentage of the profits from mines being worked."

AT this, Michael interrupted excitedly. "What's to stop us from really following in Uncle John's footsteps?" he asked. "Why shouldn't we all find this place, fill our pockets with as much stuff as we can carry and chance getting out of the country just as he did?"

Bullett held up his hand quickly. "The difficulties of even locating this place on such slender evidence are apparent. The dangers and hardships of reaching it are but briefly described in your late uncle's letter. To add to these the risk of possible arrest and imprisonment would make the project absolute madness."

Michael stood up: "Anyway, I'm going to chance it," he said.

"You seem to have forgotten that my brother's malicious humor caused him to leave us practically no evidence on which to find the Valley," remarked his uncle.

"Well, why don't we all meet tonight for dinner together somewhere? By then we'll have had time to think the whole thing over," remarked George.

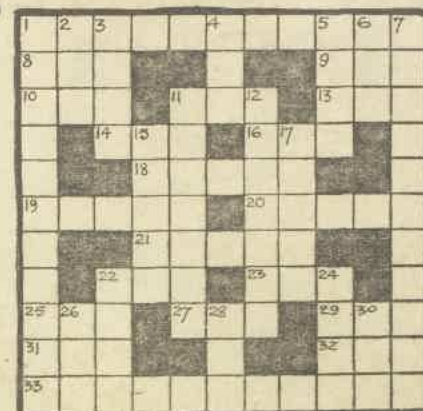
"Fine," cried Michael enthusiastically, while Sandy agreed with a casual nod.

Please turn to Page 76

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS.
1. Act of forbidding.
8. Ever. (Part).
9. A pair.
10. Belong (Abb.).
11. Organ.
12. Even. (Poet).
13. Total.
14. Edge.
15. Nominator.
16. Little fairy.
17. Medicinal juice from a tree.
21. Silent.
22. A series.
23. Beverage.
24. Little devil.
25. Perfection.
26. Vessel.
27. By way of.
28. Extinct.
29. To root out.

CLUES DOWN.
1. Relating to vision.
2. K.E.E. (actual).
3. Fragments from meals.
4. Told.
5. A separate particular.
6. To be indebted to.
7. Indifference; coolness.
11. To flow from.



12. A hermit.
13. Join together.
14. Of angry temperament.
22. Part of man's attire.
24. Pertaining to the air.
25. To blend.
26. Spirit.
28. Decay.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

ACROSS: Head, chef, oft, four, by, D.A., W.S., sir, Betty, halo, are, O.C., net, dus, charms, car, of, pit, N.A., old, ransack, O.M., pink, dus, two, pots.
DOWN: Ho, sider, slate, cow, hush, E.H., hero, hill, ale, bar, your, any, compact, dad, brakes, slime, slink, uncut, Eros, T.S., U.I., sds, P.S.



TURN
YOUR BACK
ON WINTER'S
CHILL

● Bask through the winter in Kayser Woolies. They're snug, warm, cosy, slimming and close fitting. Nothing to break their smooth, suave lines. And they are ever so thrifty.

**KAYSER
WOOLIES**



Perfectly cut
Underwear
In Wool or
Wool and
Rayon.

VESTS, - from 2/11
KNICKERS, from 3/11

Spotted Batiste... with Nera-Run elastic

Tea-rose Batiste... non-slip shoulder straps

Satin with lace... note the new bustline

Your waistline

—IS IT SLEEK.
SMOOTH—AN
UNBROKEN
CURVE?

**Yes.. IF YOU WEAR
A BERLEI "ALL-IN-ONE"**

INEVITABLY, this season, your day dresses will be pencil-slim, your evening gowns classically slender. With both you will wear wide, wide belts, focussing interest on the waist. How important, therefore, that your waist be trim and smooth! Permit no waistline "roll" to break the line of your figure. Sheathe yourself in a Berlei "All-in-one," designed expressly to avoid unnecessary bulk at waist. Notice its gentle yet irresistible moulding; rejoice in the long, smooth lines it gives you. A foundation worthy of your smartest frocks!

**BERLEI FOUNDATION
GARMENTS**

Guaranteed **End Obtainable at all Leading Stores**

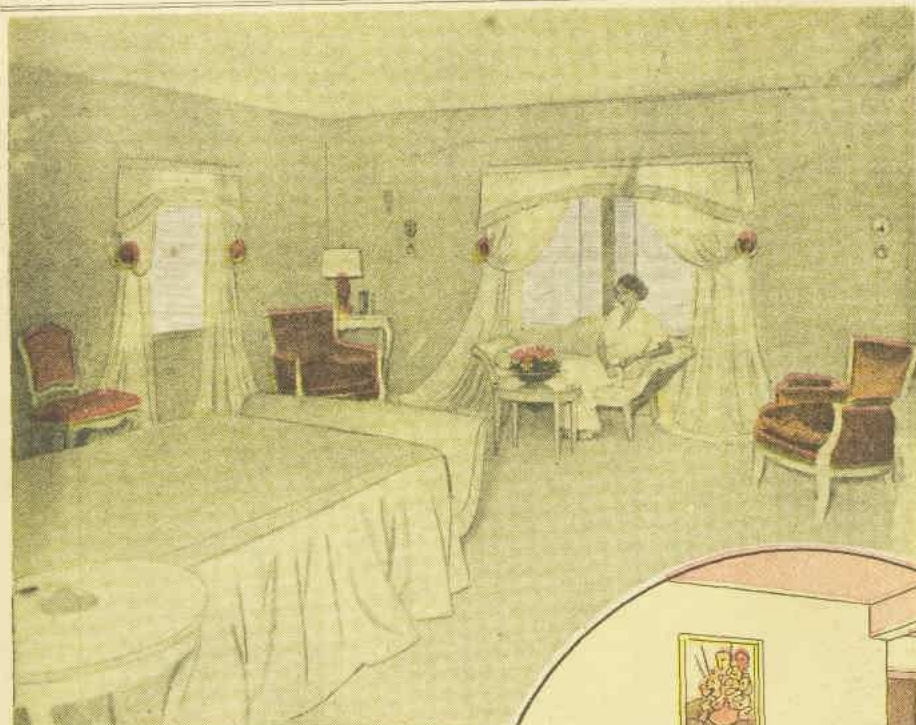
BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON - AND AUCKLAND

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMIE MAKER

64

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

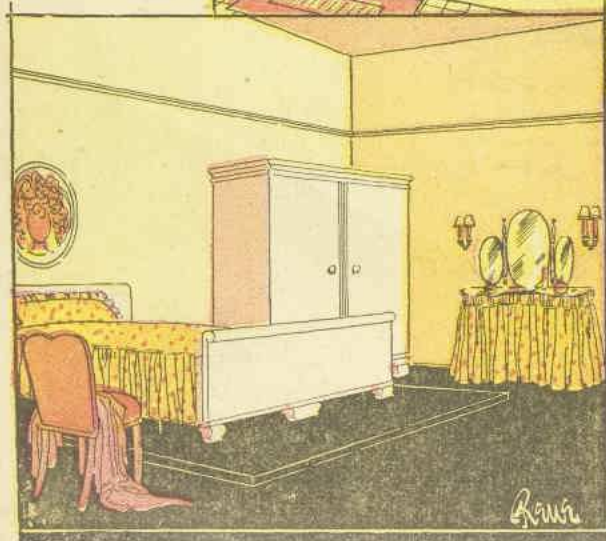
June 6, 1936.



THIS GLIMPSE of a charming bedroom will inspire many feminine hearts. Curtains, delicately lovely, add to its enchantment. Note the bedspread, the unusual foot to the bed, and the sparse but quaint wall decorations.

THE SUNNY primrose-colored bathroom is a sure cure for early morning blues. No one could resist singing in the bath, even though rain were pelting down outside.

ONCE AGAIN study the bedroom splashed with sunshiny colors, below. Many of you, I know, will copy it—if not in the colors shown, then in others that may harmonize more charmingly with your own coloring.



BREAKFAST could not be a dull affair served in an alcove like the one pictured above.

SUN-SPLASHED!

Skilful Use of Glowing Color
Can Transform the Dullest Rooms

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

WHEN the front door swings open, an impression of your home goes out! Is it dull and lifeless, or does it radiate brightness and cheerful hospitality?

Again, when winter mornings break with lowering skies, drizzling rain or howling wind, and you turn your eyes from the window onto a drab bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, or any room, gloom is intensified and spirits drop below zero.

LIFE, it is said, is very largely what our mental outlook makes it, and so it would seem sheer lunacy to surround ourselves with drabness that reacts unconsciously, yet none the less seriously, on our welfare.

Everyone works better in cheerful—that is to say, colorful—surroundings than in depressing—that is to say, drab—surroundings. Everyone feels better.

And it's pleasing to see how, in every day in every way, women of the home are grasping the truth that bright colors are just as cheap and economical as the mournful kind, and are learning to employ them skilfully and not haphazardly, artistically.

The yellows, shading from the palest pastels, oranges, and reds, the sunshiny colors, are joyful, stimulating, energizing, life-giving. Because of this, I think every home should contain at least one room mainly furnished in one, two, or more of these colors.

And note: In selecting color schemes for rooms, you should not be afraid of the repetition in various shades of one color, on the ground that it may prove monotonous, for, rightly chosen, such is far from the case, as experts in the art prove over and over again.

AND WHAT do you think of the living-room (left) painted as it were with sunshine? No one could feel gloomy in a room like this. Don't you like the fireplace treatment, the gaily striped rug, and chairs picked out in contrasting colors?

And for a practical lesson, study these colorful illustrations. Note the combinations, the skilful treatment of color.

The enchanting bedroom pictured at the top of this page, I know, will set feminine hearts a wishing. In the main it is delicately lovely, but strong accents of color remove any fear of monotony.

Another suggestive treatment for a bedroom is shown in the sketch at the bottom left of page. The cost of furnishing a room like this would be surprisingly low, for no costly veneers are to be paid for, as the furniture is enamelled. And don't you just love the flounced dressing-table? This type, a revival of yesteryear, grows in popularity.

The other day I had occasion to look at four differently appointed bathrooms, one in green, one blue, one white and blue, and the last and most attractive in primrose yellow. The one featured on this page is almost a replica in treatment of that cheery bathroom.

Last week, you remember, I talked about fireplaces. What do you think of this one as the focal point of a sunsplashed room? It certainly radiates cheerfulness. Note the gay stripings of the rug, and the chairs picked out in contrasting colors.

The red and white breakfast alcove pictured above is another bright suggestion for you. Cambric is the inexpensive material that is used to brighten this spot.—E.E.G.

What a difference
AMAMI makes!



Only AMAMI Shampoos contain the 47 ingredients essential to hair-health and lustrous loveliness. Brunettes should get shampoo number 1; number 5 is made exclusively for blondes, and number 7 is a Special Camomile Application for the very fair. From chemists and stores, 9d. per sachet.

After your shampoo, set your waves and curls at home with Amami Wave-Set.

AMAMI
SHAMPOOS & WAVE-SET

Latest Fancies of the POTTER'S ART



CLARICE CLIFF'S idea of a buffet set. Made up for a party of six, the large savory dish and "cottage" mugs are a feature of this set, which is decorated in broad brown bands and black lines.

THERE is something lovable about pottery—this ancient medium for a craftsman's art. Even famous artists of the pen and brush have succumbed to the lure of designing lovely pieces for the enrichment of our homes. But we homelovers the world over owe much to one person—and a woman . . .

You have possibly become familiar with the name of Clarice Cliff (I have featured her designs previously in these pages). She is one of the best-known ceramic artists in the world to-day. And here on this page you see new and lovely examples of her work—and in color!

As they came out of their wrappings, our artist sketched them and at the same time captured their rich and lovely colorings. This is the first time I have presented pottery in color. And, naturally, I feel pleased to be able to show you the colors. The output of this 28-year-old

artist is simply amazing. She, contrary to what you may think, is a plump, jolly-looking girl, and free from any affectations. Her remarkable talent was accidentally discovered some years ago when she was a humble worker earning a meagre few shillings per week. To-day she stands alone in her art. She makes periodical trips to other countries, other climes, only to come back literally inspired. And soon, under a perfectly-attuned brain and hand, new designs emerge.

By Our Home Decorator

new designs emerge, many of them colored with a verve and originality that no other living artist can capture.

The examples shown in the large grouping below are a result of one tour, executed in peasant pottery style. Milas, Khimara, Yunan, little-known places to us, but it is interesting to possess something representative of other climes.

The two picturesque articles shown together in the central illustration (above right) typify the art of the native potters of Basra. And the

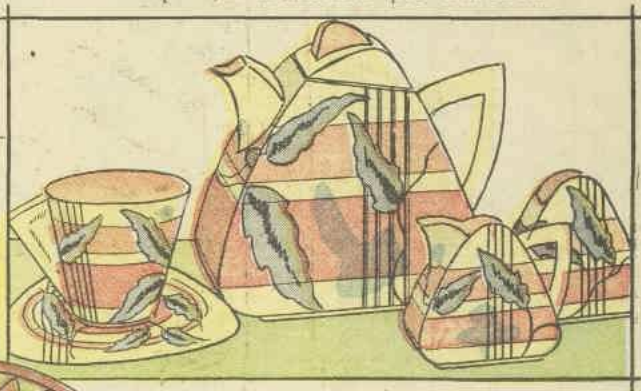
raffia-like bowls and jug are the result of a visit made to a village in the Austrian Tyrol famous for its raffia work.

You will have gazed with longing upon the buffet set featured at the top of this page. This, and the quaint three-cornered teapot, jug, and saucer, were on exhibition at the last British Industries Fair. You'll simply adore the huge savory dish and the "cottage" mugs and tall jugs decorated with wide, brown bands and black lines of this buffet set. And now that buffet suppers are so popular, many longing eyes will be turned towards a set like this.

The pieces showing in the illustration (extreme right) would brighten any dinner table. Note the cone-shaped salt and pepper-shakers and the cream soup bowls. These latter are enjoying a definite vogue. A sensible way of serving soup, which, to be enjoyed thoroughly, must be served steaming hot.—E.E.G.

• • • Feast your eyes upon them, for they were designed to bring joy to the lover of art and color in the home!

SO strikingly beautiful is the pottery produced to-day that we women of the home are oftentimes driven to relinquish the joys of a new hat in order that we may look long and often, together with admiring, envying friends, upon a perfectly gorgeous piece decorating the mantelpiece, or an absolute "pet" of a bowl.



ABOVE: A morning set, showing the new three-cornered teapot, jug, and saucer. A replica of this set was also displayed at the British Industries Fair.



FEAST your eyes on the examples of period pottery shown above. These were designed after the style of that produced by the native potters of Basra.



ABOVE RIGHT: Novel dinner set, showing the latest style in three-cornered plates, cream soup bowls on three-cornered saucers, and conical salt set.

ABOVE: STRIKING IN THEIR BEAUTY are these pieces, fashioned in the form of raffia. In the Austrian Tyrol is a village which is famous for raffia work. This village was visited last year by Clarice Cliff, and these are examples of the pieces she designed immediately on her return to England.



RIGHT: Period pottery as designed by Clarice Cliff after a tour of the less-known parts of the world, and in peasant pottery style. Designs from Milas, Khimara, and Yunan.

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN



PATTERNS for all the styles featured on this page this week are now available—as are all which have been shown in previous weeks.

SPORTY COAT

WW1209.—A very useful little coat for everyday wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 64 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SWEET AFTERNOON MODE

WW1210.—A smart afternoon mode with cunning little touches to make it enchantingly different. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-yard for contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SOMETHING "DIFFERENT"

WW1211.—Selling on many smart fashion features of the moment, this frock makes of itself something entirely

PLEASE NOTE!

OUR three-in-one free pattern and free pattern coupon for this week will be found elsewhere in this issue. They are little coats for boys and girls aged 6 to 8 years.

Remember, our Pattern Department has moved to the Daily Telegraph Offices, 188 Castlereagh Street. All patterns and needlework items are obtainable there.

new and different. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE FULL FIGURE

WW1212.—Designed for women, both young and old, to slenderize a full figure. Trimming is very becoming, and sleeves dressy and cute. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

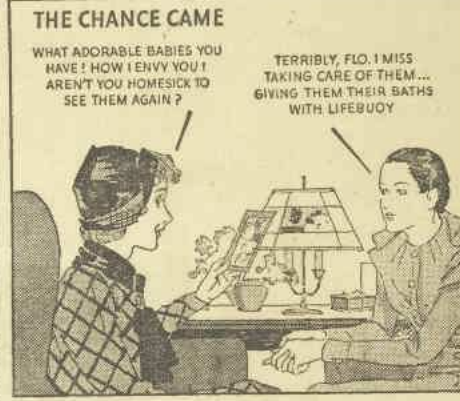
FOR 6 TO 12 YEARS

WW1213.—You will be delighted with the excellent cut of this smart little frock for girls, aged 6 to 12 years. Has single pleat down back, as shown in small sketch. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

A WINTER'S BLOUSE

WW1214.—A very practical blouse for the tailored winter suit or for golf wear. Smart with or without a coat. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CLEANING UP A DEEP, DARK MYSTERY



SUMMER'S Rich Harvest of COLOR

Captured by Bertha Maxwell, Australia's Needlework Genius, in this Glorious Design!

CAN you resist the designs on this page? Do you know of anything more fascinating as an art and pastime than to sit down with your nice work-basket and begin the working of a large and lovely supper or tea cloth?

It has a hundred uses in your own home, it is one of the best presents for your friend the bride, and it is a certain moneymaker if you are one of those clever needle artists who sell their work.

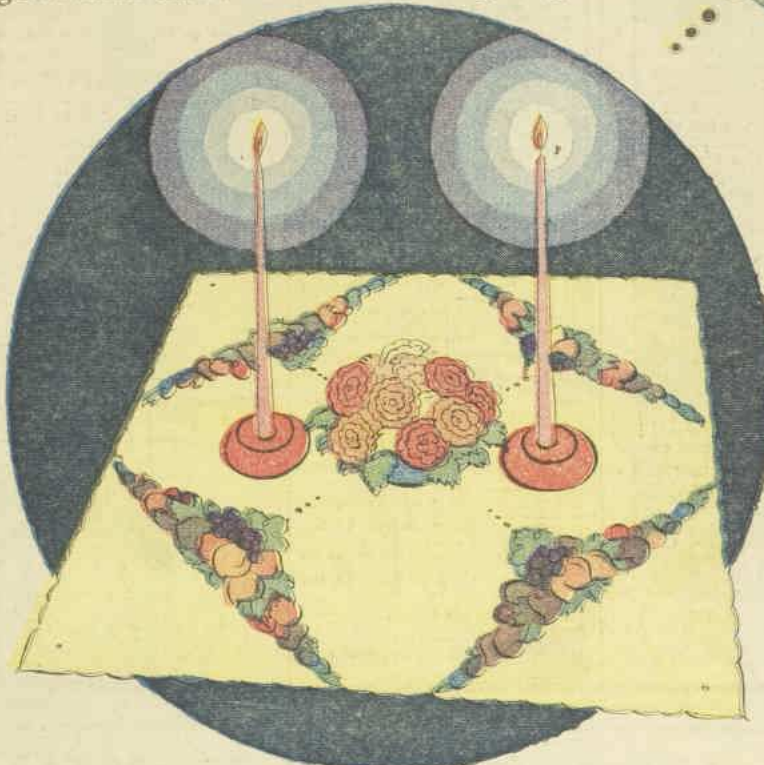
Do a little bit a day, or an hour or two a week, and before you realise how the time has gone you will find yourself putting in the last stitches of a cloth or the complete set which will give life and interest to your parties.

SOME of the most glorious decorative effects for the enrichment of our homes lie in the simple fruits which we handle daily and hardly notice as anything beyond their value as food. Lovely rounded shapes, colors of a depth and beauty never achieved by textiles, clouded with misty-blue bloom, these fruits of the earth are ours for the taking and arranging.

Turn to the Old Masters of painting and see how aware they must have been to all this beauty, simplicity and color in the decoration of the home; their pictures remain forever to charm the eye and satisfy the mind. Your needle can follow their example, and pile some of this massed glory into the linen furnishings of your home.

Now study this list and make your choice:

AND so that you may pile some of summer's massed glory into the linen furnishings of your home, we present a series of high-grade linens traced with this enchanting design.



DESIGN FOR corner of 45 x 45 and 54 x 54-inch cloths. The 36 x 36-inch cloth has less corner-work than shown to suit its smaller size. See matching cozy and tea napkin below. D'oyles also obtainable.

All feature masses of richly-colored fruits and leaves, with simple scallops on edges embellished by needlepoint loops and picots. Highly suitable for spokestitched edge for adding lace or traches to make a truly magnificent set.

sepal still adhering to the top, are almost always a deep orange in color.

The round plums may be red or purple, or yellow or green; red is probably the showiest color for this group; while the long-shaped plums are golden-yellow or blue-purple.

Leaves are Important: Greens of all hues may be used, but you will get the best out of the other colors if the greens are kept subdued a little by working them all alike in medium green or bronze-green. Some of them, particularly those out towards the sides, might be done in autumn tints, especially at the tips.

Scallops and Eyelets: These may match the linen, or be worked in the leaf-green to carry on the effect of foliage and setting.

The Stitching

THIS is so simple that we need not spend much thought on it—just buttonholing everywhere, over one or two running threads, and little pieces clipped out afterwards. Watch the illustrations to keep your parled or knotted edge of the button-stitch pointing in the right direction. Pad the scallops rather well, and work closely. Add a small needlepoint edging afterwards if you omit the loops and picots—you know, the tiny edge which is buttonholed as you go and fastened to the edge of the scalloping.

JUST IMAGINE how exquisite your table would look covered with one of Bertha Maxwell's gloriously-designed linen cloths.

May we suggest your using the cream linen? It is so lovely, it has such a look of old ivory, and is so kind to your stitching; that you will find it a joy to work and to use. All kinds of china may be set upon its surface, and if you work it all in an even thread the effect is perfect. It is just as good as a background for colored stitching, and throws up the colors beautifully.

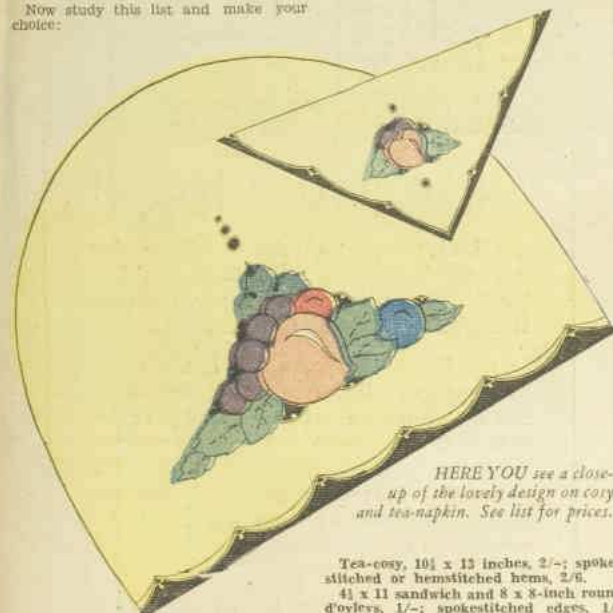
The design is composed of a mixture of our favorite fruits piled in happy carelessness just as you might gather a basketful in the orchard; and yet there is the subtle touch of color arrangement, achieved by skill which takes long years to acquire, so that the arrangement has a satisfying effect on your eye almost without your knowing why! It is in small ways like these that your designer hopes to please you, and then sets to work to make it all needle perfect so that you can sew it easily and happily. This set of fruit designs is so easy and jolly that you will find it one of the best you have ever worked.

Your Own Colors

FURTHER on there is a suggestion of colors, but you may use any of your own ideas that you wish and mix them in any way at all. Just think of how many different kinds of all these fruits you have seen and gathered, and realise how lavishly nature paints from month to month, deepening and enriching the tints as the summer passes by.

Color Suggestions: Grapes appear at the top of the design, just as you might drop a loose bunch over the top of a bowl of fruit; they are always most effective when colored deep purple. There are also amber grapes, light green ones, red-purple, and red-orange.

Pears are brown, orange, yellow, or green. The quaint little perenniums which are tucked in the sides of the group, each with its pronounced calyx



HERE YOU see a close-up of the lovely design on cozy and tea-napkin. See list for prices.

Tea-cozy, 10½ x 13 inches, 2/-; spokestitched or hemstitched hems, 2/6.
41 x 11 sandwich and 8 x 8-inch round d'oyles, 1/-; spokestitched edges, 1/2 each.

We particularly wish you to notice the sizes of the cloths in relation to their edges, and to realise that if they are hemmed they will be less in size than stated.

The hem absorbs from two to three inches, so that a 36-inch cloth will actually measure about 32 to 33 inches square; and so with the other two sizes. While if they are spokestitched for lace or crochet they will be reduced only about an inch or a little more in size, but will then be increased again by the width of the lace or edging which you yourself place on them.

Tea or supper cloth, 36 x 36 inches, in superb, first quality cream or white linen, carrying design, with scalloped edges, price 3/-; with spokestitched edges, price 6/-; with hemstitched hems, 7/-.

45 x 45 tea or supper cloth, 7/6; spokestitched, 8/6; with hemstitched hems, 9/6.

54 x 54 tea or supper cloth, price 11/6; spokestitched, 12/6; with hemstitched hems, 14/6.

Tea napkins, 11 x 11-inch square, 1/-; spokestitched, 1/2 each; with tiny hemstitched hems, price, 1/6.

THEY COVER AUSTRALIA



And there's good reason for it! Challenge Blankets, made with Australia's finest, longest, merino wool, are GUARANTEED UNCONDITIONALLY. They are odourless, free from filling. They do not shrink or lose weight in the wash. Their snowy fleeciness is lasting. Challenge Blankets are made in full standard weights and sizes. Look for the label on every blanket!

Challenge
BLANKETS
GUARANTEED UNCONDITIONALLY



Erasmic is a soft, silken, clinging face powder, containing the purest and finest ingredients. A unique process of blending gives it "filminess" . . . gives your skin the mysterious something that is *glamour*. Four lovely shades, matched to your skin.



Erasmic Vanishing Cream
2/6 Jar, 1 1/2 Tube, graceless, delicately perfumed.
Erasmic Cold Cream . . . 2/6 Jar, for your nightly beauty treatment.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!

Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. suffered 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless — as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience:—

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this

suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark

BISMAG

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY PAL CONNIE

Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,
I am going to tell you this week about a particular friend of mine. He is an Irish terrier, a great favorite in one of my Pal's houses, but rather a terror to strange dogs as a rule. But the other day a wandering colic came into the garden and hung about, looking extremely thin and miserable, so much in fact that even Pat (he's the Irish terrier) took pity on him, and instead of going for him and driving him out of the way he let him drink his milk. Needless to say, my Pal was amazed, but the best was to follow. When Pat was given his tea that night, which consisted of a big lamb bone, he just snuffed at the bone and then carried it to the colic. He then quietly went off and left the hungry visitor to enjoy his meal untroubled.
Well, that was fine of Pat—he had the true Pal spirit in him. If a dog can do that sort of thing he puts to shame many a man—though not many a Pal I hope.
The best letter for the week came from MALDONI JESSOP, 13 Fitzroy Street, West Townsville, N.S.W., and Marjorie wins the prize of 1/-.
Good-bye, Pals, for one short week.
Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

FUN and FANCY

MAID: Please, ma'am, there's a man at the door with a large box marked C.O.D. Mistress: Then tell him to take it back at once, because I ordered nothing.
Prize Card to KENNETH BLANCHARD, Glenloch, 26 Rosemont Ave., Morildale.

Boy: Dad, can you put yourself through a keyhole?
Dad: Of course not.
Boy: Write "yourself" on a piece of paper and push it through.
Prize Card to DEELEY REID, Wyle, N.S.W.

Jack: Why is a hot cross bun like an umbrella?
Matty: Because it is never seen after Lent.
Mary: Why do short men rise early?
John: Because they can never lie long.
Prize Card to BETTY BAKER, 57 Cliff Road, Epping, N.S.W.

Lad (to shopkeeper): Do you re-cover umbrellas?
Shopkeeper: Yes, my young man.
Lad: Well, please come and recover dad's. I've dropped it in the river.
Prize Card to JOHN MORRIS, 21 Athol St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Mother: There were three apples in the cupboard, and now there are only two. How does that happen?
Jack: It was so dark in there, Mother, that I didn't see the others.
Prize Card to BETTY WILLIAMSON, 25 Glenferrie St., Bealey, N.S.W.

MU: It's no use, Tim. The more I take the more I leave behind.
Tim: What are they?
MU: My footprints.
Prize Card to BETTY BENNER, 90 Dudley St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

PEARL CURNICK, of Traralgon, often goes gathering mushrooms; DAPHNE BAILEY, of Griffith, Canberra (F.C.T.), likes living in Canberra; LORIS JONES, of Lambton, Newcastle (N.S.W.), has for her pet a fox-terrier, a fluffy canary, a pair of black and white cats, and ten goldfish.

NITA REDMAN, of Dungee (N.S.W.), always reads about Mandrakes; DOROTHY ILLICH, of Townsville (Qld.), has a lovely Alsatian dog called "Rexie" for her favorite pet; JACK WRIGHT, of St. Peters (N.S.W.), what you heard is incorrect, send as many entries as you like.

JOHN DEAN, of Canberra (F.C.T.), does good sketches; ISABEL AMOS, of Mansfield (Vic.), is very pleased with the Shirley Temple photo she won recently; VALERIE HUNTINGTON, of Young (N.S.W.), prefers the country to the city; PEGGY WILLIAMS, of Hamilton (Vic.), is a new Pal who is fond of sketching; RUTH MCKENZIE, of Rockhampton (Qld.), has a cattle dog and a grey cat for her pets.

BARBARA ELLIS, of North Hobart (Tas.), is welcomed as another new Pal; GAVIN VANCE, of Borealdine (Qld.), lives in the centre of a large sheep-raising district in Queensland; GRACE BUSHNELL, of Howard (Qld.), is a clever painter.

About Competitions

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and rams, must be original. Pals must be under the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded.



Here you see SUE DUTTON, of Cremorne Point.

JUST A TREE

By FRANK E. STONE

I AM a stately chestnut tree,
Andneath my branches lie
The green grass to accompany
The river, flowing by.

The world is like a Heaven to me,
I have no selfish pride;
But just that solemn dignity
Which Nature doth provide.

And though in autumn leaves do fall,
In spring they come again,
I'm always standing erect and tall
Through sunshine, wind, or rain.
Poems of 5/- to FRANK E. STONE, 18 Angus St., Goodwood, S.A. for this original verse.

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1531E, G.P.O., Sydney."

"What can I do about CONSTIPATION?"

You can go on, week after week, attempting to remedy its results by means of purgatives, whose effect is only temporary. Or you can tackle its cause—which is simply a weakness of the intestinal muscles.

What these muscles require if they are to regain their proper efficiency is an adequate supply of vitamins, which modern diet fails to provide. And the simplest way to ensure an adequate supply of vitamins is to take Bemax regularly.

So highly concentrated is Bemax that in one tablespoonful—a pennyworth—there are more than 200 International Units of Vitamin B₁—the daily requirement for every adult. Enjoy a tablespoonful every morning mixed in a porridge plate of cold or warm milk.

You're bound to benefit from

BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD

From Chemistry and Science.
2 1/2 x 10—1 month's supply for an adult.

STOPS COUGHS QUICK

A slight exposure, a sneeze or two, a slight cough, a husky throat, a deeper cough, and then pneumonia, or probably worse. Check a cough at once and save yourself torture by taking

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY



Safest for HER!

BE cautious about the dentifrice that enters this delicate, little mouth. Use Squibb Dental Cream for it is pure and safe. It contains no grit, astringents or bleaches.

In the Danger Zone, which is the space between teeth, imperfections in the enamel and where teeth meet gums, food particles hide away. The toothbrush fails to remove them, they attract bacteria and Germ Acids form which lead to decay and gum irritations. But Squibb Dental Cream, being *Antacid*, neutralizes the dangerous Germ Acids and fights decay at its source.

Play safe—put Squibb Dental Cream on guard in the Danger Zone.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

The ANTACID Dentifrice

STAND UP
to polish
your floors!



No-Rub
LIQUID FLOOR WAX
Buy a Tin from
your Grocer today!

BEAUTY THAT STIRRED A THOUSAND HEARTS

"Once a day" with these cunning Blue Hyacinth cosmetics and your beauty blooms afresh. Isn't it wonderful that you can buy so much for so little! Only amazing popularity makes possible such a price for a "quality" line.

Blue Hyacinth
Cosmetics

POWDER
ROUGE
LIPSTICK
EYEBROW
PENCIL
VANISHING
CREAM
PERFUME

6 each

At your favourite store

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the
Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, systematic in making life flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/3 and 2/3. Resent a substitute.



OUR Three-in-One FREE PATTERN

Cosy Coats for Boys and Girls Aged 6 to 8 Years

Little boys and girls will be pleased with our three-in-one free pattern this week—and mothers will be grateful—for it provides for complete patterns for two cute little girls' coats, and a smart coat for a boy, cut to fit children aged 6 to 8 years.

WHAT kiddies' styles could be more attractive and suitable for winter—or easier to make—than these three cosy coats?

The first diminutive coat has all the simple charm of childhood. It is straight from the shoulders with a cosy collar of fur fabric, buttoned across in quite the latest fashion. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard, 50-inches wide fur fabric.

No. 2 design is for the little boy—very manly and tailored-looking, don't you think? Material required: 1 3/8 yards, 54 inches wide.

The coat shown at extreme right of sketch is a style that all young misses like—especially attractive if it is cosily decorated with fur fabric. Material required: 1½ yards, 54-inch material, and 1½ yards fur edging.

Patterns for all three styles are contained in our three-in-one free pattern, and armed with it even the inexperienced dressmaking mother, who wants to try her hand at making for her kiddies, will find it an easy task. Directions for cutting and making-up are included in each pattern.

Fill in coupon below, and enclosing a 1d stamp, send to our office.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated above, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400Y, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 125, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2601EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-111 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 6/6/36.



EYE STARVATION



Insist on
PHILIPS Coiled Coil
LAMPS
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

POOR, wistful eyes . . . starving for the light that "cheap," inferior lamps deny, can only be saved from irreparable damage by GOOD light. Don't wait till it's too late! Discard your old lamps for Philips Coiled Coil Lamps, which give 20% more light at no extra cost.

SEND 2/6 P.N. FOR LARGE TUBE TO LANE-ETA, 25 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY
UNDERARM SHAVING
IS DANGEROUS . . .
creme **La-neta**
Creams away Unwanted Hair

EAGLEY UNDERWEAR wins

Remarkable Success!
... London Hygiene award

The world's highest award for Merit, Purity and Quality, and Eagley alone throughout Australia can lay claim to this remarkable distinction, granted by the London Institute of Hygiene!

Let Pure and Hygienic Eagley underwear safeguard your health. See it at your local store. Purchase it and economise in the years and years of continued service and satisfaction that Eagley alone can give.



Reduced facsimile of the Hygiene Certificate.

You can depend on
EAGLEY UNDERWEAR

"Twice the wear in every pair"

Ask for these "Eagley Mill" productions by numbers.

147. Light winter weight—all wool.

148. Winter weight—all wool.

75. Winter weight—wool and cotton—branded "Yeiga."

P1111

STAR TURN of the PARTY

★ A good supper...and served, for preference, buffet style!

NOW it's the smart thing to serve suppers a la buffet. It's the jolliest way, too. More, it solves the problem of how to give unlimited hospitality when you have only limited space, means, and domestic help.

Here are given many suggestions, a delightful menu, and as many delicious recipes as space will allow.

IF the room is small, place a long table down the centre so the guests can help themselves from each side.

For a large room, the table could be set at one end. Try to have a separate small table for serving coffee; a separate table, also, for drinks and glasses saves a lot of confusion and obviates risks of spills.

If the party is a big one, it is really advisable to have someone to help, serve the guests in order to avoid overcrowding, spills, breakages and discomfort; also to look after the replenishing of food and utensils.

Remember: Guests cannot manage plate, knife, and fork where there is no seating accommodation. It is possible, however, to serve soup and jelly, as only a spoon is required. Make sure you have a supply of sandwiches and savories. Foods and savories, served on sticks, are very popular. These, of course, must be eaten immediately. They usually are!

Hot drinks are different, because they spoil. The best plan is to have coffee only with a good supply of fruit and claret cup, also bottled drinks.

As a base for canapés or savories, use small squares or rounds of fried or toasted bread, cheese biscuits, rounds or squares of pastry.

These may be spread with cream

cheese, gherkin relish, ham pastes, etc., grated cheese mashed with sauces, mayonnaise. The garnishes available are finely - chopped parsley, watercress, sliced egg, tomato, beetroot, gherkin, olives, frankfurts, green peas, grated carrot, shredded lettuce, nuts, pickled walnuts, chopped or curled celery, curled prawns.

PEAR GATEAU

Large tin pears, stiff red jelly, 1 round sponge of butter-mixture cake, 2½ inches deep, whipped cream, apricot jam, blanched almonds.

Drain juice from pears, and use the juice in making the red jelly. Place the pears on flat dish, round side up, and coat with the cold jelly. Leave till set; cut almonds into strips and stick into the pears. Spread jam on the cake. Take three pears, cut up roughly, and pile in the centre of the cake. Arrange the pears jellied side out round the mound. With the cream icing rose-pipe and bag, force large roses between the pears. Serve on a glass stand.

ROSE SAVORY

One large grapefruit, seville orange or apple, small square cheese biscuits, cheese, beetroot, frankfurts or cocktail sausages, gherkins, wooden skewers.

Cut gherkin and frankfurts into slices. Cut beetroot into slices, and with a small plain cutter cut into rounds. Do the same with the cheese, using a cutter a size larger. Butter the biscuits. Take wooden skewer or toothpick and put it through the centre of the gherkin, then beetroot, cheese, frankfurts, and then centre of the biscuit. Stick firmly into the grapefruit. Do this till fruit is completely covered. Serve on plate or paper doily, with autumn or green leaves round the base.

NEW SANDWICH FILLINGS

1. Minced cooked steak, moistened with horse-radish sauce.
2. Minced cooked liver and bacon, mixed with tomato and Worcester sauce.
3. Lobster paste, mixed with mayonnaise.
4. Chopped prawns and gherkin in mayonnaise or sauce.
5. Chopped ginger and nuts.
6. Minced tongue and pickle.
7. Mashed banana with lemon juice and sugar.
8. Grated apple mixed with honey and nuts.
9. Grated cheese mixed with marmalade.

Be sure and label your plates of sandwiches and cut into fancy shapes.

It is a change to have small crusty bread rolls, the centres scooped out and stuffed with:—Asparagus in white sauce, crab or lobster in white sauce, oyster in white sauce, tongue and ham minced in white sauce, cooked minced chicken and ham in white sauce.

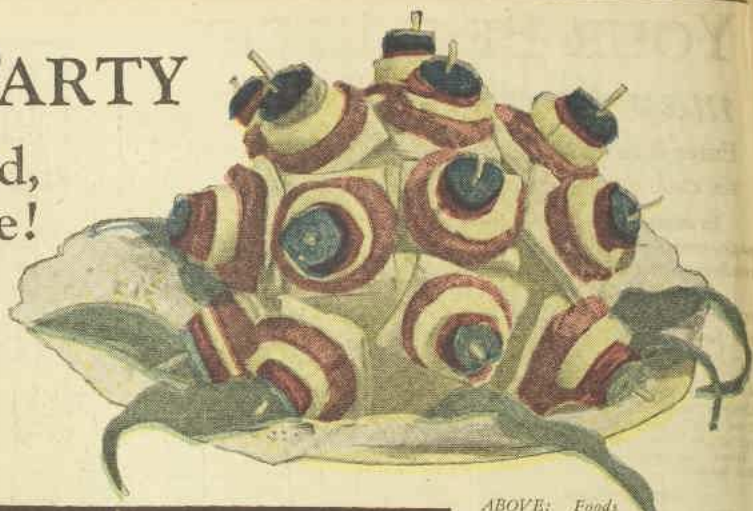
Fillings for round or boat-shaped pastry cases:—

1. Mix whipped cream with cream cheese or grated cheese, add salt, cayenne. Garnish with parsley.
2. Asparagus tips in white sauce.
3. Whipped cream flavored with anchovy sauce, tint a pale pink, and garnish with boned anchovy.
4. Ham, tongue, and olives, chopped finely and mixed with mayonnaise or white sauce.
5. Grated carrot mixed with mayonnaise.
6. Oysters, chopped prawns, crab, lobster, chicken, rabbit, and ham can be

By...

Ruth Furst

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



ABOVE: Foods served on sticks are very popular at buffet suppers, and here you see a most novel and tempting kind called rose savory. Recipe on this page.

LEFT: Pear gateau is as delicious as it looks, and the easiest of sweets to prepare for the buffet supper.

MERINGUE FRUIT TRIFLE

One meringue case, fruit salad, 2 sponge cakes, whipped cream, maraschino cherries, apricot jam, sherry.

Prepare oval meringue case. Cut each cake into three, lengthwise. Spread with jam, join again, then cut in three across.

Soak cakes in juice from fruit salad and sherry. Just before serving, arrange the cake in the meringue case, alternately with the fruit salad, ending with fruit.

Decorate round edge with cream through rose-pipe. Garnish with whole cherries.

used in mayonnaise or white sauce; then garnished with stoned olives, gherkins, parsley, watercress.

OX-TAIL SOUP

Two ox-tails, 8 pints water, 2 onions, 2 carrots, stalk celery, salt, cayenne, butter.

Peel and chop onion. Put into large saucepan with butter and stir till slightly browned. Add the well-washed and jointed tails, water, salt, cayenne. Simmer for 1 hour. Add chopped carrot and celery and simmer for 2 hours. Strain, add brownings if necessary. Leave till next day. Remove all fat. Heat when required. Serve with appetizers.

COCKTAIL POTATOES

Mash cooked potatoes with grated cheese. Mould into oval with a hollow in the centre. Bake for a few minutes.

Buffet Supper Menu

Ox-tail soup and tomato bouillon, assorted sandwiches (chicken, foie gras, spaghetti), assorted savories, devilled almonds croûtes, Russian salad, lobster puffs.

Orange meringue, caramel pears, small fancy cakes and pastry, iced cake. Sweets, nuts, coffee, fruit cup, claret cup.

Cook cocktail frankfurts, drain, put three in centre of potato cup. Serve at once very hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

DEVILLED ALMOND CROUTES

Rounds of fried bread, 2oz. almonds, 3 gherkins, 1 chilli, 1 dessertspoon Worcester sauce, salt, cayenne, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped chutney.

Blanch almonds, split about 12 lengthways. Chop the rest roughly. Cut up one gherkin into thin strips, chop rest finely. Melt butter, fry gherkins and almonds. Add sauce, chutney, salt, cayenne. Cook over gentle heat for five minutes.

Pile small heaps on the hot rounds of bread. Arrange strips of chilli and gherkins round and put the split almonds on the top.

RUSSIAN SALAD

One and a half pints apple jelly, piece of cooked carrot, turnip, cauliflower, celery, peas, 2 gherkins, 2 olives, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, lettuce leaves and watercress for garnishing.

Cut the vegetables into small pieces. Put a little apple jelly in the bottom of a plain, wetted border mould. Allow to set, arrange vegetable in fancy pattern, pour in a little apple and set. Continue till mould is full, using the gherkin and

olives with the vegetables. Leave till set. Turn out. Mix mayonnaise with rest of chopped vegetables and pour into centre. Garnish with small lettuce leaves and watercress.

For These Cold Days There is nothing nicer for Dinner than A Steaming Hot Plum Pudding



MAKE ONE TO-DAY Here is a good, tested Recipe.

PLUM PUDDING (WITHOUT EGGS).

Ingredients:
6 oz. flour,
6 oz. breadcrumbs,
4 oz. raisins,
6 oz. currants,
2 oz. candied peel,
6 oz. suet.

½ teaspoon carbonate soda,
2 oz. brown sugar,
1 teaspoon spice,
½ cup treacle,
1 cup milk.

METHOD: Shred suet, rub it into sifted flour, add carbonate and pinch salt, then add cleaned fruits, cut up peel, spice and sugar. Blend treacle and milk, stir all in and mix well. Add carbonate soda last, dissolved in boiling water. Boil in greased pudding basin, with cloth tied on top, for four hours. Serve with white sauce.

Currants, Sultanas, Raisins, Dried Apricots, Peaches, Pears, Nectarines, and Prunes

can be used in many Delicious ways for Winter Dishes
Fill in the Coupon below and send for

The New Sunshine Cookery Book

which is obtainable FREE from

THE DRIED FRUITS JOINT
PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

623 Collins Street,
Melbourne, C.I.

The Postage on this Coupon, if forwarded in an ENVELOPED envelope, is ONE PENNY.
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (Mr. or Mrs.) _____
Address _____
State _____ P.W.



Explorers

Like most explorers, they include Cerebos Salt in their equipment. Explorers specify Cerebos because it is a pure, free-running salt that stays fine and dry, no matter how damp the climate.

Mother is no explorer as she has always appreciated how freely Cerebos runs in even the most trying weather. That's why she gladly pays the trifle more that Cerebos costs.

CEREBOS

TABLE SALT
Saves in the long run

Manufactured by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney.

YOUR BEST RECIPE may be worth Money!

Enter it in our competition . . . Every week six cash prizes must be won by clever recipes.

In addition to the recipes given every week on our cooking page, conducted by Ruth Furst, we provide this page, to which readers may send their favorite recipes and earn pocket money.

The six best recipes received in one week are printed and receive cash prizes. First prize is £1, second 10/-, and there are four at 2/6 each.

ALL you have to do is write out the recipe you favor clearly with full name and address, mark "Best Recipe," and send to our office. Then watch for your recipe! Read the prize-winning recipes for this week—

PRUNE CAKE

Three ounces butter, 1 small cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 large cup of plain flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 1/2 cup prunes, 1 tablespoon of high-grade cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

Cook prunes in a very little water until soft the day before. Stone and cut into three pieces. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, prunes, and then flour with baking powder, cocoa, and spices sifted. Bake in a loaf tin. When cold ice.

Icing: Mix some icing sugar and crushed walnuts together. Mix into a paste with some melted butter and yolk of an egg. Spread thickly on the top of the cake. Cover with white warm icing made with sherry wine or whisky.

First prize of £1 to Miss Alice Barrett, Bowerabine, Moonah, Tas.

PASSIONFRUIT PIE

Two ounces butter, 2oz. dripping, 2oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. sugar.

Beat butter and dripping with the sugar until creamy. Rub in flour and baking powder and a pinch of salt. Add sufficient water to make a firm dough; roll out and fit into a sandwich tin. Bake for 20 minutes; remove from the oven.

Remove the pulp from six passionfruit, put into a saucepan with one cup of water, one cup of sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Bring to the boil, and thicken with one tablespoon of cornflour blended with a little cold water. Boil two minutes, then add the well-beaten yolk of one egg. Pour into the pastry case, beat white of egg to stiff froth, pile on top, and bake a golden brown.

Second prize of 10/- to Mrs. R. Campbell, Hilldale, via West Maitland, N.S.W.

COFFEE KISSES

Quarter-pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, few

drops essence vanilla, 1 beaten egg, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add coffee and vanilla essences and beaten egg. Sift flour and baking powder together and stir into the mixture. Roll out fairly thin, cut into any shapes preferred, and bake 20 minutes in hot oven.

When cold join together with a filling made by mixing one cup icing sugar and one tablespoon melted butter with coffee essence to a stiff paste. Ice the top with this mixture also and sprinkle with a few chopped nuts.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Hannah, Launching Place, Victoria.

SUNSHINE FRITTERS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 large bananas, 1/2 cup crushed pineapple.

Sift flour and salt into a basin and make a well in the centre. Into this place the pineapple juice, lemon juice, beaten yolks and melted butter. Mix well, then stir in bananas (cut up), crushed pineapple (drained), honey, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Drop tablespoonfuls into deep, hot fat (fat must completely cover the fritters). Fry about 2 minutes; drain on unsalted paper. Dust with caster sugar from a sifter, and serve with syrup as a dessert.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Alison Murray, Rosemont, Maryborough, Qld.

FRIED RIBBONS

Use ordinary sticky pastry: the trimmings left from a tart will do. Roll out as thinly as possible, and with a sharp knife, cut pastry into long strips about 1/4-inch wide. Have ready a deep pan of fat heated to boiling point and into this put the ribbons, one at a time, lowering them in gently so that they may curl up, but not break. Drain well on a sieve, sprinkle with sifted sugar, and serve hot with jam or milder syrup. The ribbons may be stamped out into thin rounds, fried, and served with a small spoonful of jam in the centre of each if preferred.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. G. Christie, Fitzroy Street, Geelong, N.S.W.

ONION FRITTERS

The following method is the French way of cooking onion which, while detracting in no way from their nutritious value, renders them less "blatant." Take the outer skin off some large onions and slice them into a bowl of milk. If they do not separate into rings, part them yourself. Let stand for half an hour, then drain and dry them between towels. Sift together 1 cup flour and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Beat two eggs well, add two-thirds cup of milk and one tablespoon melted shortening. Add to the flour and beat until smooth. Mix the onion rings, a few at a time, into the batter, drop into deep, hot fat, and fry until golden brown. Drain, salt a little, and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Stapschik, 15 Duke Street, Alberton, S.A.

NERVE TROUBLES

POSITIVE RELIEF FOR SUFFERERS

BIDOMAK

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY"

Use BIDOMAK as directed, and if you do not feel benefit within fourteen days return the nearly empty bottle to the DOUGLAS DRUG CO., and your money will be REFUNDED TO YOU IN FULL WITHOUT QUESTION

This amazing guarantee of benefit or money back is given by the discoverer of BIDOMAK, because he is so positive that BIDOMAK will give you real benefit if you take it in accordance with his directions. The extraordinary value of BIDOMAK is an undisputable fact proved by many hundreds of letters. BIDOMAK is the great direct-acting remedy for relief from nerve trouble.

BIDOMAK is something new to curative science. It is based on the knowledge that nervous weakness, nerve pains, sleeplessness, depression, easy fatigue, and other nerve trouble are deficiency diseases. It is known that in all such conditions there is a deficiency of vital mineral food elements in the blood-stream and in the nerve tissue cells of brain and body.

BIDOMAK restores to the blood-stream these vital elements which include food-iron, potash, lime, sodium, glycerophosphates, and phosphates. This restoration, made by BIDOMAK, is the sound basis of Good Health.

INCREASE OXYGEN IN BLOOD-STREAM

The cell salts of BIDOMAK correct dyspepsia or indigestion, and allow the body to make better use of the ordinary food supply. They increase the supply of red and white corpuscles and charge the blood-stream and tissues with an increased supply of revitalizing, life-giving oxygen. They create new, healthy nerve cells, and provide a full supply of healthy nerve fluid, at the same time removing poisons and waste from the tissues. They create a storage of energy and nerve force. You feel better, sleep better, and look better. We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer a thousand more anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles, we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves. That is why it is necessary for almost everyone who wants to feel at his top to take BIDOMAK. Take a course yourself—you must feel better for it.



BIDOMAK is a product of the Douglas Drug Co., Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane.

NERVY WOMEN!

MEN HATE THEM . . . HERE'S WHAT TO DO!

Thousands of women are blaming BIDOMAK to-day, where once they were going about "nervy," listless, tired, run-down, never feeling really well, but always half-sick. These nervous disorders robbed them of popularity, because even a beautiful face and figure can't make up for nervousness and that awful "depressed feeling." The best thing to do is to take BIDOMAK as thousands are doing. BIDOMAK will put roses in your cheeks, a sparkle in your eyes, give you new life, energy and vitality; all the things you need to make life worth while. Get a bottle—Get it to-day. It's only 2/- at your chemist or store.



RUN DOWN, GROUCHY MEN

MISS OUT IN LIFE . . . BIDOMAK BUILDS NERVE FORCE AND VITALITY . . .

You can't win in business, in games, or in love if you're not always fit, vigorous, and well. BIDOMAK will build you up and give you a new meaning to life. If it fails to do you good it costs you nothing, but doctors have written to say that BIDOMAK has revitalized them and restored nerve force when they really felt down and out to life. Don't put up with the every-day humdrum of life as it is. Get a bottle of BIDOMAK—only 2/-—and start taking it to-day.

CRANKY CHILDREN

DRIVE PARENTS CRAZY. FAIL AT SCHOOL AND PLAY.

You know those poor children, who always seem cranky, who won't eat—can't sleep, or if they do, wake up screaming with night terrors. Do you know that a basic cause of all these troubles is a deficiency of vital food minerals in the nerve tissues and blood-stream. This deficiency is caused by too hard study, over-active play and emotions. BIDOMAK corrects it. Cranky children calm down. They ask for more, don't just pick at their food. They sleep well, too. Children's stored-up nervous energy is limited, particularly at this time of the year. Get a bottle of BIDOMAK. The results will amaze you. BIDOMAK is safe because it contains no alcohol, narcotics, drugs. It tastes good and children like it. It is sold under the money-back guarantee to provide real benefit or cost you nothing.



SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'



Sing, to the tune of—

Two lovely black eyes

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter)

Two lovely meat pies,
Oh! what a surprise,
Flavoured with Bisto,
So we can be sure,
Of two lovely meat pies.

BISTO

for meat pies
that appetise



Issued by Cerebos Limited • 79 Pitt Street • Sydney

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

FREE Knitting DIRECTIONS for THESE!

Five thrilling new ways to cosy smartness . . . Any one may be yours. Make your choice, and send for directions!



"PETER BUNNY" three-piece set in soft white wool. It's the cosiest little outfit, as you can see. And every mother who would have her darlings suitably clad against winter's chill will knit it. Remember, directions are FREE on application.



A YOUNG Australian beauty (above) shows you the "Virginia" hat and scarf in Gloucester-green, designed by "Gerda," knitting and crochet expert to The Australian Women's Weekly. Note: This set is in crochet.

"ANNY BLATT" design (left) made in rust Ramada wool. This year, Fashion favors the knitted suit, and this, the creation of a world-famous couturier, is something "out of the box." Designed for the small, youthful figure.

"NORDINE" (top left), a Cossack jumper-blouse with raglan sleeves, is very intriguing in all-black. This smart affair, you will note, is a Continental design.



MAKE your choice and send in for directions! Stamped, addressed envelope only required.

"IVOR" (above), a snappy snow sweater in an interesting design, gives scope for color contrast. Not only will ski-ing enthusiasts demand this garment—every man will want it. And directions are FREE for the asking.

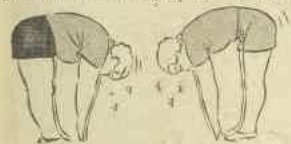
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By
Evelyn

Figures Fall For Exercises And Just See How They Go!

THIS is a bright story in many acts. It is the story of three women who looked with envy upon the slim figure (pictured at right). One said: "Do you think we could look like that?" "Let's try," replied the second. The third said, "What's the use?" And so was left.

NOW the two firm-minded women started this way: First thing on arising every morning they sipped hot water with the juice of a lemon added, exercised for at least 15 minutes, and followed with a warm, soapy bath (with plenty of flesh friction) and cold shower. They made this additional resolution: No eating between meals, no over-eating, no sweets or pastries, and at least half a dozen



"Goodness! Let's give up!"

glasses of hot or cold water sipped between meals.

Dutifully (and how difficult at first!) they dipped and touched the floor with finger-tips, knees straight.

Let me explain how this old, but marvellous, waist-slimming exercise should be done: Stand with feet slightly apart, toes turned out, and weight evenly distributed on both feet. Raise arms above head, then



"They say 'Skip' . . . Great Scott!"

slowly bend until you can touch your toes with your finger-tips. Repeat 20 times. This exercise also helps the digestive organs to function properly . . .



"This is better—I feel lighter . . .!"

exercising) and then a real good floor exercise for that over-developed, fatty, "spar-tyre" diaphragm. You cannot possibly cope with this exercise to



"Why can't we look like that?" ask these not-so-slims. You, too, looking upon Claire Trevor, lovely Fox star, might sigh . . . But take heart.

begin with unless you can get your feet wedged under couch, wardrobe, heavy chair—some object. Raise your body from the floor and try and touch your toes. Exhausting to begin with, no repeats not more than six times.

Now for a little leg-stirring to reduce thighs and stomach. Rest one hand on table-top or against a wall, and standing on toe-tips of one



"We must have lost stones . . ."

foot, turn the other leg in a circular movement. Do this with both legs a dozen times each.

Nor in a slimming routine must rolling be omitted—the simple process of lying on the floor and just rolling the flesh from the body. And so long as you squeeze the flesh firmly to the floor you



"It won't be long now!"

may do it how you please. You will feel the fat pinched from the body. . . .

Our little ladies getting slimmer could not forget the bicycle exercise: Lie flat on your back, and, raising one leg at a time, move it as if you were pedalling a bicycle. Do this with both legs alternately, being careful to keep back and arms tight to the floor. Stomach, diaphragm, waist, and even chin will benefit from this. Now stand a few feet away from the wall, with feet apart, and slowly bend the body back with arms outstretched to touch the wall. Let your hands travel down towards the floor as far as possible. As you bend like the bow to the arrow, you will feel the lightning pull on all the muscles.

Janet and Betty

ing your legs stiff, raise yourself to the full height of your arms, and gently lower yourself till the stomach just touches the floor. Six of these!

And one last exercise that left our ladies slim, trim, and beautiful: Sitting with legs straight on floor and arms outstretched, swing the torso from side to side with vigorous movement.

"What do you think of us now?"

Slenderize Your Figure TO IDEAL PROPORTIONS with the "Slimform" PERFORATED LATEX GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE

TEST THESE AMAZING GARMENTS FOR 10 DAYS WITHOUT COST

FIGURE QUICKLY FAULTS CORRECTED

UNSIGHTLY HIPS PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIED FAT VANISHES CONTOUR RETURNS

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

in frequency. The tonsils, as well as the nose and throat, may be the avenues along which the germs spread into the lungs.

When tubercle bacilli are swallowed, as can happen in the case of contaminated milk, the bacilli are absorbed through the walls of the intestines.

CHILDREN are even more susceptible to tuberculosis than are adults. Some scientists hold that the tuberculosis which appears in adult life is often nothing more than a latent tuberculosis infection remaining from childhood.

Although the bacilli may also infect a person via towels, drinking glasses, eating utensils, etc., the great danger lies in direct infection from one person to another.

Therefore, persons with tuberculosis should never let sentiment or love interfere with duty when it comes to kissing children or members of the family.

Tuberculosis is often spread in this way. Just because a cough or a pain in the chest persists, it is absurd, of course, to assume that one has tuberculosis. Yet chronic coughs may constitute an unsuspected and early stage of the disease.

THEREFORE it is always wisest to undergo a thorough chest examination and an X-ray of the lungs, if necessary.

Unusual fatigue, steady loss of weight, digestive disturbances over a long period, and night sweats may also be early signs.

As tuberculosis can be arrested in its progress it should always be sought out unflinchingly. For a patient's chances are always best when the disease is discovered early.

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I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed

Against the earth's sweet flaming breast.
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
—George Kilmer.

TREES and SHRUBS

Add Dignity and Grace to Garden

—Says the Old Gardener

Anything which grows over 12 feet high is looked upon as a tree, and there are various types of trees. Conifers (or, shall we say cone-bearing trees?), evergreen, flowering, and fruiting.

IN planting trees and shrubs, the gardener should try combinations of different types, and, unless he is conversant with the habits of the trees and shrubs he is planting—height, colors, situation required—he will have to secure the advice of an expert. For a mistake once made can never be rectified.

Evergreen and deciduous trees should be evenly distributed throughout a garden. If made of all one variety the garden would look too heavy in the one case and too bare and cold at certain times of the year in the other.

Good soil preparation, deep digging, thorough drainage are essential. Plenty of room for good root development must be left. Thus you give them a good start in life.

You must give care and attention to shrubs at all times. Spray methodically at the proper times for insects and fungus diseases. All evergreen flowering shrubs must be pruned immediately they have finished flowering. They produce their flowers on new wood always, and by pruning as stated new shoots are formed, and new flowers of good quality and size grow. When pruning, always cut to an eye pointing outwards, and keep it well shaped.

All deciduous shrubs should be pruned during the winter months with the exception of the flowering peach, quince, and prunus. These should be pruned as soon as they have done flowering. A good selection can be made from the following list:

Lagerstroemia, or crepe myrtle, deciduous; lilac, many varieties, ever-

green; double-flowering peach, quince and plum, deciduous.

Wattles, many varieties, evergreen; Abelia, called after Dr. Abel, a noted physician, a pretty dwarf shrub, having rose-pink, tubular-shaped flowers. Abelia, named after M. Aber, in Abyssinia, is a tall, thorny shrub suitable for hedges.

Brugmansia, called after Professor Brugman, has large white flowers in spring and summer.

Cholera is a dwarf shrub, being covered with a mass of white flowers. Cotton-caster is a beautiful shrub, covered during the autumn with masses of scarlet berries. The Australian Christmas bush should always find a corner, and the New Zealand Christmas bush.

Ceratostigma, that beautiful dwarf shrub, is covered during the late summer and autumn with masses of blue flowers, and remains so through a long period. Daphne and azaleas make splendid displays. Camellias give their flowers when the garden is devoid of beauty, otherwise in winter. Buddleia is charming, with its long, bell-shaped and dark purple flowers. Calceolonia, the bottle brush, is unique. Casuarina stricta and Spanish broom, with its attractive yellow flowers, sweetly perfumed; diervilla, rose, pink, white, and crimson varieties; gardenia, and fuchsia are all lovely. Duranta, with its pretty blue flowers, is ideal for hedge work; frangipanni; the wheel tree from Queensland; Jacaranda, with its lovely foliage and flowers; flowering gums, poinsettia, hydrangea, lantana, lissandra, and a conifer here and there.

PERMANENT PLANTS OF RARE BEAUTY!

They are so hardy that they will grow anywhere in our vast Continent, and need very little attention. Some will be in flower every season of the year—even Winter!

Order to-day and plant while conditions are favourable.

ABELIA (4 ft.): Lovely colourful shiny foliage. Dainty racemes of pink and white flowers. 2/-

IBEOZA (4 ft.): Monk-perfumed. Foliage greenish-grey, lovely contrast. Blooms during winter, in long feathery spikes. Colour silvery mauve. Plant against North wall in cold districts. 2/-

ECHEUM (Candicans): Distinctive and unusual. Grows 2 ft. high. Long Delphinium-like spikes of blossoms. Colour, deep blue, mauve, pink shading. Very unique and hardy. 1/6

MELASTOMA (1 ft.): Miniature Lantana. 2/-

SPECIAL "BIRTHDAY" OFFER: The Set of 4 for 18/-

POSTAGE—N.S.W.: 1 plant, 1/3; 2 for 1/8; Set, 2/6. Interstate: 1 plant, 2/6; 2 for 2/8; Set, 2/8.

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Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Toilet Soap, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Lipstick, Rouge (Crime or Compai), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliante (Liquid or Solid)

INDIGESTION

Every Sufferer
Knows This to be
True.

Every sufferer from indigestion, Gastritis, Dyspepsia or other Stomach Disorders wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ Firstly, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.

★ Secondly, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

★ Thirdly, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder. It contains nine ingredients, specially chosen for their known and tried value in all forms of indigestion. We appreciate the complicated nature of stomach complaints, and it is only by a combination of all the required ingredients that this perfect stomach powder has been invented. Read how, and why, it proves so successful in all cases of stomach trouble.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. Flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being. Heartburn and palpitation disappear as if by magic.

★ Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

★ Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

We urge you not to neglect those early symptoms of heartburn, palpitation or flatulence. Such "slight" symptoms, neglected, put a severe strain on the stomach tissues, and may lead to the severe forms of indigestion—dyspepsia, gastritis or even ulcerated stomach or duodenum.

A few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder will have almost immediate effect in relieving excess acidity. Even the more severe cases of dyspepsia and gastritis will benefit. Being more severe types, they will naturally require somewhat longer treatment. But even these will disappear, and health will return if you will only persevere with the treatment. It costs 2/6

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



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Average of One Family in Two now Protected

THE 8,310,000 people of Australia and New Zealand now carry 1,150,562 life policies with the A.M.P. Society, which is roughly an average of one to every eight people, or one to every two families. This is proof of the thrift and good sense of the people and of the strength of the largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

The A.M.P. exists for the protection of its members and their families. If YOU are not a member, lose no time in becoming one. Ask that an experienced adviser be sent to tell you how to win the peace of mind that comes with membership. Write or 'phone to-day. There will never be a better day to do it than to-day.

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When Colds Threaten...
Vicks Va-tro-nol helps
Prevent many Colds

At the first warning sneeze or nasal irritation, quick!—a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Specially designed for nose and throat, where most colds start, Va-tro-nol helps to prevent many colds—and to throw off head-colds in their early stages.



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If a cold has already developed, use Vicks VapoRub, the mother's standby in treating colds. Rubbed on at bedtime, its combined poultice-vapour action loosens phlegm, soothes irritation, helps break congestion. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

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A helpful guide to fewer colds and shorter colds. Developed by Vicks Chemists and Medical Staff; tested in extensive clinics by practising physicians—further proved in everyday home use by millions. The Plan is fully explained in each package.

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Over 17 Million Vicks Aids Used Yearly for Better Control of Colds

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



JOHN BARRYMORE
BURIED A TRUNK AT THE TIME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE IN 1906, BUT FORGOT WHERE HE HAD IT AND HAS NEVER RECOVERED HIS VALUABLES.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN
ONCE LED SOUSA'S BAND THROUGH TWO NUMBERS AT THE OLD HIPPODROME IN NEW YORK CITY.



MONA BARRIE
WILL NOT ALLOW ANYONE TO CALL HER MRS., EVEN THOUGH SHE IS MARRIED. HER LEGAL NAME IS MONA BARRIE.

THE Fabulous VALLEY

Continued from Page 63

"WHAT about you, Henry?" the elder Bennett looked doubtfully at his uncle. The older man shook his head. "Thank you—no. As Patricia and I are not joining you on this mad venture, we would only interrupt your deliberations."

George Bennett turned to the others: "Let's make it Simpson's in the Strand, seven-thirty sharp, downstairs, eh?" There was a murmur of agreement and, collecting their hats and umbrellas, they all took leave of the lawyer, with the exception of Henry Long and his step-daughter.

"I shall want a copy of that will, Bullett," said Henry directly the door had closed upon the others. "Certainly," the lawyer nodded. "Shall I mail it to you to-morrow?" "Yes, but I'd like to have the names and addresses of the beneficiaries right away—their latest addresses."

"Professional etiquette forbids my disclosing their present addresses, Mr. Long."

"I see," Henry did not seek to disguise his disappointment. "Then let me have the old ones to go on with." "Certainly. I will have my clerk type them out for you."

Ten minutes later Henry and his step-daughter had taken leave of the lawyer and were hurrying out through the rain to their car. Unnoticed by them, Sandy McDaniel stood in the shadow of a nearby archway. Immediately they had driven off, he ran swiftly back through the downpour and up the stairs to the lawyer's offices again.

Mr. Bullett smiled as he listened to Sandy's request, which was precisely that just made by Henry Long. He refused in the same terms and added dryly: "I assume that you will not require the addresses given in the Will. I fancy I saw you making some notes while it was being read."

Sandy grinned. "That's right, so if you can't give me any further information I won't trouble you any more now. Good-bye, Sir."

Sandy had already carefully studied his pencilled list and a few moments after leaving the lawyer's office he was telephoning to Messrs. Burgoyne, the busiest importers of South African wines in London, with whom, as a vineyard proprietor, he sometimes had dealings. They promptly supplied him with the address of Rithen, Ruthern and Co.

On his way to Rithen, Ruthern's, Sandy considered his list again, as he thought it most important to learn all he could of Uncle John's past through the various beneficiaries in the will. Such data might aid him considerably as to the right quarter in which to produce the knobkerrie. For Sandy had already made up his mind to attempt the journey into the Kalahari.

The taxi set him down at the Wine Merchants' in Oxford Street, where the manager informed him that the fortunate Roger Philbeach had left their employment only a week before on receipt of an advance out of his legacy.

Sandy's face fell when he learned that the man lived out at Wembley.

but Philbeach had left a special request that if any South Africans or members of the Long family inquired for him, his firm should get in touch with him at once. The manager obligingly put through a telephone call. Philbeach was in, and agreed to meet Sandy at his old firm's office within the hour.

WHEN Philbeach arrived he proved to be a big, hearty, red-faced fellow about fifty years of age. His expanse of face was so large that his little black eyes were almost buried in rolls of fat. Sandy stated his business and Philbeach gave a sudden roar of laughter.

"Well, well, so you're old John's nephew, are you? I'm delighted to meet you, delighted! He was a great scout, old John; and fancy his leaving me five thousand, too."

"You knew him in the War, I suppose?" Sandy hazarded.

"Rather," the other boomed. "We shared a dugout, and we shared every bottle we could lay our hands on, too. But let's get out of this. Come along to some place where we can talk quietly and have a drink." Philbeach led the way out of the shop and hailed a taxi. "How are you off for time?" he asked Sandy as the cab drew up.

"I have to be at Simpson's in the Strand by seven-thirty, but I'm free until then."

"Fine. We'll slip up to a little place I know, then." He gave an address to the driver and the cab moved off.

The dreary winter night had fallen, and hundreds of tired, rain-soaked wage-earners waited patiently for the crowded buses at Oxford Circus. As the taxi turned north up Portland Place only a few pedestrians were hurrying through the steady downpour, and when the taxi entered the Outer Circle of Regent's Park not a passer-by was to be seen.

Philbeach had taken the knobkerrie from Sandy in response to a question about it and was weighing it carefully in his hand.

"No, I've never seen this thing before—but what a weapon, eh?"

The dazzling headlights of a car loomed up, racing towards them out of the darkness.

"My," exclaimed Philbeach. "He's going it, isn't he—just look at him!"

As the car flashed past them Sandy leaned forward to peer out of his window, which was nearest to it. Mr. Roger Philbeach raised the knobkerrie in both hands. Sandy felt as though the whole of St. Paul's had suddenly descended on his head. He pitched forward onto the floor of the taxi, unconscious.

On the afternoon following the reading of John Thomas Long's will, Michael went down to Surbiton to see Patricia Long.

Please turn to Page 77



Let me share this beauty secret with you

Don't make the mistake of thinking that Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream is merely a foundation cream for your powder and make-up. Of course, it enhances the charm of your complexion because it is a perfect powder base and preserves your make-up for hours; but it does a lot more than that. . . . Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. And here is a little secret for you. . . . Perfect Vanishing Cream conceals skin blemishes and other little imperfections that sometimes mar a beautiful skin. Keep your complexion looking its loveliest by the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.



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You are no doubt aware that the above distressing complaints cannot be overcome by using preparations advertised to cure every complaint known to man. If you like to drop me a line, I will gladly tell you what to do, and supply the remedy. Send me a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Matron Williams, 56 Hunter Street, Sydney. 3-3-36

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STARTS AS A COLD

At the first sign of a cold, take

Q-RIT TABLETS

(Contains 12 Tablets)

A scientific formula made to RELIEVE COLDS IN 24 HOURS

Relieve COLDS Overnight

Q-Rit

TABLETS

'LIFE' Begins at 40: If Kidneys O.K.

'Life' Ends at about 40—If Kidneys break down!

Several million filters operate in your kidneys. If they function as Nature intended, Life is an open book for years yet to come, for each year increases your experience on how to live. But let these filters fail (as fail they often do in middle age) and no experience can save you from misery—all knowledge becomes useless in the face of pain. If you suffer from Backache, from Joint Pains, Rheumatism, Night Disturbances, Burning, Smarting, Difficult Urination, Impotency, Blood Pressure, Loss of Vitality arising out of Weak or Disordered Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs—take Harrison's Pills—quickly. This remedy of a London Doctor is a proven success—go to the cause of the trouble like nothing else—soothe, remediate, and restore. Harrison's Pills will not only give you instant relief, but they are safe for young, middle-aged and old—under all conditions. 18 Pills, 2/-; 32 Pills, 3/-; or 68 Pills, 5/- at any good Chemists. Money back if not completely satisfied with results from very first bottle. But be sure you do get Harrison's Pills!

Humiliated

By The Constant Use
Of The Handkerchief

You know only too well how humiliating Catarrh is to you. Friends do not say so, but Catarrh is offensive—it is a real handicap to your business and social activities. You are less attractive—your seat for life is spoiled.

You have tried dozens of remedies, but you are still looking for the one that will bring you instant relief. This message is directed to you—a serious and earnest appeal for you to try a remedy that has proved a boon to thousands, a remedy that is based on the formula of a noted Sydney Specialist, containing five ingredients, each serving its purpose to the proper and radical treatment of Catarrh.

This preparation is registered under the name "Glymac," and is sold by all chemists for 1/6 and 4/6 a large package. Every bottle carries a written guarantee. Write the name down, "Glymac," and buy it to-day. "Glymac" is the master remedy for Catarrh.*

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made
Grey Hair Remedy

Miss Diana Magnara, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixture is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combining this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance.*"

(Copyright.)

THE Fabulous VALLEY

Continued from Page 76

As the Longs had not been at the family dinner at Simpson's the night before Michael felt she would like to know what had been settled there. He found the Laurels, where the Longs lived to be a large house with a good-sized garden. Patricia was waiting in the sitting-room.

"It was nice of you to let me come to-day," Michael said, as she rose to greet him.

"On the contrary, it was nice of you to come! Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks, Patricia, I'm frightfully sorry you're not coming on this trip."

"So am I."

"Couldn't you possibly persuade your father to let you? Of course, we should have to leave you parked in a hotel in Capetown while we went into the desert. We couldn't let you take any risk—but we should have fun on the boat going out."

"I'm afraid it's impossible, Michael. Father would never let me go. But tell me," she hurried on, "is Sandy McDaniel going and what have you and the Bennetts decided?"

"When Sandy turned up at our dinner last night," Michael answered, "he said he'd been in a taxi smash-up and had lost the knobkerrie. He didn't say much else while the Bennetts were there except to tell us that he is sailing for Africa on the 29th—that is, two days later than the Union Castle boat on which I am sailing with my two half-brothers. But Sandy is taking the Italian Line from Marseilles, so he will be in Capetown a day before us. After my half-brothers had left he became more confidential, and as we were leaving he asked me to 'lunch with him to-day'."

"Go on," urged Patricia. "You're getting me all excited."

"It seems that he had had the idea of looking up all the people to whom old John left his money in the hope of getting some information out of them. He got Roger Philbeach to meet him by appointment. Philbeach suggested taking him up to some club

for a drink, then as they were running through Regent's Park in the taxi Philbeach pointed to a car that was speeding a bit. When Sandy leaped forward to look out of the window, Philbeach picked up the knobkerrie and struck him over the head."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Patricia.

"Wan't it? When poor Sandy came to again the taxi man was shaking him and telling him that he had reached the address that his friend had given in Golders Green. Of course, Philbeach had disappeared and the knobkerrie with him."

"But didn't the taxi man or anyone in the street notice what was going on?"

"Apparently not. Sandy went out to Wembley this morning, where this chap Philbeach lives and was told that he had left there last night."

"I wonder what Philbeach is up to? It looks as though he means to do a bit of treasure-seeking too," Patricia suggested.

"That's about the only explanation there is for it and, as a matter of fact, that's why Sandy decided to tell me what really had happened. He seems to think Philbeach may attempt to get the leopard skin from me."

From Paris...



THIS youthful bolero costume in violet jersey is a Bruyere creation. White silk arrows are embroidered on the shoulders and hips, and a white jersey blouse is added. It is typical of the simple suits now being worn in Paris.

Ab. Mail Photo.

"How could he know that you have it?"

"If he is sufficiently interested in this thing to risk cracking Sandy's skull he probably knows the whole family history and may even have been watching us yesterday when we walked out of old Bullett's office with our various bits of native gear."

Patricia nodded. "Yes, I suppose so, but why did Sandy take the trouble to invent that story about a taxi smash-up?"

Michael sat back with a sudden chuckle. "He dislikes the Bennetts so much that he couldn't bear the thought of confessing in front of them that he had been fooled."

For a few moments Patricia sat in silence. When she looked up her eyes were grave and a little unhappy. "Michael," she said suddenly, "do you ever tell lies?"

"Well—no," he smiled, "not about serious things. It makes me feel uncomfortable."

She nodded. "Yes, so it does me. That's why I want to tell you something."

"What?" he asked quietly.

"Father would be furious if he knew that I had let the cat out of the bag, but we are going to Africa—too."

Please turn to Page 78



THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste. No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent to-day and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

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In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

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Try Pepsodent to-day. Not until you do you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste
IN NEW LARGER TUBES

MORE PEPSODENT
—SAME PRICE

New processes have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you, in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

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For personal hygiene, for fastidious personal cleanliness, always use "Dettol." It is the gentle antiseptic—clean, clear, pleasant to use—and deadly to every germ. Non-poisonous and non-staining—yet highly effective.

Disinfecting, and deodorising—so completely and discreetly that it leaves no stain on the daintiest linen. USE "DETTOL" REGULARLY FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Your Chemist has it in 2/- bottles.



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THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

IF UNOBTAINABLE LOCALLY, SEND 2/- DIRECT AND A BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO YOU, POST FREE

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REDUCE SAFELY



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A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 10 lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment. 5/6; six weeks, 10/6; at all chemists, 5/- post free from **NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Sed. Chm.), Chemist, 347 King Street, Newtown, Tel. L1713.**

THE Fabulous VALLEY

Continued from Page 77

ABOUT an hour after Michael had gone, Patricia's stepfather telephoned to say that he was bringing a friend home to dinner and when they arrived Patricia did not know just what to make of this new acquaintance—introduced as Philip Wisdom. A big, blustering man of about fifty whose small, pig-like eyes looked even more minute in his coarse, heavy face, and were calculating and unsmiling even when he laughed. Instinctively Patricia felt that he was not to be trusted. During dinner Henry Long gave Patricia a brief explanation of Wisdom's presence. He was, it appeared, not actually a South African, but had lived there for many years and, curiously enough, had known Uncle John. He had been concerned in some small transaction between the two brothers a number of years before, and, his name having occurred to Henry that morning, he had gone along to Wisdom's old address. The ensuing conversation had resulted in Mr. Wisdom's being engaged as their courier and general assistant on the trip.

After dinner they adjourned to the study, where Henry outlined the whole of the situation for Wisdom's benefit. When Henry had finished, Wisdom shook his head gravely. "We've got to fly—that's all there is for it," he stated. "Of course, we may run up against McDiamid—if he goes by air, too, but we've got to chance that."

"Sandy is returning to South Africa on the Italian line," said Patricia. "Michael told me so this afternoon. He said that the ship sails from Marseilles on the twenty-ninth."

Wisdom nodded. "He'll be in Capetown on—let's see now—yes, the twelfth of February. There's an air liner leaving Capetown for Le Bourget on the first. We go by train from Paris to Brindisi where we pick up the through-plane to Johannesburg. I looked it up before I came along this evening. It's a nine-day trip, so if we take that we'll be in Joburg by the 10th."

In consequence, five days later Patricia found herself boarding an airliner with her father and the boisterous Mr. Wisdom.

On the ninth day after leaving London they landed at Germiston, outside Johannesburg and, driving into town, put up at the Carlton Hotel. Their plans had already been completed be-

fore leaving England. They knew that old Van Niekerk, one of the legates, was dead, but they felt that it should be easy to trace his relatives, as they had the address at which he had lived in Pretoria. Accordingly, on the morning following their arrival Wisdom hired a car and drove them over to Pretoria to the Van Niekerk residence. From a native boy who opened the front door they learned that the house was now occupied by Cornelius Van Niekerk, the old man's son. On asking to see him they were shown into a large, airy room giving onto a broad verandah. Masses of bright colored flowers were set about in big, black, curiously designed pots of native ware.

AFTER a few moments a tall, fair young man, dressed in a smart grey lounge suit, came in to greet them.

Henry smiled their business and asked if Cornelius had ever known his brother, John Long. But young Van Niekerk shook his head.

"No, I never met him," he said in a low-pitched, cultured voice. "But of course I've heard about him."

"Then I should be much obliged if you would tell us anything of his life out here that you may know," said Henry.

Van Niekerk sprang up from his armchair and whipped a cablegram off the mantelpiece. "I'm sorry," he laughed. "I can't tell you a thing, and if you read that you will see why."

Henry took it from him and as he scanned it his brows drew down into an angry frown. It read:

"Van Niekerk, Jacarandas, Church Street, Pretoria, S.A. Was at Cape University with your Cousin Paul. He will give you particulars of me. Regret by your father's death you will not benefit under will of late John Thomas Long. Inquiries may be made from you concerning source of Long's wealth. In your own interests give no information until my arrival. Sailing January 29. Proceeding Pretoria immediately. Sandy McDiamid."

Disgusted over their fruitless visit to

The Man Comes Home

*I had so many things to tell
About my busy day;
So much I kept to share with you
Such tender things to say.
For all my heart found happy words,
To whisper on your name,
And I had wistful little dreams
To tell you when you came.*

*But, oh, your lips were firmly set,
Your eyes, a stormy grey,
And all the laughter in your heart
Was hidden far away.*

*I did not dare to worry you
With idle shallow things;
But all the sweetness of the day
Sped off on wounded wings.*



Van Niekerk, Henry Long and Wisdom decided that they would next endeavor to trace the Indian barman at Durban, and so the following morning they set off to motor to the coast.

Arrived at Durban, they drove at once to the Royal and inquired for Joe-Jack Mahout. He proved to be a simple creature, delighted with the chance to talk about his late patron. But of a leopard-skin kaross, knobkerrie, or witch doctor's necklace he knew nothing. One important fact, however, came to light in the conversation, Joe-Jack was certain that a Zulu Induna named N'hluzili had been John Long's headboy on the last expedition. Moreover, N'hluzili was still living in his kraal near a place called Sezela about fifty miles down the coast.

The next morning the party set out for Sezela, and a little before midday they pulled up at a small village in a wooded area called Umboni Park, where they secured directions to N'hluzili's kraal.

Wisdom halted the car at a bend in the road below a steep slope. Some three hundred yards up the rise was a group of beehive-shaped native huts. Getting out of the car, Wisdom produced a package from the luggage box, and Henry Long and Patricia followed him up the hill.

When they reached the kraal, Wisdom asked one of the little native

children playing in the compound for the Induna N'hluzili. The woolly-headed youngster scampered off, and a moment later a tall, skinny old man with a band of leather about the top of his bald head came, with a slow dignified step, towards them.

Wisdom explained their business, and the old chief nodded gravely, making a sign of reverence at the name of John Thomas Long. Wisdom then unwrapped the necklace of monkey skulls and handed it to N'hluzili, who looked at it curiously for a moment.

"This is not of my people," he said. But at the sight of the knobkerrie Wisdom then produced, his dark eyes brightened. "This I know well," he said at once. "It was my own when I was a young warrior."

Wisdom grinned triumphantly at Henry.

"Now we shan't be long!" he cried excitedly, and asked N'hluzili how soon he could be ready to guide them upon the same journey as the last which he had undertaken with his old master.

"I have many wives," said N'hluzili slowly, "much cattle, strong sons, and all things I could desire—but few years left me in which to enjoy them. Nothing that any man can offer would ever tempt me to enter the 'Land of the Great Thirst' again." And nothing could budge him from this decision.

(To be Continued)



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ECCENTRICITIES of Famous SPORTSMEN

"Strange" U.S.A. Customs That Australia Could Well Copy

By JOAN HARTMAN, Singles Champion of Australia.

Every country has its own seemingly strange sporting customs; every individual his (or her) big or small eccentricities in the arena.

So it is that in the course of my experience in the tennis and sporting world I have encountered peculiarities that have amused me, incidents that have interested me, and customs which, while appearing unusual to an Australian, could be copied with advantage by our sporting authorities.

AT Wimbledon, for instance, there is a refrigerator on the centre court. It looks as if it were there for the convenience of the players, but it is only a receptacle for the balls to be used in the matches to be played on this court. The underlying idea is to keep the balls in a uniform temperature to preserve their resiliency and keep them consistent both as regards weight and bounce. This is the only country in which I have seen such a precaution taken, but apparently the Wimbledon authorities consider it necessary to obviate complaints from players.

Admonished Himself

ONE woman whom I had the pleasure of playing against in matches on several occasions in Australia has the habit of drinking glucose at intervals during the match to sustain her. Other girls such as I have seen such a precaution taken, but apparently the Wimbledon authorities consider it necessary to obviate complaints from players.

He had "fallen down" on two or three easy shots and commenced audibly commenting on his play. He admonished himself with expressions such as "Don't do it boy!" "Can't you do better than that!" and so on.

Menzel, the Czechoslovakian, whose temperamental outbursts caused him to make a scene on a memorable occasion because of a baby crying in the stand, can be seen after each game meticulously parting his hair. Apparently he is very particular in this regard.

In the Forest Hill courts in New York, a player would not want to suffer from temperament or nerves, because immediately behind the main court, the tapping of typewriters can be heard all over the courts. They click incessantly throughout the matches and are most disconcerting.

At the finish of the day's play on these courts I was amused to notice the crowd throwing the whole of the tired cushions off the seats into the arena. On inquiring as to the reason I was informed that it was to assist the boys who collected them after each match.

At a baseball match in the United States I saw the thousands of spectators stand up simultaneously at the beginning of the 7th innings. Thinking this was some ceremony or that some notable official was arriving, I also stood up. I found out later that it was to enable the spectators to stretch themselves.

Anybody attempting to stand up at any other period would be as popular as a spectator blocking the view on a



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Encourage the Juniors!
TENNIS and golf seem to be the only sports which cater for the juniors—those who have left school and are still under 18—and schoolgirls. Why?
The hockey, basketball, and cricket associations in several of the States are making special efforts to create greater interest in the schools, but the problem should be tackled so that there will be some special incentive not only for schoolgirls, but juniors generally to play.
Form junior teams for those who have just left school, and lower the subscriptions so that there will be no monetary difficulty associated with playing.
The question is one well worth consideration—even from a financial point of view—by the various women's sporting bodies.

cricket ground in Australia. The American custom has quite a lot to commend it.

Then, during the half-time spell, a procession was formed and moved around the ground led by a small pony and cart, followed by students with their bands. At a given signal hundreds of large colored balloons were liberated. I must confess I enjoyed the singing and tableaux better than the match itself. At a University football match which I attended at Los Angeles the supporters and students provided some striking tableaux both during the match and at the interval. Each team had its own band, and the students sang school songs accompanied by stirring war cries. At one Continental city I found that when the crowd disagreed with the umpire's decision they stood up and whistled for quite an appreciable period and as a consequence, often delayed the game. I wonder how we would be placed for officials if we adopted these tactics in Australia?

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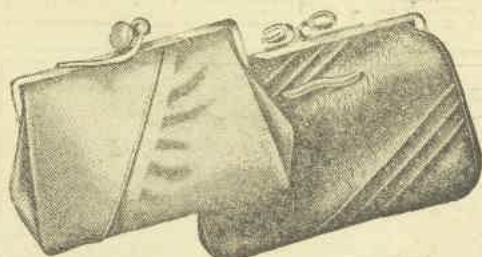
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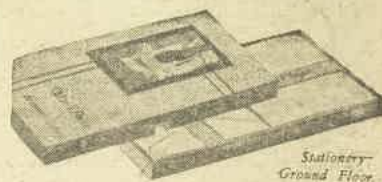
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LORD OF LONELY VALLEY

By PETER B. KYNE



JANET CORLISS sat facing her attorney, old Daniel P. Magruder, of Phelps, Chin & Magruder, Metropolitan Trust Company Building, New York City.

Gazing past him, she caught through the window a glimpse of the Hudson River and the Palisades beyond; a United States navy destroyer was slipping down the silvery stretch to the sea—and Janet sighed.

"I wish, Mr. Magruder," she said, "that I had been born a boy."

"In which event, I dare say, you would have been a doctor instead of a trained nurse."

"There are female doctors," she reminded him. "No, I think I'd be an explorer. I'd go rolling down to Rio; I'd go places and have adventures; I'd sip life with a long spoon. I'd go to Mozambique."

"In heaven's name, why Mozambique?"

"The name sounds so alluring."

The old lawyer chuckled. His had been a very prosaic and unadventurous life. In thirty-odd years of practice he had not even risked contempt of court. "At your age I used to think that if I ever went voyaging, Janet, it would be to Surabaya. I liked that name. Nice little succession of vowels to it."

"It can't beat Topolobampo, Mexico," she replied, and they both chuckled. "Seriously, though," the girl continued, "I grow weary of turning helpless human beings over in bed. My last case had delirium tremens and imagined he was standing in the intersection of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue."

"Well, you didn't really have to be a trained nurse, you know. You would insist on a profession."

"In case anything serious happened to me financially—of course. And I assure you nursing presents far better matrimonial possibilities than stenography." She permitted her violet eyes to rest humorously on Magruder. "Within the past three months two middle-aged men who have successfully wrecked their bodies while successfully laying up millions have asked me to marry them. Temptation like that is awful, Mr. Magruder."

"And you rejected both offers?"

"Mozambique or nothing for me." Her merry laughter filled the room. "When I go gipsying, Mr. Magruder, I'll go alone. No middle-aged ruin puffing stertorously at my side."

She rose and went to the window. "Oh, dear, I have spring fever. I always get my spring fever in the fall when the leaves begin to turn red and gold. I have it badly to-day. I want to go where life is different. I'm so fed up with this modern civilization I think I'd experience a distinct thrill if I could meet some man who, at fifty, would fight a bear-cat and spot the bear-cat the first three bites."

The old lawyer laughed heartily. "Oh, would that we two were maying," he

quoted. "I'm going to finish my business with you and chase you out of my office, or you'll infect me with spring fever, too. Before I do that, however, may I suggest that you're quite alone in the world, and if you feel like heeding the call of your wanderlust, why do you not go? Who is there to say you nay?"

"Go where?"

"Not to Mozambique, of course. But I can suggest a trip you might take—and to your profit. That country may be settled now, with a player piano, a radio, and a telephone in every home, but if the tales your grandfather used to tell me about it were fifty per cent. true, the passage of forty years may not have worn all the glamor off it. Men were men in his day, and women stood for them."

"Where is this wonderful place, Mr. Magruder?" she asked soberly. "Perhaps women would still stand for that kind of men—if they could find them."

"I DON'T guarantee the men, but I know this land is rough enough to suit your heart's desire," the old lawyer replied. "Also you happen to own a sizable portion of it—and everyone ought to know his own land."

"Oh, so you're suggesting I should go out and look at my land in Modoc County, in Northern California?"

"I am. Something should be done about that land. All your grandfather ever did was pay taxes on it. According to him it was worth that, but would some day be worth considerably more."

"The trouble with grandfather was that he thought he was going to live forever."

"Well, the land is yours now, Janet. The decree of final distribution in the matter of your grandfather's estate has been signed, and the executor has signed deeds to all the land, conveying title to you. All the bills have been paid, and I have a cheque for eight thousand and a few odd dollars for you. All you have to do is sign here on the dotted line and be off."

"But what shall I do with all that worthless land, Mr. Magruder?"

"I can't answer that for you, Janet. From this distance it looks like a frozen asset with zero temperatures likely to continue. In the probate of your grandfather's estate it was appraised at a dollar and a quarter an acre, which is the Government price of desert land in the public domain. But your grandfather paid five dollars an acre for it in the late 'eighties, when land was a drug on the market. Which is my principal reason for suggesting that you go out there and investigate. The old man must have had a vision of sorts when he bought that land, and you may be able to see that same vision."

"If I do, I'll not stare at it more than forty years. He told me once his holdings out there gave him control of something, but for some reason he never managed to get to the point of exercising his control. I wonder why?"

"He told me about it once. A wild and

woolly cattle king out there ran him out of the country. This person could shoot—and did. Your grandfather shot back, but the other side was too strong for him. He didn't belong in that country, anyhow. He was always a contrary man, however, so I imagine he hung on to those scattered parcels of land through sheer cussedness."

Magruder picked up a stack of deeds from his desk and shuffled them. "I have communicated with the county surveyor of Modoc County and discover that all of those holdings are surrounded by the public domain. In 1905, I think it was, all of that public domain was withdrawn from entry and included in the Modoc National Forest. Of course, since your grandfather acquired title in fee many years prior to the organization of the Modoc National Forest he cannot be dispossessed, but the Department of the Interior will be very glad to receive title to these scattered parcels of land, and in return give you an equal number of acres elsewhere in the public domain not included in any National Park, National Monument, or National Forest. Moreover, the land you would receive in lieu of your present holdings would be in one solid block instead of being scattered all over creation. Such a compact body of land, well-selected, might be of ready sale and at a fair price. So I think it would be an excellent idea for you to work off your spring fever by going out to that country and estimating the situation. And while you are out there, you can record these deeds at the county seat. There is a law firm in San Francisco which attends to matters on the coast for us, and I will give you a letter of introduction to them. They will handle your affairs if you desire them to do so."

"TO-DAY is the tenth of September," Janet mused aloud, "and Indian summer will be upon us in a jiffy. My spring fever always soars in Indian summer. Yes, I'll go. Show me the dotted line and give me those deeds. I'll have all my shopping done in a week. Then I'm going to buy a snappy little coupe and drive out to California. I'll drive leisurely, and I should get out there in three weeks—though if I find some nice place along the road I may stop there a while."

"Really, Mr. Magruder, I think you're a grand person for having suggested it. The more I contemplate it the more captivated I am with the prospect. I'll give you my interest in Mozambique."

"Are you intending to travel alone?"

"Of course. Haven't I told you I'm tired of people?"

"But a young girl—"

"I'm twenty-two years old and I'm not afraid. Do please hurry, Mr. Magruder. Now that my mind is made up I cannot bear another moment of delay."

"You'll bear it and like it, young lady. I haven't completed my discussion of your land problem. Out of the twenty-two hundred odd acres you have one quarter section that, while the most worthless of all the parcels, may prove to be of considerable

value. A few months ago I received a letter addressed to your grandfather in my care. The tax bills on your grandfather's California property have always been mailed him in my care. This letter was from a man named Milo Landrum (make a note of that name), whose address is Modoc City, Modoc County, California. He asked if this quarter section of desert sand and lava was for sale, and if so at what price was it being held. In answering I decided not to inform him that your grandfather was dead; I told him my client would be glad to receive his best offer for the land, that it was valuable because it is the key to a strategic situation, and that, as a matter of fact, my client was not eager to sell, but might consider an offer based upon the strategic rather than the tangible value of the land.

"Upon receipt of my letter Landrum wired an offer of five thousand dollars. I replied that my client was not interested, and ever since Landrum has been raising the ante until now I have him up to fifteen thousand. Just a little game of business poker, Janet."

"Why, how lovely!" cried the delighted Janet.

"About twenty-five years ago your grandfather told me why he had bought this land; plain lust for vengeance against the wild and woolly cow person who ran him out of the country. And this ancient enemy had just written him offering twenty-five thousand dollars for the property. It had cost your grandfather about eight hundred, I believe. I urged him to sell, but he merely cackled with pleasure and declared it was worth twenty-five thousand to make his enemy suffer and keep him from realising on an investment that meant two millions or more to him."

"**W**HO was this enemy, Mr. Magruder?"

"He told me at the time, but I have forgotten. All I remember is that the man's first name was Felix. He's probably dead now, but Felix is not a common name, and with that much of a clue you may be able to run him down if he is living, or his heirs if he is dead. He was a twenty-minute egg, according to your grandfather, and such men are not soon forgotten. He and your grandfather had a shooting scrape together in 1888. When you get out there go to the local newspaper office and ask to look at their files. You'll probably find the story on the front page and thus ascertain the family name of that Felix person. If Felix is still living, or if he is not and you locate his heir and that heir is interested in bidding against Landrum, why, all you have to do is to play one against the other until one of them quits—then close with the winner—that is, unless for the sake of sentiment you desire to keep your grandfather's grouch alive. As a lawyer I have discovered that there is never any profit in a grouch."

"Old Omar must have been something of a lawyer," Janet replied. "I'll take the cash and let the credit go. I'm to call on Milo Landrum in Modoc City and look up an ancient fire-eater known as Felix."

"And record those deeds when you get out there. I could mail them out to the county recorder, but I think you should make haste slowly. It might be to your advantage to delude your victims into thinking that you are merely the representative of your grandfather rather than the new owner. I'll mail you copies of the correspondence with Landrum."

When Janet had completed her business

and made her adieu Magruder gazed wistfully after her departing form.

"How wonderful to be young and lovely and filled with good health and charm and humor and the thrill of adventure!" he soliloquized. "To be on the loose—instead of being old and tied to a business. Confound the duty complex!"

And having lost one client, he sat back to wait for another!

THE wild hay that was to be fed to his cattle during the winter had been cut, raked, and stacked by September first, and now Raynor Lanier was busy irrigating the grass stubble before the frost of early fall should come to chill the soaked earth and retard the growth of winter pasturage. He must have a new growth of grass not less than six inches high to supplement the hay, if he was to winter his cattle successfully, and, since he was irrigating with Modoc Indian labor, whose loyalty and industry he could trust, but not their efficiency, he had been out all day superintending the work himself.

He had been out since dawn, and he had ridden far that day, starting at the concrete dam in Lonely Valley Creek, where the water was diverted and high-headed for ten miles through a ditch along the upper portion of Lonely Valley, in order that it might have a good angle of fall through the flood-gates along its length. That canal, twelve feet wide and six feet deep and running bank-full, was a sight that never failed to thrill Raynor Lanier with the joy of possession. To him it was Nature's promise that all would be well with his little world for another year. And this water that spread out over seven thousand acres of meadow was all his, because every acre in Lonely Valley was his; and where there exist no adverse claimants to water, quarrels and litigations also are non-existent. There had been enough and to spare of that sort of thing in the history of the Lanier family, young Raynor reflected, as his horse carried him at a fast running walk across the fat acres.

The spring of the sodden turf under his horse's feet added to the young man's feeling of contentment, for he loved this land of his with the fierce love of one whose very life lay rooted in it. He loved the aroma of it, the sunshine dappling the areas where already a tinge of green showed, and shining like heliographs on the water that accumulated in little depressions. In the fenced fields on the high ground beyond the hay meadows he heard the plaintive cries of little white-faced calves born out of due season and, with their mothers, kept in Lonely Valley while the calves born in March and April were, with their mothers, far up on the summer range in the Modoc National Forest. Over all the land a faint bluish haze spread, obscuring it in places; over the haze the high, dark, timbered hills that surrounded the valley rose like sentinels.

"And this is my heritage," Raynor Lanier thought, as he drank in its beauty.

It seemed to him that he could never bear to leave it, since to him, as to his father and his grandfather, it had always been a Land of Promise.

As Lanier rode up a broad road topped with fine trap-rock to this house, the mood of introspection came upon him again. "It lacks a mistress," he said to himself. "What of the fourth generation?"

He did not know.

In front of the house he dismounted, turned his horse, gave the tired animal a slap on the rump, and sent him back

down the road to the barn. Lanier removed his rubber boots, and an old Chinese, in white apron and cook's cap, came out with a pair of slippers, into which Lanier stepped and walked, stiffly up the broad steps to the verandah. From the verandah a man spoke.

"Good evening, Ray. I've been settin' here admirin' your view."

"Good evening, Landrum." There was a noticeable chill in the young man's tones, and the absence of the polite prefix of Mister—a usage which most cattlemen cling to long after time and intimacy should indicate its abandonment—accentuated the lack of warmth in his greeting. "Yes, it's a nice view. I never grow weary of it."

HIS visitor rose and followed him into the huge living-room where logs blazed invitingly in a six-foot stone fireplace. Landrum gazed about him, noting the thick Spanish rug, the heavy, comfortable chairs, the divan before the fireplace, the expensive combination of radio and phonograph in one corner and the baby grand piano in the other.

"You have a mighty fancy headquarters here, Ray," said Landrum, and took the chair Lanier indicated. "I heard they was pretty swell."

"You are in Lonely Valley," the host replied. "We have tried to offset some of the loneliness by doing ourselves well. It makes the place inviting to our friends. We generally have guests all summer, and quite a few come up for the hunting in the fall. Drink?"

"What have you?"

"Bourbon. My grandfather came from Kentucky and knew how to make it. He taught my father, and father cooked up a big mess of it just before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed. It's been in charred oak barrels ever since, and it's prime. Straight or highball?"

"Highball," said Landrum.

Lanier sought to be more neighborly. "We have our own soda spring on the ranch. Good as any sharp charged water you can buy. Man was up here last summer wanting to trade us out of a concession to bottle it."

Raynor pressed a bell, and the old Chinaman slithered in from the kitchen. Lanier gave his order and added,

"Where is my father?"

"Papa go Modoc City. Tom Harmon drive him in, Ray."

"Beats the devil how familiar these heathens get with their boss," Landrum said.

"He's been thirty years on the payroll. He's earned it, dandling me on his knee." Lanier sat down and stretched his feet to the fire. "A saddle," he said, "gets a little tender after you've sat in it twelve hours. You'll stay to dinner?"

"No, thanks. I must be getting back to town. Got to get over the ridge before it is too dark." Landrum coughed and cleared his throat. "I met your father driving into town as I was driving out. I told him I was headed for the ranch to have a little business talk with him." Landrum paused and favored his host with a meaning grin. "Of course, you know your old man an' me ain't never hit it off any too well together."

"Yes, I've heard that story. Suppose we permit the dead past to lie in its grave and get down to the milk in the coconut."

"The old man advised me to come out and do my talking with you."

"That's right. Father leaves everything

to me now. Whatever I say or do goes for him."

"You're in luck. Most fathers want to hang on to their authority to the last. Ray, I learned recently that you folks own Lonely Valley Lake."

"My grandfather, Pierre Lanier, bought it from the State as swamp and overflowed land in 1873."

"He paid a dollar an acre for it—seventy-five thousand acres. Your grandfather must have had a dream that turned out a nightmare."

"Well, we still have a lake on our seventy-five thousand acres, and you must admit it's a beautiful lake and swarming with trout."

"Still a lake is not exactly what I'd call a profitable investment. You might make your taxes out of it if you'd rent summer cabin sites along the shore and charge folks a nominal sum for fishing there."

"We invite our friends, and anybody can fish our lake if he comes to the house and asks permission. We do not want the shores of our lake littered with shanties; that sort of people might start a fire that would spread to our meadows in midsummer and burn our hay. We prefer our privacy."

"Of course, the taxes don't amount to much," Landrum pursued, "but you've been paying a cent an acre for fifty-six years. So you got an additional sum of forty-two thousand dollars tied up in that lake, and say at seven per cent, the interest on the whole investment runs into money."

"True."

"Want to sell the doggone lake?"

"No."

"Why?"

"We've had it in the family so long we've become attached to it."

"You'll never be able to drain it and use the land, and I tell you, if you could do that, you'd have the finest winter cattle under heaven. Why, that land would be worth fifty dollars an acre, my boy."

"I imagine it would feed a cow to every three acres, and one could cut enough wild hay to winter twenty thousand head. At a reasonable estimate it ought to pay ten per cent, on two million dollars."

"The lake," Landrum pursued, "wasn't always here. I learned that from an old Indian recently."

"The lake was not here when my grandfather first saw Lonely Valley in 1841. When he came back in '61, it was here."

"Ah," said Landrum. "The old codger saw the Promised Land before the Lord broke His promise, eh?"

"My father says his father told him it was as fine as the portion of the valley we now own."

"The lake is five miles wide, approximately, and better than twenty miles long. There's a drop to the lake bottom of about a foot to the mile. You know how the lake came to be formed, of course?"

"YES. Once Lonely Valley Creek flowed the length of the valley and approximately through its centre. The outlet was a narrow gorge at the western end with a tall spire of lava standing on the low hill that forms one flank of the gorge. There must have been an earthquake soon after my grandfather saw the valley, for that huge lava spire toppled over into the gorge and strewn that shattered block of lava its entire width and for perhaps eighty feet of its length. Ordinarily the water could escape between the great blocks of lava, but in time of freshet the stream carried dirt and sticks and stones against and into

the jam, gradually forming a natural, earth-filled dam. And so Lonely Valley became Lonely Lake."

"The trouble is," Landrum said with a knowing little grin, "that your grandfather figured that box canyon with the obstruction in it lay in the public domain. He was so sure of it he neglected to make certain. But it wasn't. He figured it would never be filed on for entry by any settler, because no settler would be crazy enough to file on a quarter section of black lava. He figured on blowin' that dam out when he could afford to; but I reckon he died without gettin' together enough cash to hire engineers to do it."

"That is exactly what happened, Landrum."

"Your father inherited from him. In readin' over the old files of the Modoc County 'Clarion' I find your father figured in a good many front-page stories."

LANIER stared at his visitor with the sort of stare one visits upon a ghoul.

"We'll not talk about that, Landrum. My father was a cowman of a day that is done. What he had he held, and frequently he had to fight to hold it."

"Oh, no offence, no offence. Everybody in the county knows he controlled the free summer range by might until the Federal Government took it over and called it the Modoc National Forest. Now cowmen have to pay Uncle Sam for their summer range."

"The Laniers were there first, and it was the unwritten law of the range that he who was there first developed the water-holes, and held long and undisturbed possession, should not be disturbed save at the great bodily risk of the disturber. My father ran a man named Donald MacLean off the free range in 1886. MacLean was a fighting Scottish-Canadian—and there was a ruckus. My father shot MacLean through the leg, and MacLean's buckshots are still in father. Two of our Modocs and one of MacLean's riders were killed, and MacLean pulled out. We were too strong for him. But he had his innings. He bought some cheap land scrip and applied it to the purchase of the quarter section of worthless land that controls the outlet of Lonely Valley Lake. He bottled us and our lake up—and I respect him for it. I would have done the same if I had been in his place and had been smart enough to think of it. And my father was never so lacking in humor that he couldn't laugh at the trick MacLean had played him."

"But MacLean hasn't really hurt us. If my grandfather hadn't bought the lake, somebody else would, and it would have been drained and the land sold off in sections to nesters. Every nester would have a few cows, and they would have wanted their share of the Lonely Valley Creek water, and that would have hurt us. And they would have banded together and crowded us off the free range in the days when it was free, and to-day, instead of having a permit to graze ten thousand head in the Forest Reserve, we would be cut down to perhaps a thousand, in order that the grazing privilege might be equitably distributed. Landrum, it profits us to own Lonely Valley Lake and pay seven hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege."

"Yes, I guess it does. Ever try to buy MacLean out?"

"Often. He would not sell—and we offered him twenty-five thousand for it once. He prefers his revenge."

"When your father dies, Lanier," said Landrum, "MacLean—if he still lives—may

conclude his grouch has been satisfied and sell to you. Or he may die and his heirs, preferin' money to an inherited grouch, may sell to you. Or," he added, following a moment of silence, "to me."

"You're interested, of course."

"Naturally the sight of two old buck goats standin' on a log, buttin' each other into a brawly stream because neither has the sense to back off and let the other by always interests me. I'm a business man."

"So I've heard," Ray Lanier remarked dryly. "Suppose, then, you talk business. You said you came for that purpose, and it must have been an impelling urge, for I believe my father once told you, Landrum, that if you ever set foot on this ranch you'd never drag yourself off under your own horsepower."

"Yes, and he meant it. But the years have mellowed him."

"No, they haven't. I have. He isn't anxious to leave me a heritage of hate and trouble."

"Well, when I met him on the road I asked him if I could come out to talk with him, and he said I could come out and talk to you."

"And I'm listening."

"MacLean might consider selling his land to me for a good price. I reckon he knows me and your father have never been friendly. Now, I propose this. If I can buy him out, I'll control the situation. Then I'll pay for the expense of blowing out that natural dam, and your seventy-five thousand acres will naturally drain. Then, under the law, you can go to the Surveyor-General of the State and make an affidavit that you've drained your swamp and overflowed land and apply for the rebate by the State to you of the dollar an acre the land cost your grandfather."

I AM familiar with the provisions of that law, Landrum."

"That seventy-five-thousand-dollar wind-fall will put your present affairs in sweet shape. Then, because I have done something for you, naturally you will be willin' to do something for me. It would be worth deedin' me half the lake-bed, wouldn't it?"

"No!"

"So?"

"Yes."

"Twenty years ago your father took a crew down there and started work blowin' out that dam without askin' MacLean's permission."

"Quite so. The old fox suspected father might, so he had the place watched, and got an injunction from the Superior Court of this county forever restraining my father from trespassing on his property or attempting to blow out that dam."

"So you will not sell the lake in its entirety for a good price or make the other deal and deed me half?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Permit me to inform you, Landrum, that that is my business."

Landrum lost his temper. "You're a fool. You'll sing a different song when you're broke flatter than soap on a plate."

ON September 20, Raynor completed his irrigating. Meanwhile, Tom Harmon, his superintendent, had, with his riders, caught up the caballada, the majority of which had been on pasture all summer, and begun to accustom them to the saddle again. Old Felix, who had to have something to do despite the fact that his days of usefulness had passed, superintended the erection of the barbed-wire

fences around some twenty-odd stacks of hay down in the meadows, against the day when the stacks should be fed.

Raynor and his men were to start for the Forest Reserve on the twenty-fifth, and the day before, Felix drove over to Modoc City to see if he could not pick up around town half a dozen extra riders.

When he returned to Lonely Valley that night Raynor saw that something had occurred to worry him, but forbore asking questions. He knew that Felix would, in his own time, tell him all about it. He was certain something was wrong when, immediately after dinner, Felix showed not the slightest interest in Amos and Andy; instead, he sat down in front of the fire and stared into it for a long time. Finally he said:

"Son, I want you should give me back my six-shooter. An' you get a gun for yourself an' start practisin'. You can have my weapon back again when I'm gone."

"Thinking of leaving me, Felix?"

"I'm an old man, son. Not so fast as I used to be. Got to use strategy now in place of direct action."

"It must be ten years since you've walked armed, Felix." Like his father, Raynor was approaching the crisis in a casual, somewhat roundabout manner.

Felix nodded. "All my enemies were dead then or had moved away."

"You're retired," Raynor reminded him. "When I took over the management of this outfit I took it over root and branch—which includes your enemies. You had a run-in with Landrum, I suppose."

"No, with a stranger—middle-aged man. I had to eat crow to-day, an' it hurt, but I reckon crow's the proper diet for a man who ain't fully dressed. But the next time—"

"There'll be no next time for you, old-timer. The job's mine."

"No, it ain't. The outfit's yours. That bars you." And old Felix grinned slyly. "Hobbled you to-day, boy. After my run-in with this stranger I went down to Jim Bullen's office an' had Jim draw up a deed o' gift for this ranch an' all the livestock on it or in the Forest Reserve—every four-footed critter wearin' the Tomahawk brand, together with all an' singular the reversion an' reservous an' hereditaments thereunto belongin' or in any wise pertainin'. An' that document will be recorded at the county seat to-morrow mornin' at ten o'clock."

"THEN Landrum's sent a killer after you?" Ray asked.

"I think so," replied Felix. "He said he'd bust you, didn't he? Well, a good way to start, seems to me, would be to take me out o' the picture quick. I reckon it would cost fifty thousand dollars to probate my estate an' settle for the State an' Federal inheritance taxes. Takes cash to settle an' estate; I never did have no life insurance, an' we're land an' cattle poor. I reckon it would be best if I died without any estate to embarrass you."

Felix laughed—a dry, mirthless, little laugh. "Jim Bullen said most likely the Government sues for the inheritance taxes anyhow, allegin' I made the transfer to you in view o' my impendin' death an' with intent to defraud Uncle Sam out of his just due. So I had Doc Ambrose give me a thorough physical examination. Doc says I'm in grand shape for a man o' my years—no reason why I shouldn't live ten years, barrin' accidents. I had Doc make an affidavit to that effect, so if the Government sues you, spring that record on 'em. Jim says the Government is always suspicious

in cases like this, if the grantor dies within two years o' makin' the grant. If somebody dry-gulches me, of course, that's a horse of another color. Nobody can prove I was anticipating that kind of a death."

"Tell me about this stranger," Raynor commanded.

"I'm settin' on the porch o' the Mountain House, gassin' with Tom, Dick, an' Harry, while waitin' for some unemployed cow waddy to happen along an' dare me to hire him as an extra rider for the round-up. We got talkin' about hard times in Europe, an' from that to who won the Great War, an' I give my opinion to the effect that we won it, an' if France had a drop o' sportin' blood she'd pay her debt to us without waitin' until bankrupt Germany paid her. An' this stranger puts in with the suggestion that I'm talkin' through my hat. You know me. I ain't strong on verbal arguments, so I says:

"Time was, my friend, when for a remark like that I'd make you eat my hat. However, with the years has come wisdom an' caution, so I guess I'll keep my hat on my head."

"Oh, will you?" he says—an' knocks my hat off. 'I've heard about you,' he says. 'You're known as the ol' grey wolf of Lonely Valley. You git tough with me, an' I'll make you eat your own hat.'

"I see right off he's bent on fastenin' a quarrel on me, and as I can't defend myself I eat crow. Yes, son, I pick up my hat an' smile on. I say:

"NEIGHBOR, I don't care enough about who won the war to quarrel about it. All I know is that I've won every war I was ever in except this here present one, which it's a declaration o' war to knock my hat off an' call me the ol' grey wolf o' Lonely Valley. I ain't heeled, neighbor, but I got a wolf cub to home that'll make the Lanier honor clean again. I reckon it's time for me to get back to my den, an' I call to Big Foot, who's settin' in the car across the street an' had seen everything. He'd drove me to town."

"I says to Big Foot in Modoc: 'Come over here quiet with the car an' pick me up. Climb out to help me in just as if you ain't interested but if you get a chance put a knife to this man's throat an' I'll search him for weapons.'

"Which Big Foot played his part noble. This stranger has a contempt for Indians, especially Indians past their prime, like Big Foot, so he helps me into the car with a shove—an' Big Foot is on top of him like a cougar as the feller turns to go back on the porch. He takes the feller by the akelp from the rear an' tilts his head back; his knife is on his throat."

"If you want your throat cut, my friend, says I, 'Just reach for your gun.'

"So I go over him an' find a little, short automatic under his left armpit, an' a little, sawed-off bulldog pistol in his side pocket. I relieve him of these, an' then I says:

"Mister, my hat cost too much money for you to eat it, but take a good bite out of your own headgear, an' I pick his hat up an' shove it into his mouth. 'Eat,' I says, 'or die.'

"An' he et. By God, son, he bit a piece out an' chewed it up fine, an' Big Foot held him till he swallowed it, with everybody laughin' at him. Then I took my knife out an' ear-marked him so's I'd always know him again, an' told him to git out o' the country. An', son, I didn't want to do that. Me, I like peace."

Raynor Lanier looked at his sire pride-

fully and then burst into laughter, in which presently old Felix joined.

"I was pretty rough," Felix agreed. "Come to think of it, he can have the law on me for ear-markin' him—although I didn't do more than notch it. That's mayhem, ain't it?"

"Any jury in this county would turn you loose. Middle-aged men who pick on old men needlessly, to provoke them into drawing, so they can be beaten to the draw, have no standing in Court. Not in this county. That killer will leave. You've exposed him. A good doctor, Felix, old pal, doesn't treat the symptoms of a disease. He treats the cause. My diagnosis of the cause of this disease is Milo Landrum, so I'm going to treat Milo. Don't worry about it any more, Felix. But while I'm away on the round-up, you stay close to home. I'll leave Big Foot and his son to guard you. I do not have to tell you how to protect yourself. You know."

"AN' you have your trusted men ride armed," Felix warned. "With both of us out of the way—by the way, who would you leave this outfit to if you got dry-gulched?"

"Tom Harmon. He's faithful. There are no more Laniers."

Felix nodded. "Well, Tom could sell the lake to Landrum if he got crowded. That would be all right. Me an' you, son, we wouldn't know it, so our pride wouldn't be hurt."

Raynor got up and started turning the dial on the radio. Well, Milo Landrum was working for a prize worth having—a little empire that would be worth better than two millions of dollars. . . . He knew that men actuated by hate and greed are capable of monstrous things. . . . He said to himself:

"If anything happens to Felix, I'll kill Milo Landrum. I'll tell him so, and he'll know I'll keep my promise."

At dawn next day he took the road with his men, driving the caballada before them, the chuck wagon following. They camped in a fenced field outside Modoc City that night. Raynor Lanier was rolled up in his bedding roll when, about ten o'clock, Tom Harmon, his superintendent, came and awakened him.

"Skunk Tallow has just ridden in from the ranch in your father's car. There's hell to pay. He says a man came to the front door of the headquarters house about dusk this evening. Ah Fong opened the door, and the stranger asked to see your father. When Felix heard a stranger was asking for him, he telephoned down to the bunk-house and ordered Big Foot and Skunk Tallow to come up, stand out in front of the house in the dark, and keep the stranger covered. He made a good mark against the light from the door. Felix gave them five minutes to run the four hundred yards and get posted, then he came out to meet the man—and the fellow reached for a gun and let Felix have it."

"Killed?" Raynor asked.

"No, too low. Busted the old man's leg—but before he could finish him Big Foot gave the stranger both barrels of buck-shot."

"So Landrum had us watched. Waited until he thought there was nobody home except Felix and Ah Fong. Well, Tom, I'll take the car Skunk Tallow drove out, run over to town, and get Doc Ambrose. You pull out with the outfit to-morrow, and I'll join you up in the reserve. You'll be camped on Rocky Creek for three days." He rolled out, dressed himself, and de-

parted in the car for Modoc City. Tom Hurston stared into the darkness after him. "A chip of the old block," he reflected. "Nothing on earth can stampede that tribe. And I wouldn't give a wet cigarette-paper for Milo Landrum's life!"

A YOUNG man with parenthetical legs, and arrayed in a short, blue denim jumper and overalls turned up over high-heeled boots, came up the main street of Modoc City and mounted a horse that had been standing with drooping head at a watering trough in front of what had, once upon a time, been a saloon. He glanced at Janet Corliss shyly and lifted his hat.

"Excuse me for speakin' to you, Miss, but you'd better git off'n the street. There's a herd o' cattle comin' through—feller bringin' 'em home from the Potomac Reserve to his winter range. Then cow-brutes are tired an' hungry an' thirsty; they been hazed around more or less, so they ain't on speakin' terms with folks they meet afoot. You take my advice an' climb up on that there old loadin' platform beyond the waterin' trough. It's four feet above the street level, an' you can stand there an' watch 'em come through."

"Oh, thank you so much. I'd love to see a cattle drive. I've never seen one," Janet replied eagerly.

"I sort o' figured mebbe you hadn't." Janet climbed up on the old loading platform. "Why, I can smell them," she cried, marvelling that this should be so at a distance of two blocks.

"Nice smell, too," the stranger remarked solemnly. "I like it, myself. Well, I got to drift or them cow-brutes'll be headin' me along in front o' them." He lifted his hat and cantered away up the street.

From her safe stand Janet watched the drive come through; watched the cattle plod at a half trot through the deep dust, red eyes rolling, tongues lolling out; watched them crowd and half climb over each other when those behind pressed too closely. Indians riding in front of the herd scattered and stationed themselves at the cross streets; shouting and waving their riata as they kept the cattle to the main street. At the rear of the herd more Indians rode.

Behind these last, perhaps a block, came a covered wagon drawn by four black mules driven by a half-breed Indian. Beside him on the seat sat a young white man, and beside the white man, and with a supporting arm around him, sat an oldish, full-blood Indian; in the latter's left hand was clasped a rifle. The wagon drew in beside the watering trough, and the old Indian got down; the half-breed, twining his reins around the brake, assisted the white man down into the waiting arms of the Indian, then gathered his team together and continued the journey.

THE white man walked weakly to the watering trough and drank greedily from the inflow pipe; then handed his hat to the Indian and drove his hot, sweat-begrimed face deep into the cool water, while the Indian dipped water in his cupped palm and poured it over the white man's head and the base of his neck. A few words passed between them in an alien tongue; then the Indian lifted the white man up onto the raised sidewalk; the latter sat there a moment, then stretched out on his back; he half sighed, half moaned. Janet realised that he was very ill.

"Big Foot," said the white man, "I can't

suck it. I've got to go home ahead of the drive, and go to bed. Go up to the Excelsior Garage and tell Bogan to send over his sedan with a driver. I must lie down on the rear seat. I'm having a chill."

Across the street, and perhaps a hundred feet further up the block, Janet saw the Excelsior Garage. Indeed, her own car reposed there. This cow man must be very ill, indeed, when he declined to walk that far.

The Indian glanced up and down the street, as if debating the wisdom of obeying this command; then his beady glance settled on the interested Janet.

"Miss Lady," he said, coming close to her, "you like do nice thing for my boss?"

"Certainly; I'll do anything I can."

"You stand by him side; then nobody hurt him."

"Does somebody wish to hurt him?"

"Maybe so."

Janet nodded understanding of her mission, and Big Foot ran across the street diagonally up to the garage. The instant he disappeared through its door she saw a tall, oldish man step out of the Mountain House a hundred feet down the street. He had a pistol in his right hand, and he brought it up to the level of his hip and fired at the sick man. The bullet struck the planking about two inches from his head. Before he could fire again, Janet had made a dive that was almost a tackle and hurried herself on the prostrate cowboy.

"Big Foot!" she screamed. "Big Foot!"

BIG FOOT'S reply was a shot from his rifle, fired from the open door of the garage—and the man under her spoke, so unexpectedly humorously that it struck the girl with the impact of a blow. "Where did you learn to play football, Little Stranger?"

"That wretch is trying to kill you."

"Not any more, thank you. He's afraid now, on two counts. First, of hitting you and having my outfit come back to town and lynch him for doing it, and second, because Big Foot requires all his attention."

He reached an arm around and patted her on the back in comradely fashion.

"What? No more shooting? Oh, Lord, if Big Foot has downed him, I don't know what I'll do to Big Foot."

"Aren't you grateful to him for driving that murderous man away? For he's gone."

"Big Foot should know enough not to interfere in my business. Milo Landrum belongs to me. I've told him I'd kill him or be killed. It's a private war—better get off me, young lady. I ache all over. Yes, you were sufficient protection."

As Janet withdrew the protection of her body from the stricken man, Big Foot returned, picked his employer up off the platform, draped him over his shoulder as one would a child, and ran back to the garage with him.

Janet, trembling with excitement, returned to the Mountain House, packed her bags, paid her bill, brought her car from the garage, loaded the baggage, and drove off of Modoc City on the heels of the cattle drive. She had been en route to the office of Milo Landrum to discuss with him the purchase of her land when the shooting had occurred; now she knew she did not care to call upon Milo Landrum. She had something more important to do now, and—she was a trained nurse. Brief as had been her contact with that strange and somewhat whimsical cowboy, she had noted on his wrists and throat a suspicious-look-

ing rash. It might be measles or typhoid fever or smallpox. And if the man didn't have a fever of a hundred and three, then Janet Corliss had never laid her cool hand upon a fevered brow.

A mile beyond Modoc City, Janet overhauled the cattle drive, and a white man riding drag turned his horse and held up his hand.

"I'll haze 'em off the side of the road and let you pass, miss, but it will take time."

"In which direction has your boss vanished?" she queried.

"Straight ahead four miles, then bear to the left and keep right on over the hills. He's headed home for Lonely Valley, an' he's a durned sick man."

"I know it," said Janet. "I'm a trained nurse, and he needs me. What you had better do is to ride back to Modoc City and get a doctor."

"The best doctor there isn't good enough for my boss. I don't think the old fool has read three medical books since some jerk-water medical school gave him his sheepskin shortly after the Civil War. You beat it on to headquarters and telephone to the Mercy Hospital in Reno to send a doctor over in an airplane. Good landing field just below the house."

He shouted orders to his men.

"How shall I find the house?"

"Keep on until you descend into a valley with a lake in it. Big log house on a timbered knoll. Only house there. When you reach the crest of the hill above the valley, you'll see a big sign. It says 'Halt.' Hark your horn until a man comes out of the timber, and tell him Tom Harrison said to let you pass. Don't think he'd be suspicious of a woman, anyhow; but you never can tell about an Indian."

"Thank you. What is your employer's name?"

"Raynor Lanier."

IT occurred to Janet Corliss, as she drove her car towards Lonely Valley, that, although the world moves fast in this age, there are certain areas of the civilised earth in which changes come slowly. Her grandfather had been one of the pioneers in this land through which she now drove; he had told her tales of Indian fights and massacres, of the lynching of cattle-thieves and stage-coach robbers, of shooting scrapes, of strong men who rated their reputations for indomitable courage far above the value they placed upon their lives. Janet had thought all that sort of thing had gone into history, like the battle of Gettysburg—and yet, on her first day in this country, she had been witness to a drama that might have evolved in the hectic brain of a motion-picture scenario writer. She recalled, almost verbatim, what Dan Magruder had said to her:

"That country may be settled now, but if the tales your grandfather used to tell me about it were fifty per cent. true, the passage of forty years may not have worn all the glamor off it. Men were men in his day, and women stood for them."

Janet thought: "Well, that cool invalid I saved this morning is certainly of the old school. If he's a sample of the masculinity of this country, I'm glad I came. He was dirty and sweaty, and he wore a two weeks' growth of beard, and he might be as ugly as a wart-hog for all I know to the contrary, but he did exhibit a beautiful spirit. What! says he. 'No more shooting?' If

Big Foot has downed him. I don't know what I'll do to Big Foot."

The memory of that remark gave her now an inkling of the young man's ferocity, his caste system. An Indian had no right to kill his white man's enemy, even in the protection of his white man, provided the latter had previously marked the enemy for slaughter.

"And he spoke pure English," Janet mused. "Not the remotest hint of a nasal twang. His voice was cultured. That man must have a great deal of good in him. The driver of the wagon handled him so gently. And that foreman, Tom Harmon—so cool and calm—who said, 'The best doctor isn't good enough for my boss.'"

"My boss!" No servility in the way Tom Harmon had said that; no servility in the way Big Foot had employed the same term. They might have meant "my child." Indian and white man loved him, were proud to serve him. Plainly, this Raynor Lanier must be a personage in this country.

As for the country itself, it completely satisfied Janet. Even Modoc City, when at last she came to it at night-fall, seemed neither run-down at the heel, antiquated, nor provincial, despite the fact that it was essentially a cow town.

Janet thought its broken wooden sidewalks, its jigsaw and scroll-work residences, its old-fashioned galleries in front of every store, faintly reminiscent of New England. She forgot that the pioneers in this country had walked across the plains and brought with them an Eastern concept of architecture. Here and there along the street stood great sugar pines and firs, saved from the forest that had been cut to provide the town site. And, although the Mountain House, where Janet had put up that first night, was a typical cow-town hotel, where all the guests ate at a long table in the dining-room and passed each other great platters of plain food, Janet had enjoyed it immensely. It was part of her great adventure. She would have amusing tales to relate of it when she returned to New York.

The road left the desert plain, turned into a canyon, and commenced a long, winding climb. She saw deer; down in a creek bed she saw a black bear and two half-grown cubs splashing around in a pool, seeking fish. The pungent odor of the pines exhilarated her, the faint roughing of the breeze through their crowns evoked in her a sense of the mysterious.

Presently she came out on the crest of the hills—they were much higher than the Adirondack Mountains, but in this country they were merely hills—and pulled up on a little, grassy plateau. Before her and on the right of the road she saw a large, white sign, and on it in black letters that obviously were not the product of a sign-painter, she read:

"Halt, stranger! You enter Lonely Valley at your risk. Honk your horn or yell; then wait for a permit."

"By order of
"RAYNOR LANIER."

JANET looked around her. Save for a blue-jay in an adjacent tree and a raven flapping high above the timber, no living thing was in sight, so the girl decided that whoever issued permits to enter Lonely Valley had taken the day off. She threw in her gears and had proceeded about thirty feet when a rifle cracked off on her left and a bullet whined high over her head. Instantly she stopped and honked her horn long and loudly. Presently a tall young half-breed came out

of the timber, approached the car, and surveyed her without malice or curiosity.

"What do you mean by shooting at me?" Janet demanded angrily.

"I didn't shoot at you. If I had, I'd have hit you," the man answered soberly. "I just warned you—after you had been warned once by that sign. I guess you can read, lady."

"I beg your pardon," said Janet. "Who are you and what do you want in Lonely Valley?"

"I'm Janet Corliss. I'm a trained nurse, and I'm headed for Lonely Valley to take care of Mr. Raynor Lanier, who is very sick. Tom Harmon told me to tell you I was to be permitted to pass."

"Where did you meet Tom Harmon?" "About two miles this side of Modoc City, with the cattle drive."

"How do you know Ray Lanier is in Lonely Valley?"

"Because he passed this sign a little while ago, riding in a hired closed car belonging to the Excelsior Garage. He had a driver from the garage, and Big Foot was with him. Big Foot was carrying a rifle."

"You know my boss? You a friend of his?"

"No. I only know that he is a very sick man and has great need of my services."

"All right, lady, pass on. You don't look like a killer, but if you are, you'll never get out of Lonely Valley alive. Remember that. I'd search you, but if I did my boss wouldn't like it. So I'll take a chance. Drive on, please."

"What is your name?" "I am Hugo Lanier."

"Any relation to Mr. Ray Lanier?"

"No," he replied sharply.

"I just take the name to make honor for myself. I am half-white."

Janet dropped down over the grade into Lonely Valley, pausing as the full sweep of it spread out before her, to revel in its beauty. "And strangers enter this paradise at their risk," she soliloquised. "This feudal young lord of Lonely Valley, with his vassals, seeks privacy and gets it. I wonder why."

The road dropped swiftly to the floor of the valley. She saw a group of ranch buildings that resembled a small village. Off on a low, wooded knoll she saw a pretentious log house, with a trap-rock road leading up to it from the main road, so she turned up this road and presently stopped her car under the porte-cochere of the Lanier headquarters. The hired sedan from Modoc City was parked there also.

Janet climbed out, walked up to the front door, and rang the bell. Ah Fong came to the door and peered upon her inquiringly.

"Boss sick. No can see," he informed her brusquely.

"Oh, yes, can see. Must see. Me nurse, come to take care of boss."

Hearing their colloquy, Big Foot came out of a hall into the living room and stared at Janet.

"All right, Fong," he rumbled. "Me know lady."

He turned his head and, with an out-thrust of his chin, indicated that Janet might enter and follow him down the hall. She did and was admitted to Raynor Lanier's bedroom. The lord of Lonely Valley lay on the bed, fully clothed, and the hired driver was struggling to remove his boots.

Big Foot, in order to assist, went to the other side of the bed and held him under the arms.

"We just got here five minutes ago," the driver explained. "I took it easy so's not

to jar him. He's got a pain in the back of his neck."

"Undress him as soon as you have his boots off," Janet ordered. "Then bathe him in good hot water. It will not hurt him. This looks like a house that might have a real bathroom."

"It has," Ray Lanier mumbled. "I'm civilised, even if appearances are against me. Door to your left. You draw the bath, please. Can't trust Big Foot. He'd think he was going to scald a hog." His eyes were closed, but his interest was aroused, nevertheless. "Who are you?"

"I'm Janet Corliss, a trained nurse. I've come to take care of you."

"Good. I'll need you, I think. Who sent you so soon?"

"Nobody. I just happened along and knew my services would be required."

He pondered this a moment, while the driver struggled with his other boot. When that was off, he opened his eyes.

"Why, hello, Little Stranger," he said. "So you've bobbed up again—just where you're needed! Some one of my boys must have stolen Aladdin's wonderful lamp."

But Janet was en route to the bathroom to draw his bath. And when the bath was ready, Big Foot wrapped a sheet around his boss and carried him, as one carries an infant, to the tub, his goatskin chaps swishing and his spurs jingling at every step.

Janet began opening bureau drawers. "I wonder if he has nightshirts," she said to the driver.

"I think so," the latter answered. "I've heard he wears 'em." The information was vouchsafed in the tone of one who states a remarkable fact—information not for men, but to be divulged to a trained nurse. "Ray Lanier always has been a great hand for changin' his clothes."

Janet located a clean nightshirt and fresh sheets. She prepared the bed and handed the nightshirt into the bathroom for Big Foot to slip on his boss after getting the latter out of the tub. Janet gathered, from the strident talk going on in the bathroom, that Lanier was angry at being babied, but whatever his complaint it was lost on the girl, for both men spoke in the Modoc language. Only once did Lanier speak in English, and then to say:

"Bear down easy on me, you saddle-colored son of evil. Think you're grooming a horse?"

Big Foot's reply to that was a grunt.

PRESENTLY Lanier came weakly out of the bathroom and sank into bed. Janet opened his nightshirt, pressed his abdomen, and looked at his breast; she lifted his hands and examined his wrists; she noted a yellowish tinge to his eyes, felt his pulse, counted his respiration, and inserted a clinical thermometer, which she always carried in her handbag, between his parched, cracked lips.

"How long have you been feeling ill, Mr. Lanier?" she asked.

"About five days. Came on me slowly, but I didn't like to quit the job until we'd rounded up the last of the cattle."

"You have pain?"

"Severe, in my head and the back of my neck. All my muscles ache, and my legs feel as if they were in a vise."

"Have you any sickroom supplies in this house?"

"No, because the Laniers are never ill. Besides, they never die natural deaths, so why invest in equipment that will not be needed?"

"Have you tea and whisky?"

"Lots of both. But whisky and tea are

not sickroom supplies. They're a social necessity."

She smiled at his effort to be cheerful. "Have you a telephone?"

"In the kitchen. Ah Fong will show you. One long ring for Central at Modoc City. How is it that you're on this job?"

"When I sprawled on you in Modoc City this morning to protect you from the man who tried to kill you, I noticed something. I suspected you of very serious illness. I had an idea trained nurses were as scarce in this country as the dodo, so I volunteered."

"You're the shadow of a rock in a weary land, Miss Volunteer. But I'll fool you. I'll not die. I wouldn't let you down after all the trouble you've taken to keep me alive. You tell Ah Fong to let you into my office. You'll find my cheque-book there. Please bring me a fountain pen, and I'll sign some cheques in blank while I'm able. Illness, like war, requires money."

"Never mind about that. I have money. I wish I had a rubber ice-bag—I'd put an icepack on your head."

"TELL Ah Fong to cut the sleeve out of my slicker. Fill it with ice and tuck up the ends somehow."

How resourceful he was! Here, she thought, was a patient who would help her to help him. In five minutes she had the pack on his head and had given him a long drink of ice-water; then she went to the telephone and called up Mercy Hospital in Reno and asked for the house physician on duty.

Presently a tired, harsh voice said: "Dr. Weeks speaking. Who the devil is this?"

"This is Miss Corliss, a trained nurse, speaking from a ranch in Lonely Valley, Modoc County, California."

"I know the place. They kill people over there. Toughest spot on the map. Well?"

"I have a patient here—a young man—who is very ill. He has a rash, but I suspect it is neither measles nor typhoid."

"If you're a capable trained nurse you know perfectly well whether it is or not. Now then, where is this rash?"

"On his wrists and breast. Little brownish spots that disappear on pressure. They resemble the spots on a turkey egg."

"We're beginning to get somewhere. Is this patient of yours a cow-man?"

"Yes, he is."

"Has he been out in the Modoc National Forest recently?"

"He came in from there this morning. He's been feeling ill for about five days."

"Any signs of jaundice?"

"Yes, in the conjunctivae."

"Typhoid?"

"Not marked. No tenderness, apparently, in the iliac fossa."

"Pulse?"

"Acute in the head and neck and back. Muscles very sore and aching. He says his legs feel as if they were in a vise. Temperature 102, pulse 120."

"That will do, that will do. I don't have to get burned to know I'm near a fire, do I? Your man has Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Caused from the bite of a wood-tick. We've had three cases in this hospital this fall. Lost 'em all. The mortality is from seventy to ninety per cent."

"I wish you'd get an airplane and a nurse to help me and fly over immediately."

"What about your local doctor?"

"Not wanted. I want you."

"Airplanes and nurses cost money. No cowboy can afford both at the same time. Who foots the bill?"

"I do. Cash on the barrel-head."

Dr. Weeks indulged himself in a little

chuckle. It was apparent to Janet that he was not nearly so fierce as he would have himself appear.

"What is the name of your patient?"

"Raynor Lanier."

"Is that so? Never mind about the expense. I'm for that boy a million—and I've never met him. Forget what I said about the expense. I'll pay it myself and collect from Lanier's estate if he dies or from him if he lives. His credit's good."

"Thank you. I know nothing of his credit rating myself, but—"

"But you know he's a good egg, and you're willing to take a chance? Bully for you, Miss Corliss. What have you got there in the way of sickroom supplies?"

"Whisky, ice, and the patient."

Dr. Weeks laughed again. "I'll bring over everything and be there about three o'clock. Place to land?"

"A meadow just below the house. Hundreds of acres of it. It's about twenty-five miles west of Modoc City, and you can't miss it. There's an enormous lake in the valley, and the Lanier ranch appears to be the only one in the valley. On the east side."

"The pilot will find it. Give your patient a jolt of whisky and feed him some milk, some soft-boiled eggs, and moistened toast. And he hung up."

The driver from the Excelsior Garage came out. "Need me any more?" he asked.

"No, thank you."

He got in his car and drove back to Modoc City, and Janet went out into the kitchen to give Ah Fong the order for the patient's luncheon. When he had eaten she drew the curtains, told him to try to go to sleep, and left him alone. Nothing further could be done for him until the doctor arrived by plane.

AH FONG had brought in her bags from the car. When he found her at a loose end, as it were, he said, "I give you room, missy," and led her into a large, sunny room with a southern exposure.

It was a room that had been furnished for a woman. The furniture was Spanish, also the rug; the bathroom had been done in yellow tile with dark blue borders; the closets were spacious and had been designed for feminine use. The note of good taste without extravagance prevailed here as in the living-room and in Lanier's bedroom.

Janet unpacked her bags, and, filled with feminine curiosity, made a tour of the remainder of the house. There was another bedroom similar to the one she was to occupy, and four more designed and furnished for male guests. There were a number of etchings, good, but not distinguished. In the living-room she found a large canvas of Lonely Valley at sunset. It was a splendid thing and inscribed by the artist to Raynor Lanier.

There were a few other odds and some enlarged photographs. One in particular challenged her attention. It was that of an old man, sitting erect on a splendid, big horse. The man's left hand held a bit high, clasped the reins; in his right a riata was being whirled. This old man's face was lean and proud and fierce, but Janet thought it was also handsome. A characteristic face. She studied it for several minutes, then passed on to another enlarged photograph of a young man standing beside a black-and-white pinto horse, his left foot in the stirrup and about to mount; his face was turned towards the camera, and he was smiling.

On the living-room table there were

book-ends that were wood carvings of Big Foot squatted in tailor fashion. Janet looked at the books. They were inscribed by the authors to Raynor Lanier. There was a large photograph of a beautiful young girl, inscribed "To dear Ray from Lelia." There was, in a deep, oval wood frame, a daughtertype of a young woman of the 'fifties and a large nocturne bearing a brass plate inscribed "Moonlight in Lonely Valley." Evidently it had been painted from the verandah of the Lanier house and depicted the valley below, with the cluster of ranch buildings and a few lonely lights showing from them. It had also been inscribed by the artist to Ray Lanier, and was one of the most creditable nocturnes Janet had ever seen.

"This," thought Janet, "is a place to live. The Lanier man has done himself well."

JANET descended into an old-fashioned garden, flowerless, due to the lateness of the season, walked through it and up a little stone-lined path to the timber higher up on the knoll. And here, in an amphitheatre of pines, she found the family cemetery, each grave with a plain cement slab about four feet high and bearing the name, date of birth, and date of death. She began on the right and read in succession:

"John Annersley.—Born October 7, 1827. Died November 4, 1852."

"Mary Annersley Lanier.—Born May 15, 1832. Died January 17, 1871."

"Mary Edna Lanier.—Born April 10, 1854. Died April 12, 1884."

"Pierre Vincent Lanier.—Born March 6, 1855. Died June 4, 1864."

"Pierre Lanier, husband of Mary Annersley Lanier.—Born November 3, 1831. Murdered October 4, 1891."

"Sarah Moody Lanier, wife of Felix Lanier.—Born February 3, 1830. Died December 25, 1896."

"Felix Lanier.—Born November 4, 1857. Murdered October 23, 1932."

When she had scanned these headstones Janet knew that Pierre Lanier must have been Raynor Lanier's grandfather; that he had married the widow of John Annersley, a neighbor who had, doubtless, departed his life in Lonely Valley. Of the three children born to that union one had died two days after birth, one at the age of nine, and the third child and survivor, Felix Lanier, had, at the age of seventy-three, been murdered by an enemy. Grandfather Pierre had been murdered, too, at the age of sixty. Raynor Lanier evidently was the son of Felix and Sarah Moody Lanier, and—

Felix Lanier! Her attorney, Daniel P. Magruder, had told her of a man named Felix—a man whose last name he could not remember. And this man Felix had been the wild and woolly Westerner who had run her grandfather, Donald MacLean, out of this country; the man who had wounded her grandfather, the man whom her grandfather had filled with buckshot. Yes, this must be the same Felix, for had he not died with his boots on? And he was the father of Raynor Lanier, gentleman rancher, friend and intimate of artists, authors, and, possibly, actresses, and enemy of Milo Landrum; the man who maintained an armed guard at the entrance to Lonely Valley; the man who would have been incensed had his retainer, Big Foot, relieved him of what he, Lanier, regarded as a holy duty—to wit, the killing of Milo Landrum!

"Three generations," Janet mused, "and the first and second died with their boots

on, while the third has only this morning missed a similar fate. But the third generation is a gentleman. Still he must be a Lanier, with the code of his father and grandfather. What a strange human anomaly! And now, if he dies of spotted fever, will that mark the end of the House of Lanier? And when his men carry him up here and lay him beside his father, will that mean the triumph of his enemy? Will it mean that Lonely Valley passes into alien hands—after three generations of Laniers have lived and loved and fought and died in it?

She remembered he had said he would not die; that he would not let her down after all the trouble she had gone to over him. The gay devil, jesting in the face of death! It occurred to Janet that the young man with the smiling face, about to mount his horse, was Raynor Lanier; that the fierce, handsome old man whirling his riata had been old Felix, the fire-eater. But Felix was dead now, and Raynor's task in life was to take vengeance on his father's murderer.

"I'll have to argue him out of that idea," she thought. "He appears much too fine to have his life spoiled in the pursuit of vengeance. I had no idea he could be so primitive."

She did not know the school in which he had been raised, or she would not have marvelled at his concept of honor, of living the full life!

SHE returned to the house and found the telephone ringing. Dr. Weeks was calling.

"Can't get an airplane to-day," he barked at her. "And there's been a railroad wreck, and I'm a railroad surgeon on this division, and I can't get over to your man. Need every nurse we can scrape up in this city. So you'll have to go it alone and take your chances. Now then, get pencil and paper and take these directions. . . . Ready? Go. Take the customary measures to make him comfortable. Put an ice-pack on his head and pack him if the fever gets too high. The medical profession hasn't had much experience with this rare disease, so it's a toss-up what to give him. Quinine bi-muriate, in fifteen-grain doses every six hours and preferably hypodermically, has been known to yield good results. Personally, I recommend fifteen grains of quinine sulphate given by mouth every four hours and persisted in with decreasing doses as convalescence begins. Give him the customary doses of whiskey and strychnine to keep up his heart action, and give him Dover's powder or morphine sulphate for the pain in his head and back. Lots of water to drink—all he will take. Keep him in a dark room and free from noise. The diet should be milk, buttermilk, soft-boiled eggs, and moistened toast. If he doesn't improve within the next five days the chances are he'll go over the river. Keep me informed of the progress of the case."

Janet read her notes back to him, and he hung up. A minute later she had the drug-store in Modoc City on the wire, but the cow-town dispensary hadn't in stock half the things she required, so she called up the county seat, Alturas, where a much more up-to-date druglist agreed to fill her order and send it out within half an hour by special messenger in a motor car.

"It's only eighty-odd miles," the druglist declared. "The man will be there sometime this afternoon."

There was nothing to do but wait, give her patient ice-water, and renew the ice-pack on his aching head. About four o'clock she gave him a cold sponge bath

and an alcohol rub, to all of which he submitted in silence and without opening his eyes, merely murmuring "Thank you" when she had finished.

At five o'clock he said: "Miss Corliss, please switch on the radio and turn the dial to sixty-four. The market reports will be coming in a few minutes from now, and I want to know what the beef market was to-day."

She made pencilled notes and read them to him. "Shipments to-day were light and quality distinctly off, with a sluggish demand. Four carloads of smooth thousand-pound Nevadas sold for six. Fat cows sold from 31 to 32, canners at—"

"Never mind the canners and cutters or bulls," he interrupted. "I'm not interested in the bologna or hot-dog market, but in fat steers. I did pretty well on the fat two-year-old steers I shipped two weeks ago. Got six and a quarter. Broke a little better than even. . . . We'll have four-cent beef before we're back to seven and eight again. Thank you."

HE was silent a long time. Then, "Why did you come, Miss Corliss?"

"I told you that I saw in Modoc City this morning that you were a very ill man, and I guessed you were the sort who had to be dying before admitting illness. I saw you had a high fever, and I . . . well, you interested me, Mr. Lanier. I know you were going to require some expert nursing, and I am conceited enough to think I'm a first-class nurse."

He reached out gropingly and found her hand and squeezed it. "Lots of people in this world can think fast, but . . . haven't the courage to . . . follow up their . . . thoughts. I am your debtor . . . and happy to know I can never quite pay . . . the debt."

Again a long silence, but he continued to hold her hand. Then, "Why did you block Landrum's work this morning?"

"One's sympathy always goes out to the under-dog. You were helpless to defend yourself. You didn't have a chance until Big Foot commenced shooting."

"Good old Big Foot. He's the chief of the pitiful remnant of the Modocs, you know, and he loves me. I'm his son; adopted me into the tribe, you know. His squaw was my nurse. Good old Minnie, but what a horrible cook she was! And we had her for years. What does the Reno doctor say about me?"

"The doctor says you have spotted fever, contracted from the bite of a tick. You'll be very ill for about ten or twelve days."

"You can't fool me, Miss Corliss. I'll fight hard not to die, but the chances are my days are numbered. I know about that disease. It's generally fatal. We've lost half a dozen riders from it in the past ten years. Please go into my office and get . . . paper and pen . . . and write what I dictate. Please! Important."

She obeyed him. "Ready, Mr. Lanier." And slowly and laboriously, for his respiration was short and rapid, he dictated: "I, Raynor Lanier, of Lonely Valley, Modoc County, California, being as I am informed, dangerously ill but still of sound and disposing mind, do make, publish, and declare the following as my last will and testament.

"First: To my faithful and loyal ranch superintendent, Thomas Harmon, I give, devise and bequeath all property, of whatsoever nature and wheresoever situate, of which I may die seized or possessed, with this single exception:

"Second: To Janet Corliss, spinster, of

New York City, New York, and at present my nurse, I give, devise and bequeath all of the real property as particularly described in the deed given to my grandfather, Pierre Lanier, in 1873, by the Surveyor-General of the State of California, under the Federal Act known as the Swamp and Overflowed Lands Act.

"I direct that all of my just bills be paid by my executors, and I appoint as my executors, to serve without bonds or undertakings of any sort whatsoever, my heirs, the said Thomas Harmon and Janet Corliss. And I further direct that, in the event of my death, I am to be buried in the Lanier family cemetery beside my father.

"I bequeath to the said Thomas Harmon and Janet Corliss all of my Indians, and direct that they shall continue to employ them and care for them in the same manner as I would or could if alive to do it.

"In witness whereof I have set my hand this — day of November, A.D. 1932."

He lay for several minutes panting after this extended effort. Then, "Telephone down to the barn from the little private telephone in the kitchen. Ring two bells. Phone bells will ring all over the ranch buildings. Get Andy Martin on the phone. Andy's not quite recovered from a broken leg, but he can walk a little and drive a car. Tell him he is to get into Tom Harmon's car and drive over to meet the herd in Simmons' Meadows and bring back Carmody and Yates to me. I want them as witnesses to my will, and I want them to-night. I'll probably be delirious by morning."

Janet obeyed him instantly and waited on the verandah until she saw a man she assumed to be Andy Martin leave the cluster of ranch buildings and go swiftly up the grade leading out of the valley. She then returned to the sick room and reported to Lanier that his order had been delivered and was in process of execution.

"Thank you for sparing me guess-work. I love intelligent people."

SHE refilled the ice-pack and adjusted it on his head. "And now, before I order you to conserve your strength by ceasing to talk, will you tell me, please, why you have seen fit to make me one of your heirs and co-administrator of your estate?"

"Because you risked your life to save mine, a stranger. If you can be careless and generous with your life, I can afford to try to match you, and be careless and generous with my land, can I not? Besides, you're all woman. Yes, a man's woman. You protected me with your body when I was helpless. So that clause in my will is merely a token of my gratitude and admiration."

"What a strange man you are! You set too much store by a trifling service. I knew the man wouldn't shoot if I got in his way, and, of course, he didn't. Mr. Harmon, I take it, is an old, competent, faithful employee. Why not leave him this land?"

"I have a reason. Not an unselfish one."

"How many acres in this tract of land I am to acquire if you die?"

"Seventy-five thousand, more or less."

Janet was horrified. "But you mustn't embarrass me with such a bequest. Why, I couldn't pay the taxes on it."

"I've thought of that. Please get my cheque book as I requested a little while ago. I'm going to give you a cheque now for enough to pay the taxes for five years,

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it proves him guilty. His conscience made a fool of him."

"Did you find the blood money on that man?"

"I did . . . a thousand dollars in new bills. I helped myself to it and applied it to my Fund for Distressed Modoc Indians. Why not? Two of my Modocs had bagged the bird."

"You are absolutely at once the softest and the hardest human being I have ever met," Janet declared. "Now, pipe down and stay pined down, and speak when you're spoken to."

"Yes," he answered meekly.

Tom Harmon got in with the drive late the following afternoon. As he came under the porte-cochere, he lifted his hat and stared at her inquiringly.

"He's terribly sick, Mr. Harmon. Just now he's delirious. I haven't had any sleep since you saw me last, and Ah Fong is holding him down now. I must have intelligent help. Please go to your quarters and, after you've bathed and changed your clothes, come back here for dinner. You're to live in this house, and somebody else must take over your job."

"Somebody shall. I don't know nothin' about carin' for a sick man, Miss Corliss, but I'm a hell-bender at obeyin' orders, an' Ray's often said I'm 'most as intelligent as a pack mule."

"You'll watch him while I get some sleep. I'll need four hours. Then you will wake me, and I'll give him his medicine and take his temperature and sponge him and pack him, while you get four hours. I think that between the two of us he'll get the best of care. And I'll teach you a lot about nursing."

"I'll do anything on earth for that boy," said Tom Harmon with such simple abnegation that a lump rose in Janet's throat.

She understood now why Raynor Lanier had made him the heir to his ranch and cattle.

"Hurry, Tom," she warned. "And be sure you don't bring any wood-ticks with you."

"Spotted fever!" Horror showed in Tom Harmon's eyes.

Janet nodded.

"I'm the only man in this country that ever got over that sickness," he said. "Miss Corliss, you ain't got any idea how sick that boy is." And he rode down to the corral with his chin sunk low on his breast.

For a week they fought together for Raynor Lanier's life. . . fought without hope. Twice a day Janet conferred over the long-distance telephone with Dr. Weeks in Reno. "Stick to your treatment," he ordered her. "He has a fighting chance, and he must be a hardy citizen to be alive now."

Tom Harmon proved to be intelligent and possessed of a sort of rough tenderness. He did the heavy work, such as lifting the patient; he bathed him, he watched him and held him in bed during moments of delirium; he kept the temperature chart and noted pulse and respiration while Janet slept; and she slept only when exhausted nature demanded it.

Suddenly the rash that has given to this fever its name began to disappear, the pains abated, and Lanier's temperature dropped slowly but steadily for three days; then came a relapse. For four days it did not seem possible that he would survive; then suddenly his temperature dropped again. Slowly, like a fish that swims up from great depths, Raynor Lanier swam up to consciousness. On the fourteenth day Janet decided he was out of danger.

A week later he was eating heartily and wondering how soon he would be permitted to sit up.

"As soon," Janet assured him, "as Tom Harmon and I can have twenty-four hours of uninterrupted sleep. And I'm starting now. Tom isn't done in yet, so he can stick it until I get back on duty."

"You look," he told her, "like the tail-end of a long, cold spring. And you and Tom have worked yourself out of your place in the sun. If you'd neglected me for four hours at a stretch, if you hadn't worked quite so hard and faithfully, you'd both be away ahead of the game by now. And I thought I was going to escape all my worries about interest and principal, and how to pay both on five-cent beef, which isn't possible; and I've got Milo Landrum back on my hands again!" He cocked a humorous eye at his saviour. "You two haven't done right by our Nell."

"You know doggone well," Mr. Harmon protested loudly, "that I'd have gone gunnin' for Milo right after your funeral."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Thomas. I had your clock stopped. If you have any sense of shame left, you'll shave me."

"It's sure enough been tough on him to have to let his whiskers grow," Tom Harmon explained to Janet. "He's one of these la-de-da fellers that shaves every mornin' the minute he gets out of bed. Well, I shave myself, so I reckon I can shave him."

"I suppose," said Lanier to Janet, "you'll be leaving us as soon as you see me back in my clothes again. I don't know how I'm going to stand that, but I suppose it must be. Still, you might stay all winter if I provided you with a chaperon. In fact, I think you had better do that, because I'm apt to drag myself home some day looking pretty badly, and needing you worse than ever."

"So you've got that old complex about Milo Landrum fixed firmly in your mind again, have you?"

"It's a case of kill or be killed, Miss Corliss."

"Hugo, the half-breed, would be glad to do the job for you," she flung out at him. "If Landrum does his killing by proxy, aren't you justified in doing the same?"

"Certainly not. I'm a gentleman, and Landrum's an animal. A gentleman kills his own rats."

"Do you mind," said Janet, "telling me what all the shooting's been about? I've been up in your cemetery, and I observe that the practice of dying with boots on started with your grandfather."

"Generosity—his own good, kind heart—killed Pierre Lanier. In his sixtieth year he developed a fatal weakness—sentiment."

Lanier grinned at Janet with the anticipatory grin of one who knows he is about to relate an entertaining tale. "There was a man over in Lassen County," he went on. "His name was Henry Bundy, and he was an egg that the cook forgot. Lassen County had a dry year in 1888, and Henry Bundy with a drive of 3000 headed for our range. My grandfather heard about it and remarked at breakfast that he was going to ride over, meet Bundy, and warn him off. Pierre was so peaceable Henry Bundy got an erroneous impression of the old boy—he didn't know that some men can be firm without talking big—so Henry Bundy said all hell and the Laniers and their Indians and white men couldn't keep him from driving his cattle up to our range."

"Tell you what we'll do. Henry Bundy,"

Pierre said. "We'll shoot it out across that there billiard table, an' the survivor wins."

"That proposition didn't sound so alluring to Bundy, but he couldn't do much about it. So each drew a chair up to an end of the billiard table and laid his gun on the table in front of him. This at one minute to one o'clock p.m., it being agreed that when the clock over the bar struck one each contestant was free to pick up his gun and blaze away."

"WELL, the clock struck one, and Henry Bundy reached for his gun and raised it. He never fired it. Pierre reached for his a fifth of a second faster, but didn't bother to waste another fifth of a second raising it. He just tipped the barrel up as his hand closed over the butt and fired before Henry Bundy's finger closed on the trigger. He fired only one shot. That was enough. He ruined Mr. Bundy's shooting arm, and the war was over."

"I'll drive up to Oregon," says Bundy. "Much obliged to you," says Pierre. "Just for that I'll not finish you."

"And right there his number went up, as they say in Chicago. Henry Bundy was a poor sport. He would hold grudges, and he rather felt that my grandfather had smudged his art by playing a new trick on him. So he gave some low white man a few dollars to lay for Pierre on the road to Modoc City, and the next thing my father knew, the old gentleman's horse came home without him, and there was blood on the saddle. My father decided Henry Bundy had been at the bottom of it, so he rode down to Henry's ranch in Lassen County, and when Henry saw him ride into the yard he lost his head and commenced shooting. He never was a good left-handed shooter, and his right arm was still stiff, so Felix waited him home. Felix was hit once—not seriously—and it provided a claim for justifiable homicide, which the jury believed. It never occurred to that jury to wonder what my father was doing down in Lassen County. They might have known it wasn't a social call."

"And now," said Janet, "your father has been murdered, even as his father before him, and you're going to avenge him, as he avenged his father?"

Raynor Lanier nodded brightly. "The Laniers get the breaks," he told her. "Like Henry Bundy, Milo Landrum commenced shooting too soon. If he downs me, he can never supply a motive that will wash with a jury, for he's not popular in this county, and I am. On the other hand, he has supplied me with a motive for killing him—self-defence. I have every reason to believe that my life is in danger, and I am justified in snuffing him out at the earliest opportunity."

"And you're going to do that little thing?"

"As sure," said Raynor Lanier, "as there's a God in heaven, I'm going to try."

"But he may forestall you."

"Quite possibly. He's smart. When he missed me that morning in Modoc City he knew his days were numbered. He knew he'd have to face a day of reckoning with me, and if he survived there was Tom Harmon and Big Foot and Hugo Lanier and the Sphinx twins."

Suddenly Raynor Lanier laughed like a jovial friend. "All of Landrum's assets lie in this county. He can't run away from his assets. He's got to face the music, and he hasn't the courage to do that. So he's suffering. God, how he's suffering! The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave

man dies but one. I'll kill him a thousand times before I give him the mercy shot."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Raynor Lanier," Janet said quietly. "You're civilized."

"Not altogether. Never will be. Out here in Lonely Valley we're still a bit old-fashioned."

"But you're a cultured, educated gentleman."

"I've been to a university, if that's what you mean, but no university could ever supply the sort of culture I have inherited."

"You'll not kill Milo Landrum," Janet declared with an air of finality. "I'll not permit it. I'll just make it not worth your while."

"Why?"

"I suppose you'd like to know. Well, I can't tell you because I don't know exactly why myself. But I'll tell you something. Mr. Man, I'm sitting in on this game, and I'm holding cards and spades, the four aces, big and little casino, and I expect to win."

"Tom Harmon was loyal. 'Lady,' he said ironically, 'Ray Lanier will beat you to death on the sweeps.'"

SINCE the day she had come to Lonely Valley, Janet Corlies had been too busy, too worried, or too fatigued to devote time to thought on any subject except her patient. Twelve hours of continuous slumber refreshed her, however, to the point where, upon awakening at ten o'clock the following day, her thoughts automatically grappled with her own affairs.

Lanier's condition was improving so fast, and there was so little danger of a relapse, that she knew he could dispense with her services in about a week, for he would be up and walking around the house by that time. In fact, he could dispense with her services immediately, if necessary. Janet found certain satisfaction in this knowledge, for while she was sensible of more than a twinge of regret at the prospect of leaving, she knew it would be best to go. He had a way of following her around his room with those large, dark, intelligent eyes of his, and this was faintly disturbing.

Lying comfortably in bed, with the pale winter sunlight filtering through the curtains, Janet thought the situation over calmly and with a certain amount of hard-headedness that was part of her heritage from Grandfather MacLean. She did not wish to fall in love with Raynor Lanier any more than she wished him to fall in love with her. Obviously she could not afford that. She possessed a quarter section of land that was necessary to his financial well-being and mental tranquillity; she knew he would pay her for it at a price based on the very limit of his ability to pay, while on the other hand Milo Landrum stood ready and willing (she felt assured) to double or treble any figure Raynor Lanier might name.

Decidedly, Janet reflected, she could not afford for business reasons to risk having Raynor Lanier fall in love with her, any more than she could risk falling in love with him. He was going to kill a man or be killed trying, and the fact that survival might mean a lifetime of woe to him was not a deterrent. Decidedly there could be no happiness in becoming interested in such a man, and Janet had a normal human desire to be happy.

Janet gave herself up to a consideration of Milo Landrum and his desire to acquire her land. Would she be justified, for mere money, in trading with her host's enemy—a scoundrel and a

killer? The idea was revolting to her. She had a feeling that if she did this she must forever regard herself as a co-conspirator of Landrum's, a party to the ruin of Raynor Lanier. And whatever Lanier's faults might be, he was potentially too fine for that. Still, ruined men had a habit of recovering from the blows that Fate dealt them . . . by selling to Landrum she might make it unnecessary for him to kill Lanier . . . she had saved Raynor Lanier's life twice . . . her heart leaped at the thought that she might be able to save it again.

And then she remembered. No matter what she did, the acquisition of her land by either Raynor Lanier or Milo Landrum was now a minor issue. Landrum, the fool, had changed a war of conquest into one of vengeance and blood. Janet might stop Landrum, but no power on earth could stop Lanier, for the blood of his father was in him, and that blood cried for vengeance.

Suddenly she knew she could not play business poker with human lives for chips. In one revealing moment she knew she could not sell her land to either of them until the issue between them had been decided. She knew that the day he should find himself physically able to attend to this neglected business, Ray Lanier would drive into Modoc City and attend to it. Well, he was young, possibly he could shoot more quickly and accurately than Landrum, who was no longer young. He might survive; if he did, she could then sell to him if he desired to buy. The deal would be clean, then; there would be no taint of blood on the price he paid her, and thereafter she could go back to New York and forget him. But before that happened she would make one desperate effort to spare him the ordeal of facing Milo Landrum in the smoke; she would strive to make it possible for him to live out his life in this country where he had been born and raised, without being known, as had been his father and his grandfather, as a killer. There was just a chance that, if she acted discreetly, she might be able to do this. She resolved to call upon Milo Landrum and suggest to him that he start immediately upon a long and indefinite vacation.

HER course decided upon, she bathed, dressed, and went in to see her patient. She found Ah Fong sitting on the edge of his bed, gazing with bland approval upon his employer, who was drinking from a bowl of some dark brown liquid which the Chinaman had undoubtedly prepared for him. And that it was something unpleasant Janet felt assured, for Lanier's face was puckered with distaste; he appeared on the point of becoming nauseated.

"What's that you're drinking?" Janet demanded sharply. She removed the bowl forcibly from his grasp and smelled it. Then she tasted it.

"What devil's brew is this?" she demanded angrily.

"Just a little old-fashioned medicine Ah Fong has brewed for me from Chinese herbs," he defended weakly. "It's good for the kidneys, the liver, the lungs, and the nervous system. It promotes metabolism and induces perspiration, which cleans out the system."

"Ah Fong is a fool, and you're an imbecile, Ray Lanier. How dare you do this? Have you been taking these dreadful Chinese brews right along?"

He nodded weakly. "Ever since childhood, Janet. There are lots of efficacious medicines in the Chinese pharmacopoeia."

"Why not have the Modoc Indian medicine-man in?" Janet retorted.

"He's been in. The day before the crisis

of my illness, you went out for a walk and a breath of fresh air, and he sneaked in and did his stuff. Pulled the bed out from the wall and did a dance around it. He had a little pot of fire and burned things in it and chanted, and the very next day I started on the upgrade. You can't beat proof like that."

"And what does this Chinese medicine-man think of your treachery?"

"He knows the red man didn't help me a bit. Fong knows it's the devil papers he burned, plus some broth brewed from the heart of a wildcat, that saved me."

"You drank broth brewed from the heart of a wildcat?"

"Certainly. A quaint old Chinese custom."

Janet turned on Ah Fong. "Get out of this room," she ordered angrily, "and do not come in until I permit you. You—you devil-doctor!"

Ah Fong glared at her with a smile that was also a sneer. "He got well. Eatum wildcat Tuesday, Wednesday he no talkes klany. Wildcat heap good, cougar velly much better, but no can catch cougar. Ketchum tiger—o-o-o-o-o! No can beat tiger."

"Take your old brew and get out, or I'll use something hard on your head. It's a wonder you haven't killed him. Beat it."

Ah Fong and Lanier exchanged glances. "Who boss around here?" the Celestial demanded. Here was a situation which, to his mind, demanded settlement instantly.

"When I'm sick—she is."

"D—to hell!" Ah Fong screeched, and lunged out of the room.

"Will he leave your service now?" Janet queried.

"O H, no," but he'll have a toothache and use that as an excuse to retire to his room and let somebody else do his job."

"I can do his job and take care of you, too. Ray, why in the name of common sense have you permitted him to dose you with his awful Chinese medicine? And you really didn't drink his wildcat broth?"

"Of course, I did. Who am I to do missionary work on Ah Fong? It's easier to make the old man happy by permitting him to think he's helping me, than argue with him and hurt his feelings. And Big Foot would have felt bad if I didn't let the tribal medicine-man work on me."

Janet sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at the amazing man.

"You appear very willing to give these volunteer doctors a break," she said presently. "Do I not rate a similar break?"

"You rate," he replied, "anything I can give you."

"How about a little peace of mind?"

He smiled and flashed his fine white teeth. "Are you worrying about me, Janet?"

"Of course. A nurse always worries about her patient."

"Oh," he retorted sadly—"that kind of worry. I'm sorry, but I can't fix that. I would if I could."

"Ray Lanier, you infuriate me."

He ignored this charge. "Of course, if you were worried over me because some fatality may overtake me after I am well, that would be different. And," he added, "very pleasing to me. I should, I think, burst with pride."

"Is your vengeance more important to you than anything else in this world?"

He nodded and squirmed around in the bed.

"My dear, kind, sweet young lady, this matter has got beyond the argument state. The original casus belli doesn't amount to a hoot in a hollow. Milo Landrum hired

my father killed, and he'll hire me killed next. Only a fool would argue with a tiger. I can escape a head-on collision with him, but it means playing the game with his rules. It means eating crow. If I deed him half of the land covered by Lonely Valley Lake, he will find a way to drain it. With the deed would have to go forgiveness of his crime. I'd have to pretend I didn't believe, after all, that he hired Felix killed. A man can't do things like that, Janet—not if he expects to live with himself thereafter."

IN silence Janet took Raynor's temperature, gave him his medicine, gave him a sponge bath and alcohol rub.

"I've got the heebie-jeebies," he complained, when she had finished. "Tomorrow I'm going to send Tom Harmon in to Modoc City to buy me a small radio I can plug in beside my bed."

"I must do some shopping, Ray. You know I came out here unprepared for such a long stay. I'll drive in and buy it for you."

"But I don't want you to go—no, that's selfish. You've been confined long enough in this house. You need a change. Is it a clear, sunny day?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is not likely to start snowing. A little early for snow, but sometimes we get it in November. If it starts to snow before you are ready to return, promise me you'll remain in Modoc City until I can send Tom Harmon for you."

"I promise." A soft feeling of warmth surged through her in the knowledge that he could worry about her. . . . It had been a long time since anybody had done that. "You dear, thoughtful fellow!" she added. "I can take care of myself."

"Who takes care of you when you can't take care of yourself, Janet?"

"I engage a doctor and a nurse."

"Isn't there anybody to worry over you?"

"Not a soul."

"Then," he said brightly, "that's my job."

"Thank you, Ray. And who worries over you?"

"Nobody, except my hirelings and my banker."

"Not even the girl, Cecilia, whose portrait I see in the living-room?"

"Cecilia," he said, "lives in another world."

"She's beautiful."

"And knows it. She's the daughter of a cattle broker in San Francisco. She used to come up here with her father. The old man liked to shoot snipe and duck here in the fall. He's handled our cattle for a long time. Dead now, so Cecilia doesn't come here any more. No chaperon."

"And yet you ask me to remain here?"

"A chaperon will be provided. You may choose your own, if you wish; if you cannot find an acceptable one, I'll try. Are you impatient to leave?"

"No; I have no place in particular to go."

He gazed at her thoughtfully.

"I suppose," she charged, "you'd like to ask me what I'm doing in this country?"

"The thought did occur to me, but I never ask people direct questions regarding their private affairs."

"I'll tell you. I have a number of scattered parcels of land in this country, bequeathed to me by a relative, and I came out here to look at them, and, if possible, sell them. They're scattered in and around Modoc National Forest."

"You will be unable to investigate your holdings until spring. There's probably a foot of snow in that country now. When

you get ready to go, we'll locate your holdings on the map, and I'll take you in to look at them. We'll take a pack outfit, and I'll wrangle the stock and do the cooking."

"And you fully expect to be able to show me my heritage in the spring?"

"Yes—but if I should not, unfortunately, be alive to accompany you, Tom Harmon will prove just as useful."

"I'd like to remain here, if it's possible, Ray. I like this country. I like your house. I like you and Tom Harmon. Bless his simple old heart, and I like Big Foot and Skunk Tallow and the Sphinx twins. Does the lake freeze?"

"Solid—in January and February. Thirty below, some winters. But the cattle winter well. They have shelter in the brakes, and they go into winter fat, which is a protection against the cold. And I feed them plenty of hay. When the lake is frozen I get out an ice yacht."

"I adore ice yachting."

"I'll teach you to shoot," he promised. "And I'll get you a nice, gentle, well-reined horse."

"You're so kind, Ray, and I know I'd enjoy myself far more than you could possibly suspect, but—I work for a living."

"I realise that. Do not worry. Your labors for the past three weeks will net you six months' salary at your regular rates. Times are not so good just now or I'd double that stipend. Even then I shall be in your debt. Money cannot pay for what you have done for me. Money, in your case, is merely a token of appreciation and an inadequate one."

"**B**UT I am making no charge for my services, Ray."

"Why?"

"It's been such fun to do for you."

"Well, despite the suffering I underwent, it was fun to have you do for me. I accept the sacrifice in the spirit in which you tender it. You know I'm grateful. There will be no further talk, then, of vulgar financial matters. I take it you will permit me to repay you in kind by permitting me to have the fun of doing for you all winter."

"I'd love that, Ray, but surely you understand how terrible it would be for me to be your guest here while you went gunning for Milo Landrum. And that is a task I know you cannot neglect, since he is gunning for you. Of course, as you said before, it would be well to have me here in case you returned home some day looking badly in a few places. Still, what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for—and I do not care for the job of worrying over you."

"I understand perfectly. Janet, if you will promise to remain here until spring I'll promise to do my best to avoid a head-on collision with Landrum. I'll avoid him until after I have showed you your lands and said good-bye to you at the railroad station."

"Solid!" Janet agreed happily.

SHE had great confidence in the efficacy of time as a cure-all for human passions. Now, if she could but induce Milo Landrum to avoid a head-on collision with Raynor Lanier Decidedly this amazing Raynor Lanier was too young to die, too fine to be permitted to ruin his life through yielding to the dictates of his equally amazing code.

"That's a bet," he told her. "And now, may I have my luncheon? You have no idea how hungry I am."

Still wrapped in the fog of her optimism Janet departed for the kitchen to order

luncheon for her patient. Ah Fong was in his room, so she knocked at his door and said:

"Time to cook luncheon for the boss, Ah Fong."

"No can do," Ah Fong retorted shrilly. "Me ketchum toothache."

"I'm sorry. You no ketchum Chinese medicine to cure toothache?"

"No ketchum proper medicine. Hurt like hell."

Janet went out into his spotless kitchen and commenced rattling pots and pans about at a prodigious rate. Her activities went unheeded by the old truant, so she threw a cheap water glass at the stove, and the crash and tinkle of the resultant ruin brought Ah Fong out on the run with murder in his eyes.

"You go away my kitchen, missy," he ordered. "Get to hell an' gone."

Like all his kind, he bitterly resented the presence of volunteer cooks in his kitchen.

"No," Janet protested kindly. "you have a bad toothache. I will cook luncheon for the boss. Me velly fine cook. Alee time now I cook for boss."

"Toothache finish," Ah Fong protested humbly. "Get out."

Later, when she had served Lanier and returned to the kitchen with his empty tray, Ah Fong confronted her belligerently.

"You mally boss, hey?" he demanded. Janet shrugged. "Perhaps—if no can get better man."

"Where the hell you ketchum better man? No can do."

"Pouff!" said Janet.

"Suppose you mally boss. Boss fire Ah Fong?"

"Why, of course not. I wouldn't let him send you away."

He was dumbfounded. "You like Ah Fong?"

"Like Ah Fong heap plenty, but no like Ah Fong feed boss Chinese medicine and wildcat heart like he's been doing when my back was turned."

Ah Fong nodded slow acceptance of the inevitable. Presently Janet heard him caterwauling in the kitchen.

"He must have the toothache again," she suggested to Lanier.

"No, he's ungling, not crying."

"Why does he sing? He's depressed and angry."

"Oh, no. And he sings because he's had a happy thought."

"Of what?"

"Of something," he answered, "that never can happen."

LANIER'S condition was so satisfactory next morning that Janet felt no compunction in leaving him in Ah Fong's care for the day. The day previous she had definitely dismissed Tom Harmon, in order that he might attend to his neglected duties as ranch superintendent. About ten o'clock, therefore, she started for Modoc City. At the top of the grade she found Hugo and another half-breed standing by the sign.

"Your boss will noon be entirely recovered from his illness, Hugo," she told him. "In a week he'll be out of bed."

Hugo bowed gravely. "Please, I ask a favor. Keep the boss in the house long as you can."

"Why do you ask that, Hugo?"

He came to the side of her car. "This man you see with me, miss, he is my cousin. He does not work for Ray Lanier. He comes from the Chewaukan outfit over

to Oregon, and he has come to Modoc to fix the clock of this fellow Landrum."

"You mean he has come from Oregon to kill Landrum?"

"Sure thing, miss. Nobody on the Lanier ranch can do it, but this cousin of mine—well, he is an outsider. He will do the job and go back to the Chewaukan. But this will take some time. Landrum has got three men for bodyguard; they never leave him alone on the street. Now, when Ray Lanier is able to drive to town, there will be shooting. That will be the first job. But if you keep the boss to the house—say, maybe three weeks—then, when he drives to town, there will be no shooting, because the job is finished by my cousin. Sure in three weeks he finds the opportunity."

Janet stared at the naïve fellow.

"AND who hired your cousin for this job, Hugo?"

"No hire. Like me he is half-breed. Modoc. Modocs have no reservation, no land. Government never gives rations to our people, but Ray Lanier's ranch is our reservation; we work for him. When a Modoc gets old and can't hunt and fish and work, he will starve to death and freeze to death if Ray Lanier don't take care of him. Ray Lanier is the friend of the Modocs. You don't suppose we can afford to lose our friend, eh?"

"Ah! So your cousin's interest is a matter of tribal concern. Very beautiful, Hugo, but you send your cousin back to Oregon. I do not wish Mr. Landrum killed. I have a plan to make further killing unnecessary."

The half-breed stared at her suddenly. "This is work for men," he warned. "It is work for the friends of Ray Lanier. You—you are a nurse. He pays you while he is sick; when he is well you go away. You have no more the interest to stay. So why you tell me this?"

"I know what I know, Hugo. This war will cease because I have the power to stop it. Besides, you know you do wrong in permitting your cousin to try to kill Landrum. Ray Lanier desires that privilege for himself. He will not be pleased if some one denies it to him."

"You don't tell him about what I just tell you?" Hugo pleaded. "If you do I lose my face. I will have to go from Lonely Valley and never come back."

"I'll not tell him—if you'll promise to call this cousin of yours off the job and give me a chance to try my hand at peace-making."

"A man is a big fool to tell things to a woman. I am a big fool. You lie our hands—well, I will give you one week and then—no matter what happens to Hugo Lanier—not even if he take his name from me—I will go through with this job. I am here always—like the sheriff—to watch that somebody we do not know comes into Lonely Valley. I do not like this work. If Landrum is dead, I do not have to be like a sheriff."

"One week is time enough, Hugo—and please do not be so angry."

But Hugo turned away and, accompanied by his relative, stalked back into the timber.

In Modoc City Janet completed her shopping, lunched at the Mountain House, and about one o'clock walked around to Milo Landrum's office. She found it occupying an entire square, stone, one-story structure.

On a bench outside the office three men, who looked as if they might be recent arrivals in Modoc City, if one were to judge

by their clothing, sat smoking. As Janet entered the general office, one of these men rose and followed her in.

A dyspeptic-looking man slid off a high stool at a high bookkeeping desk and inquired her business.

"I wish to see Mr. Milo Landrum."

"And the nature of your business?"

"Personal and private."

"I handle all of his personal and private affairs, Miss."

"Not all of them, I'm sure. Just now Mr. Landrum has some affairs so personal and so private that he doesn't even like to think about them himself, because they are provocative of worry. Those are the affairs I wish to discuss with him, with the hope I can relieve him of some worry."

"I think, Miss," said the man who had followed Janet in, "it's O.K. to let her see him."

"Follow me please," said the man Bean, and led her into Milo Landrum's private office.

It was a dingy, dusty, and somewhat disordered place that reeked of tobacco smoke, lack of ventilation, and the odor of drugs. Landrum was seated in a shabby old Morris chair with one leg up on another chair. Janet observed a pair of crutches in a corner, and two holstered pistols and a cartridge belt were lying on the desk.

"Excuse me for not gittin' up," he greeted her. "I'd have lost my leg, I reckon. What's your name, young woman?"

"My name doesn't matter. Besides, I have a reason for not answering your request. So Raynor Lanier's Indian wasn't the bad shot his boss thinks he is?"

"He's a hundred per cent. perfect. He only got one shot at me, and he didn't miss. Set down. Then sing your song or tell your story."

Janet found a chair and faced him. "Do you know, Mr. Landrum, that you have crawled into a hole and dragged the hole in after you; that there is no escape for you?"

"Maybe," he suggested without interest. "I'm one of those fellows that can tunnel through to the other end."

"I observe you have engaged the services of three gorillas as a bodyguard. You require a larger standing army. Raynor Lanier's liable to ride into Modoc City with a truck load of good men and true, surround this office, and put your face and his on the front page of the Modoc County 'Clarion.'"

"The Laniers've been making the front page of that journal for the last fifty years, quite regular. You the bearer of a message from Ray Lanier?"

"No, Mr. Landrum. It was entirely my own idea to call upon you and talk things over. It has seemed to me that now is the time for somebody to exhibit some real intelligence."

"Well, now, that's mighty sweet of you, young woman, mighty sweet."

LANDRUM'S unsmiling lips and eyes belied his pleasant words. Janet studied him. In point of age he might have been anywhere from forty-five to sixty; his hair was iron-grey, thick, straight, and rebellious; it came down over his brow in a bang. Janet guessed he was of medium height and would weigh well over two hundred pounds. His face was long and narrow; his ears, extraordinarily small and lobeless, grew close to his skull; his eyes were round, deep-set, and of a peculiar shade of brown. Although outwardly he appeared calm, she guessed he was inwardly excited, for she could see a

pulse beating in his temple at a rate well above normal. His face was florid, and he was some thirty pounds overweight. Janet suspected he might be the victim of high blood pressure.

"Well," he reminded her, "I reckon you'll know me the next time you see me."

"It is a matter of amazement, Mr. Landrum," the girl went on, "that you should go to such trouble and risk to acquire another man's assets at bargain-counter prices."

"Go on," he ordered her.

"You've started a fight you can't win. Even if you succeed in killing Ray Lanier you'll have to carry on, for when Ray Lanier's gone there will be Tom Harmon to meet, in addition to some of Mr. Lanier's white riders and a small company of Indian riders. You can't kill the best and only friend those Indians have and survive indefinitely. Really, Mr. Landrum, you have been most unwise in that by attacking Raynor Lanier you have furnished him with an excuse to kill you on sight, plead self-defence, and be acquitted on his plea."

"He sent me a message I couldn't ignore."

"I'VE heard about that message. How do you know Raynor Lanier sent it? You cannot prove he sent it, so your action was the result of fright. One could scarcely accuse you of having a conscience."

"Listen, young woman. A little while before Felix Lanier got killed he had a run-in with a stranger up at the Mountain House. Old Lanier got the drop on this stranger, took his guns away, an' then ear-marked him like he'd ear-mark a calf, so's he'd know him again if he met him. Naturally this stranger went out to Lonely Valley and busted the old man . . . an' when some Lanier man killed this stranger, Ray Lanier had the body dumped on my front porch with a message tied to its right wrist. I can read writin', an' I can read signs an' draw my own conclusions. I'm accused o' hirin' that stranger to kill old Lanier, when everybody in this country knows the old man had more enemies than some folks have hay; that the only reason he lived as long as he did was because God had him by the hand. But can I argue the matter with Ray Lanier? Not much. The Laniers only argue in the smoke. They get an idea in their heads, an' nothin' but death can get it out. So all I can do is act."

"You're due for a great deal of action, Mr. Landrum. To begin, you have to face Ray Lanier. That is inevitable."

Landrum commenced to fidget; his eyes grew more baleful.

"And, of course," Janet went on, "those hired gunmen of yours will not stand by you in a free-for-all fight. Their kind do not fight like that. Such a resolute person as Ray Lanier will find no difficulty in running them out of this county. And then . . ."

The pulse in Landrum's temple beat jerkily half a dozen times, then settled to the old rhythm. His face went white. Likewise his hands. His right hand flew to his left breast suddenly, fearfully; then his fingers explored his vest pocket and came away with a cigar. Nevertheless, he had betrayed himself, for Janet Corliss was a trained nurse, and to trained nurses, as to doctors, many things are instantly visible.

"He has a touch of angina," Janet thought, and her heart beat wildly in this realization. "Ray will not have to kill him. If I can only keep them apart six months, worry and fear will settle this

issue. A sudden fear, a bit of undue excitement . . . and this man's heart will pop like a toy balloon."

Aloud she said: "Well, Mr. Landrum, if you can burrow your way out the other end of the hole you're in you're quite a fox. Ray Lanier will not hire you killed. That is not in accordance with his code of honor. But I do know that some men who love him are even now watching you for a chance to kill you before you kill him. They have been forbidden by Ray Lanier to do this but . . . they will not obey him."

LANDRUM sighed. "It's certainly hard on me to have to take the fall of some other fellow's play," he protested. "I can't run away even if I was the runnin' kind . . . which I'm not."

"No, you're hobbled with golden leg-ions . . . a prisoner to your assets. There is an old saying that there are no pockets in a shroud."

"I think," he replied, while his curious gaze swept her slowly, "that you're just a smart female lawyer."

"What you think you merely suspect; but what I know . . . I know. For instance, I know that you have angina pectoris—possibly an aneurism. So I prescribe for you a total lack of excitement and worry. And a long vacation might add years to your life."

"This interview is ended," he told her harshly. "Get out. If you was a man you'd go out in sections. I'm more than nine years old, and I don't scare none too easy."

"Oh, very well," she replied carelessly. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. I'll send a wreath of cactus to your bed."

And with that parting shot she left him. Upon her return to the Lonely Valley ranch she found Hugo and his half-breed cousin just leaving the house to return to the former's post on the top of the hill. Both stared at her with blank Indian stolidity, nor did Hugo, as formerly, lift his hat in token of respect. She wondered what they were doing there.

She removed her hat and coat and went into Lanier's room, and the instant she faced him she sensed a subtle change in his attitude toward her. She reached for his wrist, as a matter of habit, and felt his pulse; she ran her hand over his brow.

"Quite satisfactory," she announced. "Did you have a good appetite for your luncheon?"

"Excellent," he replied without enthusiasm.

"I bought a little radio for you," she continued a little breathlessly. "I'll bring it in from my car and plug it in beside your bed. And I called at the post-office for the mail. Here it is!"

"Thank you," he said with chill politeness. "I'll read it later. I think I'll have a little nap now."

She realised she had been dismissed; that he found her presence, for some unknown reason, irksome, so she left him. In about two hours she looked in on him again. His mail, opened and scattered on the bed, indicated he had read it; he was lying on his back, staring at the ceiling, and on his face she detected distress and worry. "Now, what's happened?" she demanded. He looked at her a long time before answering; even the cold scrutiny she had been subjected to by Milo Landrum could not equal this.

Silently Ray handed Janet a letter. It

was from the Modoc Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, and read:

"My Dear Ray,—

"With reference to your late father's note for one hundred thousand dollars (100,000.00dol.) to this bank, and which was endorsed by you following his death and the transfer by him to you of all his assets immediately prior to his death:

"At your father's request this note was extended six months. At a meeting of our Board of Directors held yesterday it was suggested by the chairman of the board, Mr. Landrum, that you might request a further extension when the note falls due on January 2. Following a discussion the board decided that, in view of the present financial situation throughout the country, the best interests of this bank would not be served by granting such renewal."

"While the loan is secured by chattel mortgage on certain cattle, I must point out to you that the security has depreciated greatly in value. At the time the loan was made the best grade of beef was selling at ten cents on your ranch. The same quality beef now brings five cents."

"In view of our long and pleasant business relations with the Lanier family, I take the earliest opportunity to notify you of our earnest expectation that the note will be taken care of at maturity and to impress upon you very earnestly that no extension can possibly be granted."

"With kindest personal regards and regretting exceedingly the change in policy which makes this course inevitable, I am, Sincerely,

"J. G. HENNING, Cashier."

Janet looked up. "Is this blow Number Two?" she queried.

He nodded.

"You expected a renewal?"

AGAIN he nodded. Then:

"I had fully expected to pay twenty-five thousand on account of the principal, pay the interest to date, and renew, despite the depreciation of the security. And I could give additional security. You might have noticed the bank did not suggest this."

"But, for all this firm business formality, I seem to detect a note of friendliness, of sympathy, for you on the part of this cashier."

"Of course. He's our friend. But the chairman of the board is Milo Landrum. The Modoc 'County Clarion,' which you brought me, carries a story of Landrum's acquisition of a controlling interest in the bank and his election to the chairmanship of the board. He has captured the last independent bank in the county, and I shall have to pay my note at maturity or lose my cattle. And if that should happen I'd be out of business. I'd have to sell the ranch—and ranches are not saleable now. But even if I pay the note, this action of my bank spells horrible embarrassment to me, because I shall be left without operating capital."

"I think," she said, "that what you should have now is something to rally your nerves," and he left him, ostensibly to get it.

In the kitchen she called up Milo Landrum in Modoc City.

"This," said Janet, "is the presumptuous young woman who called upon you this afternoon."

"What do you want now?"

"I want an extension of one year on Ray Lanier's note to his bank. You have ordered the note called at maturity. Mr. Lanier will pay the interest and twenty-five thousand on the principal, and that's a fair proposition. He might feel kinder towards you if you did this now. On the

other hand, it may occur to him to settle all of his business with you with remarkable celerity."

"And if the note is renewed, what do I get out of it?"

"Ray Lanier will keep out of your way, and his defenders will be called off. I know who they are. I'll tell on them, and they will be squelched. If Ray Lanier gives his word, you know he'll keep it."

"What's your interest in this matter, anyhow?"

"To promote peace."

"I thought so. Well . . . you might be useful, young woman. I'll trade whenever you're ready."

"Telephone your bank that I shall be in to the county seat to-morrow with Ray Lanier's cheque and a new signed note. At present he is ill and cannot attend to the matter himself. Thank you very much."

SHE returned to the sick-room with the potion she had promised him.

"You look unusually pleased about something," he charged coldly.

"Ray, what's the matter? You're displeased with me."

He considered this charge. Then: "Yes, you're too smart for any mere man to delude. I am displeased with you. I have lost confidence in you, and while it breaks my heart to say so, I want to pay you off to-morrow morning and send you on your way."

"You're the lord of Lonely Valley. Whatever you say goes with me, Ray."

"I'm still grateful and always will be, Janet, but—you've got me running in circles. At present you are, broadly speaking, a member of my household. Why have you found it necessary to have truck with my enemy?"

"Oh! So Hugo's relative followed me and saw me call at Milo Landrum's office?"

"Exactly."

"Hugo has had the insolence to have me spied on. He has double-crossed me, so now I shall double-cross him. He told me he had imported that half-breed cousin of his to kill Landrum, in order to spare you. Ray, that must not be. Send that cousin packing. Call Hugo in and lay down the law to him. I've promised Landrum you will avoid him for one year, and I want you to make good on that promise I have made in your behalf."

"You are not authorised to make promises in my behalf. As a member of my household, supposed to be loyal to me, you have traded with the enemy."

"And to good effect. Ray, I've just talked with him over the phone, and in return for my guarantees the bank will accept payment of the interest and twenty-five thousand dollars on account and renew for one year. I told him I'd bring in the cheque and a new note to-morrow."

"There are two reasons why I cannot do that. In the first place, I have not been paid for the beef I sold just before I was taken ill, and so I haven't got the money to pay the bank to-morrow."

"I'll loan it to you," she assured him eagerly. "I'll wire my . . . my to sell some securities I hold—"

"Not at the price of those securities. I decline to permit you to sacrifice for me. And . . . decline to ask a favor of the man I am going to kill; I decline to accept a favor at his hands. I can go broke, and I can die with my boots on, but Tom Harmon will bury me with my self-respect intact. Please give me my

slippers and a dressing-gown. I'm going to get up."

"I forbid it."

"Ah Fong," he shouted—and the old Chinese came running in.

"My slippers and dressing-gown," he commanded, and Ah Fong dutifully produced them.

Lanier slid out on the edge of the bed and donned them. "Lift me up, Ah Fong," he demanded, and the cook helped him to his feet.

Lanier threw an arm around the Chinaman's neck and started out of the room, with Janet following terrorised. Before the wall telephone in the kitchen he paused. Ah Fong brought him a chair, and he sat down.

"Call Landrum," he commanded Janet, "and tell him I repudiate your arrangement. Don't argue with me. I run my own show."

She obeyed him.

Landrum's sole comment was, "Very well, young woman, very well."

"Now," said Lanier, "be good enough to telephone down to the ranch buildings and tell Tom Harmon to come up and carry me back to bed. My fool legs have gone back on me."

In ten minutes Tom Harmon arrived, picked his boss up as if he were a child, and deposited him back in bed. Then he disappeared, but returned presently and shook his employer's shoulder.

"ALL Hades to pay an' no pitch hot," Tom Harmon complained. "The girl's in her room, and I can hear her crying to beat four of a kind. What do you mean—makin' that girl cry? Ain't you got no gentlemanly instincts, you young fool?"

There was no answer, so Mr. Harmon bent over his youthful boss and peered down at the latter's face. It was streaked with tears; tight as he tried to close his eyes, the tears would seep through. Tom Harmon's calloused hand ruffled his dark head. He was fifteen years older than Rayner Lanier, and to the superintendent the latter was more like a son than an employer.

"I don't want to talk out of my turn, son," he murmured, "but is it something you can't tell me?"

The head was shaken in negation, so Tom Harmon sat down on the bed and waited patiently and in silence for his youthful boss to get himself in hand again.

After a while Lanier said, "Tom, I had it all fixed up for her to stay—and now I've got to send her away."

"The dickens you say!" There was distress and fervency in his simple statement.

"Tom, whether she knows it or not, that girl has fallen in love with me. She tipped her hand—tried to do something so fine and magnificent for me, I—I couldn't help but realise the situation."

"Something you couldn't accept?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Well, you always was one to roll your own hoop."

"I've quarrelled with her, Tom. She went in to see Landrum—tried to make a trade with him—He'll think I sent her—think I'm bluffing—afraid—I made her call him up and repudiate the deal—"

"You," said Tom Harmon, "are stronger meat than she's been used to where she comes from. She thought you was tender-join—and you're a piece from between the horns. Yes, sir, she certainly spoke out of

her turn, but from where I sit I don't see no real reason for all this to-do. She meant right."

Lanier picked up the letter from the bank. "Read that," he ordered.

Tom Harmon dutifully read it. In silence he laid the letter down on the bed.

"She'd actually got Landrum to agree to renew that note if I paid the interest and twenty-five thousand on account of the principal; and when I told her I didn't have twenty-five thousand just now, she offered to sell some securities she has and loan me the money. Hell's fire, Tom, I can't be pitted by a woman."

"I have heard," Harmon replied dryly, "that female sympathy is a mighty sweet thing to have when a feller needs it. Boy, this Janet girl is a thoroughbred, so why you're sending her away beats my time."

"Tom, I can't have her around any more. I'm under a debt of gratitude to her I can never pay. I'm going busted higher than Haman, sooner or later. I'm going to kill Landrum, and I may have to do time for it; or Landrum may kill me—and I cannot afford—"

"Ah," said Tom Harmon softly, "I begin to see a light at the end of your tunnel. You in love with this girl, boy? Answer me straight!"

"Of course, you old fool. Who wouldn't be? But I—just—can't afford her. I wouldn't break her heart just to possess her a week or a month or a year—and then—"

He waved his hand to the east, and Tom Harmon knew he was referring to the little family cemetery. Tom said nothing, although he did look unhappy.

"And you run right up the hill and tell Hugo to lay off and to make all his relatives lay off. Pass the same word to Big Foot. After all, he's their chief. They obey him. Don't soid Hugo. Just put him in his place and tell him I will not take my name away from him if he behaves."

"I'll do that, of course. But this nice girl is broken-hearted. Ray. She was pullin' the sofa clear up out of her shoes. I stood outside her door an' listened."

"She'll get over it, Tom, but if she stays here to the finish she'll know real heart-break. I've got to clear the record before I permit any sentimental entanglements. She didn't come here to earn money. She told me so this morning. And I—I told her I'd pay her off in the morning and she'd have to go."

TOM HARMON stood up. Thoughtfully he rolled himself a cigarette. "Well," he said presently, "I'm goin' to tell her she don't have to do no such thing."

"Tom Harmon, mind your own business."

"The Lanier business is my business."

"You dip your beak into this and you can have your time, Tom."

"You're delirious. Why, I been on the payroll so long as I can be fired long enough to ride into Medoc City and tunnel Milo Landrum, but I'd come right back as soon as they let me out of the pen." He raised his arms and yawned prodigiously. "Me—at my age—gettin' mixed up in a love brawl—Well, it's no comfort to me to set here an' watch you suffer."

He departed to tip toe down the hall and pause again outside the door of Janet's room. No sound of woe reached him, so he ventured a timid knock at the door.

"Who is it?" Janet's strangled voice challenged.

"Tom Harmon. I got thinkin' maybe some fresh air would do you a whole lot o' good. You ain't never seen that thirty-

foot mahogany speed boat Ray has in the boat-house down at the lake, have you?"

"No, Tom."

"Well, it's a lovely fall afternoon, an' the lake's as smooth as a pan o' dish-water, an' I'm goin' to take that boat an' voyage around a little. She does thirty-five miles an hour, an' at that rate o' speed on water I've knowed folks to have a lot o' grief blowed right out o' them. Suppose you come out with Uncle Tom Harmon an' leave this spiteful patient o' yours to simmer down an' get logical. Just now he needs a lot o' lettin' alone."

The door opened, and Janet stood facing him. And then plain, human old Tom Harmon had a marvellous inspiration.

"I shaved this mornin', Miss Janet," he whispered, "an' I'm wearin' a clean shirt. So if you feel like you'd like to cry on somebody, why I'm a candidate."

JANET went into his arms and cried on his shoulder.

"Hush up," he pleaded. "I know all about it, an' it ain't worth cryin' about. If you think you're sufferin', you'd ought to take a look at him. However, we'll let him suffer. Serves him right. He ain't got good sense. Now you put on a heavy coat an' that little round cap I like to see you wear, and we'll go for a boat ride."

"I—I—I'm going—in the—mornin'." Janet sobbed pitifully. "I—I'm heart-broken—I—I tried to—save him—and I made a mess of it—oh, Tom, Tom, I've made a mess of—everything."

"A mess of anything, Miss Janet, when seasoned with noble intentions, is just so doggoned sweet it's got to be throwed out to the dogs. You ain't got no idea what you done to Ray Lanier."

"I have. I—hurt him—cruelly. I—I crucified his—pride."

"You think that, of course, an' he'd let you get away with the fool notion, but me, I know better. You didn't hurt him no-how. You just teched him on a soft spot—an' he had to do something or he'd have busted out cryin' in front of you. So he pulled a fight. Come now, get your things on an' I'll take you for a fast boat ride."

"Promise me you'll not tell—Ray—I cried."

"I promise not to tell him a word of what takes place—not since the moment I knocked at your door. But don't worry. He never asks questions."

"And promise me you'll stay here for dinner, I—it would be embarrassing to be alone with him—now."

"You win."

"I'll stay at the Mountain House a few days, Tom, and telephone you every day to learn how he's getting along. Then I'll go away and never bother him any more."

"You will not," said Tom Harmon.

But he said it to himself, for quite suddenly he had made up his mind that the best interests of all concerned would be conserved by keeping Janet Corliss a prisoner in Lonely Valley.

"Thanks a lot for invitin' me to the boat ride, Tom. I'll go with you now."

It occurred to Tom Harmon that he would have to cut the telephone line and steal the spark plugs out of her car, but he was a resolute fellow and equal to any enterprise.

TOM HARMON was a man who observed much, thought with extreme concentration on whatever he had to think about, and was an excellent judge of conversation, both as to its timeliness, its quantity, and its quality. He had got

Janet's car out of the garage and was seated in it under the porte cochere when she came out to join him. Out of the tail of his eye he saw that she had, most amazingly, by means wholly unknown to the honest fellow, quite destroyed the evidence of her recent weeping.

"You drive, Tom," she announced cheerfully, and got in beside him.

Harmon glanced at the dash clock. "In one hour and a quarter it will be dark, Miss Janet. We'll just have time to run down to the end of the lake and back."

He drove her down hill and across the lower meadow to a small boathouse. With a tobacco-stained index finger he motioned her into the boat and backed out, swung in a small turning basin, and sent the boat at its maximum speed of thirty-five miles per hour down toward the open lake. The speed of their passage created a breeze that blew sharply in Janet's face and, as Harmon had foretold, had the effect of sweeping her recent emotion away.

When he had cleared the charted channel, Harmon slowed the boat down and told Janet to take the wheel. This thrilled her. Indeed, in the matter of speed, there is no thrill comparable to driving a perfect speed boat, on perfect water, on a perfect day. Tom Harmon kept a smart look-out for floating logs, and Janet pushed up the throttle and followed the compass course he gave her. Thirty-five minutes after leaving the boathouse Harmon again took the wheel, and presently the boat crept along the shore at the extreme western end of the lake; then, for the first time, he spoke to her.

"See that gorge? Out in this country we call 'em box canyons. Used to be a tall monument o' black lava on the left-hand side 'way back in the '40s, and it toppled over into the gorge an' formed that there dam. That's why we have this lake. Nature sometimes does a better job than a high-priced engineer."

"And the land on which this dam has been formed—is that the land owned by Donald MacLean?"

"Yes, and for quite a distance on each side of it and below it. MacLean knew what he was about when he got some cheap land scrip together, bought this controlling quarter section, an' bottled up the Laniers. I call him the two-million-dollar grouch."

Janet gazed with vast curiosity, not unmixed with awe, upon this evidence of her grandfather's pugnacity and perspicacity.

"I want to land and look at all of it," she said, so Harmon edged the boat alongside some broken blocks of lava protruding from the water at the face of the dam and Janet climbed out and up.

THE water that formerly had escaped over the top of the dam and thus kept the lake at a constant level had, with the years, eroded a channel into the left side of the gorge, which was limestone capped with black lava. The result was an overhang about eight feet broad and with a constantly downward dip. The dam itself was about forty feet wide, and for thirty feet of its width it was now dry, the overflow tending to be diverted more and more each year into the side channel under the overhang, as the erosion carved greater egress for it. The dam extended down the gorge for about seventy feet and tapered gradually down to the level of the ancient creek channel beyond.

When she rejoined Harmon she said: "Tom, in fifty or sixty years there will have been eroded around the left side of the dam a new channel so large that gradually Lonely Valley Lake will be

drained. There will come a day when the outflow will be greater than the inflow."

"Nature's a slow engineer, but she's efficient. Give her time, an' she'll get there, Miss Janet. But fifty years is too long to wait. Barrin' accidents, Ray Lanier may have fifty years before him, but Milo Landrum ain't. Milo's got to get his while the gettin's good."

"Tom," Janet asked him earnestly, "if Ray Lanier and Milo Landrum each should survive to the day when Ray Lanier is forced to sell Lonely Valley Lake to Landrum for get-away money, or Landrum should get him foul and take it away from him on a legal technicality, what do you suppose this quarter section would be worth to him? Until he acquired it, he'd be in the position of one all dressed-up with no place to go."

Tom Harmon thoughtfully rolled and lighted a cigarette, giving himself fully a minute to consider her query. Then he looked up at her as grave as a Buddha and said:

"Miss Janet, if that day ever arrives, don't you sell Milo Landrum this dam site for a cent under half a million dollars."

She stared at him, very red of face. So he knew! To prove he did, Tom Harmon nodded a grave affirmative.

"HOW did you find out?" she demanded half angrily.

"No stranger can come into Lonely Valley, much less into Ray Lanier's house," he replied, "without the O.K. of Thomas Hollowell Enoch Harmon, Esquire. When Ray's able to, he gives the O.K., but when he's so sick he don't know whether he's in bed or in Congress the job falls to me. I hate to admit it, but I prowled through your baggage the first day I got in with the cattle drive. I found a big fat envelope an' up in the left-hand corner of it the words, 'Daniel P. Magruder, Metropolitan Trust Company Building, New York.' I'd heard o' this Magruder. The Laniers had some correspondence with him once. So I peeked inside an' found a parcel o' unrecorded deeds. I took them deeds down to my own quarters an' copied off the legal descriptions o' the land they conveyed. Then I got the maps o' Modoc County that shows the townships an' sub-divisions—an' blocked off your land in red crayon. Then I knew. After I knew, I put the envelope back in your bag and tried to forget all about it. I find that ain't so easy, Miss Janet."

"Have you told Ray?"

"No. My business was just to make certain you hadn't come to poison him, or neglect him an' let him die, while pretending to nurse him. I didn't figure your private business was any o' Ray's business—after that."

"I have difficulty in understanding why my private papers constituted any of your business, Tom."

"I hated to do it, but I had to know things. I've felt like a skunk ever since."

"Tom, I wish you hadn't confessed."

"It's been on my conscience."

He looked so doleful that Janet was forced against her will to smile.

"I'd like to be forgiven. If you can't be forgivin' now, I think maybe you will later on. Me knowin' who you are an' why you're in this country may prove lucky for you in the long run."

"I will forgive you now, Tom, on the assumption that desperate circumstances demand desperate measures—that the end justified the means."

"You're a true-blue sport, an' a true-blue sport never knows a regret, Miss Janet.

You take my advice an' don't record them deeds; an' if Landrum starts projectin' around this lawyer o' yours, warn your lawyer not to tell him your grandfather's dead an' you own the property. Have your lawyer tell him the land ain't for sale at no price."

"But it is for sale, Tom. I came out here to sell it—if not to Ray Lanier then to Landrum. I planned to play one against the other. Mr. Magruder told me to."

"Which was sound advice—from where he sits. But you can count Ray Lanier out. He can't compete with Landrum, an' I guess you know that now, don't you?"

"I realize it, yes."

HARMON flicked his cigarette butt overboard and prepared another, while he considered his next speech. "You can get a lot o' money from Landrum for your land—at the right time. That'll be when he knows he has Ray Lanier on his knees. Landrum's smart."

Harmon twiddled his thumbs and gazed pensively off towards the darkening horizon. "Half a loaf is better'n none," he resumed. "If Landrum gets Ray down with his shoulders touchin', Ray'll sell him Lonely Valley Lake—cheap. He'll need the money to finance his business. He needs money now, an' if he gets a couple o' more pokes, what's he goin' to do? He talks fierce, but if it comes to a showdown—whether it's worth losin' his ranch an' cattle or killin' Milo Landrum, he'll give up the thing he hates an' cling to the thing he loves. He's right human, Ray is."

Janet decided Harmon was developing into a sage.

"We just got to play a waitin' game," he resumed, "an' it would be money in your pocket to stick around here an' play the game with us. When Landrum's ripe for an offer I'll let you know. I'll tell you how to handle him. He's right human, too."

"It's selling Ray Lanier out, of course, Tom, but then—"

"Don't feel sorry for him. Don't show him you pity him. It's dog-eat-dog in this world; you're a lone woman, an' you got to look out for yourself."

"I fully intend to."

Tom Harmon heaved a sigh. "This situation sure is bindin'," he declared. "Well, let's get back home. We'll run up the south shore. It's deeper there, an' maybe I can show you a deer or a bear comin' down to drink about this time of the evenin'."

THE sun sank lower and lower as they cruised at half speed in the deep shadow of the tall firs along shore. The silence and the mystery of this primal wilderness were as balm to the distress resulting from Janet's recent stormy interview with Lanier.

Suddenly she said, "Tom, Ray told me once that no outsiders' boats were permitted on this lake because it is so shallow for most of its area that the wind kicks up a very bad chop, making it dangerous for small boats."

"That's right. Folks in this country got a habit, too—or they used to have—o' rowin' out in the lake, settin' off a stick o' dynamite, an' then gatherin' up hundreds o' dead trout that come to the surface. They'd take 'em home an' salt 'em down for the winter."

"There's another boat on the lake this evening, Tom. I can make out indistinctly the sound of an outboard motor."

He stopped his boat, shut off the motor, and listened. "Somebody crosin' from the

north side," he decided. "The last o' the sunset light's shinin' on that side. We ought to see them in a little while."

Harmon started his motor and crept along the wooded shore. Thanks to a muffler on the exhaust, they proceeded silently, until they came to a little rocky inlet standing out some thirty feet from the shore. Harmon slowed down, ran the boat around in back of this inlet, and tied it up. Then he and Janet climbed to the top of the inlet, lay down behind a screen of scrubby bushes, and gazed out across the lake.

Coming diagonally towards them from the middle of the lake, and entirely visible in the waning light which still flooded that area, a boat was approaching slowly. It contained two men, and as it came closer the roar of the outboard motor sent crashing echoes reverberating along the lonely shore. When it was almost abreast of the inlet it turned and chugged up the lake in the deep shadow of the south shore, rounded a promontory, and disappeared.

Tom Harmon deliberately, and in his customary silence, rolled and lit another cigarette. "Give 'em time to get where they're goin'," he suggested presently. "I figger they're goin' to follow this shore until they run aground about a mile from the upper limit o' the lake. Reckon they'll wade ashore then, drag their boat in under the bushes along shore, an' make camp. Just as well we don't let 'em know we saw 'em. They'd feel embarrassed."

"How do you know?" Janet challenged. "Because they crossed the lake at about its middle. That made sure they couldn't be seen by anybody ten miles away—anybody at the Big House or around the ranch buildings, of course. And ain't they makin' their approach up the south shore in the deep shadow? Besides, their skiff is painted light green with a dash of aluminium paint to it. Camouflage—like the water. An' they've come over pretty late."

"Do you know them, Tom?"
"Total strangers to me."
"Well, I've seen them before. They were sitting on a bench in front of Milo Landrum's office in Modoc City this afternoon when I called on Landrum. They're part of his bodyguard, I imagine."

TOM HARMON'S plain features puckered in vast amusement. "Poor ol' Milo," he murmured sympathetically, "he can't cash a bet, can he?"

"Is he trying to cash one—to-night?"
"I think so. Anyhow, we know them two boys ain't landin' on the Lanier ranch after dark for the purpose o' holdin' a prayer meetin'. Maybe they're figgerin' Ray Lanier's fool enough to pass between a lighted lamp an' a window."

"But how did they get here, Tom?"
"There's three ways folks can come by. One, over the road from Modoc City, is closed. They'd have to argue with Hugo an' his men. The other is over the Forest Service trail from Lookout. That's out of the question, because there's a gate leadin' from the Forest Reserve out into the Lanier ranch. That gate is kept locked, an' they'd have to get the forest ranger or his guard to open it. Rangers ask questions of strangers in Lonely Valley. The third way is by boat—and they took it."

Tom smoked his cigarette to a finish; then they got back into the boat, and headed diagonally down the lake again to within a half-mile of the north shore, where they turned and headed for home at top speed. It was quite dark, and Janet feared they would be unable to find the marked entrance to the old channel of

Lonely Valley Creek. She suggested to Harmon that he switch on the searchlight. "An' have them two across the lake see it?" he demanded. "I'll just have to smell my way home by steering for the lights o' the Big House on the hill. We got to creep."

When they reached the landing Tom Harmon did not wait to close the boat-house doors, in such a hurry was he. He leaped into Janet's car, and they drove straight across the meadows to the ranch buildings, bumping recklessly. When they got there, he leaped out.

"Good-night. Thanks for your company, Miss Janet. Don't tell Ray what's doin' an' don't answer the doorbell to-night, an' don't let a light burn in Ray's bedroom. Can you obey orders without questionin' them?" he added almost fiercely.

"Always have. Trained that way, Tom. Good-night, and take care of yourself." And she turned the car and rolled away up the road towards the Big House.

Janet put her car in the garage and went into the house via the kitchen, to be met with an accusing glare from Ah Fong. "Boss klazy," he informed her. "Boss thinkee maybe something happen out on lake, you no come back. Wha' for you so late? You no gottee business makeee boss klazy."

Janet was sensible of a distinct thrill at the Chinaman's announcement. Ray Lanier did not want her to stay in Lonely Valley, yet the strange fellow still could worry about her! She gave Ah Fong a smile of commendation and went on into Lanier's room.

"AH FONG informs me you've been crazy with worry because Tom and I stayed out on the lake so late," she greeted him.

"I've been half-crazy, at any rate," he replied irritably. "Here it is almost an hour after dark—and you should have been in before dark. I'll roast Tom Harmon for that." He growled something unintelligible.

"Why," Janet continued spitefully, "why should you start worrying over me so soon? You do not like me any more, and you're sending me away from here bright and early in the morning."

"I have a reason for that, and it isn't dislike," he protested.

Instead of continuing the conversation, she felt his pulse and thrust the thermometer into his mouth.

"You have half a degree of temperature," she announced.

"It's a wonder I haven't burned up."

"Nonsense! Have you had your dinner?"

"No, I was waiting for you. What the devil kept you and Tom out so late?"

"Oh, we lost track of time and had to search for the channel!" she replied with a smile.

"To-morrow," she informed him, "you may get out of bed and sit in a chair; you might walk around the bed twice. Thereafter you will gain strength at an amazing rate, but you should not venture outdoors for at least a week after you find yourself able to walk about the house. And now, as I am leaving very early in the morning, I shall say good-bye to you."

He reached over to the commode, found his cheque-book, detached a cheque, and gave it to her. She saw that it was for a thousand dollars.

"If I could afford it," he said huskily. "I'd have written that cheque for ten thousand."

"You might just as well have done that,

because I'll never cash this cheque, anyhow."

He reached for her hand and drew it to his lips. "Good-bye, my dear," he choked. "Good-bye, good luck, a pleasant green fields for you always."

"Thank you, Ray. I haven't the faintest idea what this is all about, but whatever it is, it's your business. Just tell me you really don't dislike me."

He shook his head slowly; it was obvious that he could not speak. She bent over him.

"And good-bye, good luck, and pleasant green fields for you, old Funny Face," she said softly.

She drew the curtains down and turned out the light.

"Don't draw the curtains, please," he protested. "They'll flap and keep me awake."

"Not when the windows are shut."

"But I want lots of fresh air. And don't want the light turned out. I'm going to read myself to sleep."

"WILL you please permit me to manage you this last night," said Janet to her patient.

There was excited pleading in her tones and it was not lost on him.

He laughed softly in the darkness. "There's danger abroad to-night. Somebody must have got past Hugo and his men, so Tom told you to keep my room in darkness. Well, he's right. A man could creep up on the verandah and pot me through the window yonder. Told you to keep the lights off and not answer the doorbell, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. Now don't ask me anything more."

"What did you see out on the lake? Tell me," he commanded.

"Tom told me not to."

"I can't be trifled with, and it takes a smarter woman than you to deceive me. Usually our kind of people do not have to be told things. We deduce them. Come clean, Janet."

She decided she had no alternative save to break her promise to Harmon and tell him. He groaned in his helplessness.

"They've come to burn my hay," he told her, "because that's the most terrible thing that could happen to me. If we have a hard winter and no hay, my cattle will die. They're fat now, and have to be kept fat, because fat keeps out the cold. A thin cow can't survive a hard winter in this country. It's been a dry year in this State to the south, and I couldn't find pasture to ship them to; if I wanted to. Hay is high and scarce. It would cost me fifty thousand dollars to save the herd if they burn my hay. Landrum wants to destroy my security to the bank he controls; then he'll get a deficiency judgment against me and grab all my cattle for a song he'll sing himself. A few thousand thin cattle will not pay my note with Landrum, the only buyer when they're sold at public auction by the sheriff, so he'll attach Lonely Valley Lake By Judas, that man's smart! And he sent them over in a boat because water leaves no trail."

"I wouldn't worry, Ray, if I were you, Tom Harmon's on the job."

"I'm not worrying. I'm just wild because I can't do myself the job Tom is certain to do—and that is kill those two arsonists."

He lay there in the dark without speaking for another minute, then, "There are stacks scattered all over a seven-thousand-acre meadow. That means a lot of territory to cover, make a getaway, and be back in Modoc City by daylight to prove an alibi."

They couldn't cover the ground aloft. Janet, go to the telephone and ring three long bells. I have an outpost down in the corner of the ranch—a cabin occupied by Hugo's brother, Theodore, and his half-breed squaw. Try to get him on the telephone. If he answers, tell him all you have just told me, and he'll know what to do.

She returned in five minutes to report no answer to her call.

"I thought so. Now step out on the verandah, look south-west, and see if a long way from here you see a faint light," Janet obeyed, but could see no light.

"From this height I can always see the light in Theodore's cabin," he told her. "No answer to our telephone and no lights means they've got Theodore and his wife. I thought they'd do that. A job of this sort has to be planned in advance."

"Those two men discovered Theodore has a light motor truck at the outpost. He uses it to carry salt out to the cattle and to travel between his outpost and the ranch commissary for supplies. Yes, they'd need his truck to cover that big meadow, because they'll have to be across the lake again before the first stack flares up. And they'll have another use for the truck—to carry their cans of kerosene and a box of candles."

"This is how they'll do the job, Janet. They'll scoop out a little cave in the lee of a stack, so the wind won't blow out the lighted candle they'll set there in a bag of kerosene-soaked hay. In two hours the candle will burn down to its base—and bingo! The stack's afire. I hope Tom will figure that out. If he gets the men but lets the hay go up in smoke, I'm afraid he'll be out the best job he's ever going to have. I hope he'll get there in time."

"He will," Janet assured Lanier. "He was moving fast the last I saw of him, and I'm sure he'll have time to get there and intercept them. They cannot work in the dark very well, so they'll wait until the moon comes up. We have a full moon to-night."

"I never thought of that. Janet, you're the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

"That's the second time you've told me that. And still you're resolved to banish me."

She stood beside him a moment, wondering how she was going to say good-bye to him in his extremity.

"I'll not be seeing you again," she said finally. "So good-bye again, old Funny Face. Good-bye and good luck. I'll be gone early in the morning."

He did not answer her.

She went out into the living room, selected a book from his small but distinguished library, and sat down before the log fire to read until Tom Harmon telephoned a report of his night's work. She had a feeling, amounting to a conviction, that he would report.

UPON leaving Janet, Tom Harmon ran over to the ranch mess-hall, where the men were sitting smoking their after-dinner cigarettes. He went straight to the wall telephone and rang three long bells repeatedly. Receiving no answer, he turned to face the company.

"Two of Landrum's killers are in the valley to-night," he announced. "Big Foot, you take Skunk Tallow and Little Coyote and Felix, and guard the Big House until morning. If you see anybody prowling around there, shoot first and investigate afterwards."

Before he could give them their orders

the Sphinx twins were hurrying from the mess-hall.

"Saddle my horse, too," Harmon called after them.

He permitted himself a small smile. Smart pair, the twins. Not having been assigned to duty at the Big House, they knew there was work afoot elsewhere and that Tom Harmon would lead them to it.

Harmon ate his supper hastily and went to his own cottage for his leather jerkin, his six-shooters, rifle, and ammunition. When he emerged the twins were waiting for him, mounted and leading his horse. He swung into the saddle and cantered out of the quadrangle formed by the cluster of ranch buildings, the twins at his heels, taking the road that ran parallel to the high-line irrigation ditch. The faint sheen of starlight on the water enabled them to keep to the road in the darkness. An hour's riding at the little, easy cat-lope of the trained cow horses, and they passed through a gate into the great meadow. Here one of the twins spoke.

"They got Theodore, Tom."

"Sure. His light's out, an' he didn't answer the telephone."

"Moon's comin' up," the other twin announced.

"Don't be such chatterboxes," Tom Harmon warned, and cantered across the meadow until he reached a grove of firs about fifty yards from one of the stacks. They backed their horses into the deep shadow and dismounted.

"Tie their tongues down," Harmon commanded. "Can't have 'em nickerin' an' givin' us away. Then lead 'em off on a flank. Don't fidget on gettin' any horses killed, either."

THE horses' tongues were tied down with buckskin thongs.

"I think they're out to burn the hay," Harmon explained then. "Naturally they'll start with the stacks farthest from the lake an' work towards the lake. They came in a boat. They'll follow the old road from Theodore's shack up to this first line of hay stacks, an' I'm figgerin' they'll start with the stack yonder, on the sheltered side of it. The fellow that plants the lighted candle will have to crawl in under the barbed wire fence around the stack. (The stacks were all fenced to keep the cattle from them until the season for hay feeding should commence.) It'll be bright moon-light, but they won't see us in the shadow o' these firs, so we ought to get them from here. If we don't get 'em—an' I don't claim to be no dead shot in the moonlight—they may hide behind the stack an' fight it out. So we won't take chances. We don't any of us want to get killed, an' we can afford to lose one stack o' hay to save our skins."

He chuckled malevolently and from his inner breast pocket drew a small cardboard carton. From his side coat pocket he produced a candle and a six-ounce bottle; then he strolled over to the windward side of the stack, lighted the candle, dropped some grease on the bottom of the carton and in its centre, pinched out the light, stuck his candle in the grease, tucked short wisps of hay around the base of the candle, and poured on this inflammable material the contents of the bottle. Then he reit the candle, gouged out a little orifice in the base of the stack, tucked the carton into it, and piled some hay in front of it. Satisfied that the burning candle would not be seen, he rejoined his men.

The moon rose above the mountains to the east and shed its light over Lonely Valley. The brilliance increased as the moon mounted into the heavens. Sleeping

cattle could be discerned faintly for a distance of three hundred yards.

Suddenly the watchers in the little grove heard the distant sound of a heavy blow, followed by a metallic crashing. Nobody made any comment on this, for all three men knew the sound had been made by Theodore's truck striking a loose plank in a rough bridge over one of the smaller irrigation ditches. The truck, running without headlights, had struck the bridge at too high a rate of speed. As it approached, the rattle of its progress became more and more audible. Presently they saw its dark bulk leave the road along the western fringe of the meadow and come straight across the field towards the stack they watched. It pulled up in the lee of the stack and two men got down off the seat. One walked round the truck and stood at the left front wheel with the truck between him and the group beside the fir tree, while the other lifted a five-gallon can from the truck and carried it to the fence. He shoved it under the lowest wire and crawled in after it.

He was busy at the side of the stack for about a minute, then Tom Harmon saw him strike a light and stand up.

"LET him have it," he ordered in a low voice.

The volley crashed out, but the man at the stack did not fall. Instead, he ran around to the other end of the stack. An instant later a steady spray of fire came from the truck; a stream of bullets whistled over the heads of Harmon and his men, and with one accord they bent low, separated, and got behind trees, where they cast themselves flat on the ground.

"Machine guns," Tom Harmon yelled during a momentary pause in the firing. "Those skunks are smarter'n I thought. Kept one man on guard! Don't shoot, or you'll be a target. He can't see us."

Evidently the same strategy occurred to the man crouching behind the truck. As his legs were not visible, Harmon concluded he had crawled up on the running board, where he would be protected by the body of the automobile. For the nonce, therefore, the affair was a stalemate.

"Are you O.K., Twins?" Harmon called.

"O.K.," they replied in unison.

"It'll be too bad for you when daylight comes," taunted the man behind the truck.

"That's what I'm waitin' for—better shootin' light," Harmon shouted back.

The tittering laugh of the Sphinx twins was audible.

Thus an hour passed. Then, from the truck, the taunting voice reached them.

"The stack ain't goin' to burn. One of your bullets must have snuffed the candle—if that's what you're waitin' for."

"You must be kinder cramped over there, mister," Harmon called back cheerfully.

"But don't worry. We'll move you right pronto now."

As he spoke, a tongue of flame licked up from the windward side of the haystack. When a half-minute had passed it was roaring up the stack and spreading along the sides and top. The men in the clump of firs waited patiently, for they knew the heat of the conflagration would drive the man from the far end of the truck into the open, and force the man behind the stack to evacuate or roast.

The scene was now illuminated brilliantly. The moment for final action had come, and the man behind the truck knew it. He rolled from his cramped position and stood up. Over in the clump of firs he saw about half a man's body behind a tree, and fired at it instantly.

A second later the twins fired, and the

man's head and shoulders disappeared behind the truck, but they could see his body outstretched on the ground. They charged towards the truck.

A glance showed their work in that quarter had been completed, so they circled the blazing stack. Far out in the field they saw the other man running. They emptied their magazines at him, and he fell; whereupon they risked a scorching to run the truck out into the field to save it from being burned. Then they went back to their old haven in the fir grove.

"Got 'em?" Tom Harmon demanded.

"You bet!"

"Well, anyhow—it was a small stack. I'm tunnelled. Put me—in the truck—carry me up to—the Big House—after you've called at—Theodore's cabin."

A QUARTER of an hour later Theodore and his squaw, lying bound and gagged on the floor of their cabin, heard somebody walk in. Then that somebody struck a match and lighted the kerosene lamp on the kitchen table, glanced around him—and grunted after the fashion of one who has discovered no more than he has expected to discover. He removed the gags from the mouths of Theodore and his squaw and untwisted from their wrists, knees, and ankles the pieces of copper telegraph wire with which they had been trussed up. Having completed his office, he went outside without once having spoken, and climbed up on the driver's seat of Theodore's truck.

Theodore and his squaw stiffly followed him out. Well up in the bed of the truck and under the driver's seat they saw Tom Harmon lying on a bed of hay. In the rear of the truck body two other men lay, sprawled on each other, but there was no hay under them. The other twin rode his horse, leading the other two.

Theodore leaned in and touched Tom Harmon on the brow, whereupon that individual opened his eyes and said cheerfully:

"Hello, Theodore. Next time you—have visitors—don't answer the knock—at the front door. Get your gun—sneak out the back door—and surprise 'em."

The white blood in Theodore made him articulate. "Tom, Tom," he pleaded, "what happened?"

"They tunnelled me."

"But we got the skunks right here," the twin who was riding announced, and they drove away.

As the night passed, Janet laid aside her book and surrendered her mind to contemplation of her private affairs. Until Lanier had so suddenly dismissed her she had thought vaguely of telling him that she was now the owner of that quarter section of worthless land that for more than forty years had been as a pistol pointed at the Lanier heads. Because of her sympathy for him she had considered assuring him of safety in that quarter. She was glad now that she had not done so, for it would have constituted a deplorable weakness, a ruling of herself by her emotions rather than by her head. Five hundred thousand dollars Tom Harmon thought she could get from Milo Landrum for her land if and when he was satisfied that Raynor Lanier was helpless, headed for bankruptcy. Of course, this was merely Tom Harmon's opinion, yet Janet knew it had merit.

She strove to convince herself that she felt for Raynor Lanier a just resentment due to his shabby treatment of her. She found herself making a sorry failure of

her attempt to dislike him, or even feel a fair element of annoyance toward him. Whatever had caused him to wish to dispense with her services immediately was his own business. After all, she was a trained nurse, and trained nurses come and go.

The ancient clock over the mantel struck eleven. How long she had sat there pondering all this! And then the knocker on the front door struck loudly—once, twice, thrice—and Raynor Lanier called from his room:

"Janet! Janet! Come here—quickly!"

She ran down the hall to his room.

"My pistol is in the lower drawer of the bureau," he said eagerly. "Get it for me . . . and leave the door open. Somebody is at the front door. Remember, somebody called to see my father . . . by God, if they've called to see me, let them in! Lift me up in bed. Straight up, please . . . It's late . . . and nobody comes visiting in Lonely Valley after dark."

She got out pistol and belt. He threw open the cylinder and spun it, snapped it closed again.

"Now open the door and let them in," he commanded. "Don't be frightened. They won't harm you. I'm the prize they're after . . . but they've got to fight for it."

Janet was trembling violently as she threw open the door. On the porch without, stood the Sphinx twins, each with an arm hooked under the arm of Tom Harmon, whose body hung limp in their grasp, his feet buckling oddly under him. They half-dragged, half-carried him in, and a tiny trickle of blood made a trail behind him across the floor.

Janet stepped to the entrance to the hall and called to Raynor Lanier:

"It's all right, Ray. It's only Tom Harmon."

Then she closed the door to the hall, procured a blanket, spread it on the divan, and motioned the Sphinx twins to lay Tom Harmon on it. Having done this, the two stood by, staring apathetically at the superintendent, vouchsafing no information.

She bent over Harmon.

"What happened, Tom? Where did they hit you?"

"Right hip an' breast . . . Lung, I guess. They had a . . . machine gun . . . Twins got . . . both."

He opened his eyes and smiled up at her. "Guess you're not goin' in the mornin' . . . after all, Miss Janet. You wouldn't leave a brand-new patient . . . in the lurch . . . would you?"

His lips and his moustache were fringed with a bloody froth, so she ran, got a towel, and wiped it away. Then she gave him a drink of whiskey and left to prepare a bed for him.

THE Sphinx twins carried him in and assisted Janet to undress him; then one of the twins went outside and returned with a large, metallic first-aid case. "Brought this up from Tom's house," he explained. "Always have it on hand in case of accidents . . . fix a man up till the doctor comes. Thought you'd need it." He sighed deeply as if the speech wearied him.

Said Tom Harmon, "You two boys ain't no more use to-night, so get on with your job."

The twins clumped out, and Janet examined Harmon's wounds. The one through the hip was a flesh wound, and the bullet had missed the bone. There was a small shred of his trousers imbedded in the wound, and this she removed. The bullet through his right breast had passed between the ribs and emerged two inches

from his spine; an examination of his clothing convinced her that no particle of his leathern jerkin or shirt had been carried into his body, nor was he bleeding profusely.

"Well, there's nothing to do, Tom, except wash your wounds with a sterile solution, and put an antiseptic dressing on them," she announced.

She found the necessary materials for the operation in the portable medicine cabinet, and when the dressing had been completed she tucked him under the bedclothes, washed his face and hands, and gave him another drink of whiskey. There was nothing else she could do. If he lived . . . he lived. If he died . . . he died.

He declared his wounds did not hurt half so much as a toothache he had once had. "Only burned one stack," he started to tell her, but she forbade speech.

"We'll learn all about that to-morrow," she warned. "The effort of talking might bring on a real hemorrhage."

But Tom Harmon was undisciplined. "Good thing . . . Ray's on the mend . . . an' be able to take . . . my place . . . while I'm laid up. Ain't you glad . . . they shot . . . me, Miss Janet?"

"I'm not, Tom, you poor thing. Why should I be?"

There was a leer of infinite cunning in Harmon's plain features as he replied: "Because it . . . gives me . . . legitimate . . . personal grudge agin Landrum . . . from to-night on. Ray can't . . . deny me my . . . innings now . . . can he? If he does . . . won't obey him. Case now o' which . . . one of us . . . gets Landrum first . . . an' if you play your cards . . . right . . . an' keep Ray in Lonely Valley . . . I'll get well . . . an' beat him to Landrum . . . an' then you won't never be . . . unhappy about . . . blood on Ray's . . . hands. Then folks . . . can't say he's . . . a killer . . . like his . . . father an' grandfather."

Her emotion almost choked her. She stood, humble and abashed, in the presence of his nobility. And he didn't even know how noble he was . . . or that he was noble at all, in fact. He strove merely to be practical.

Janet turned out the light and went to Ray Lanier's room. He still held his pistol.

"I heard a car come up the hill," he said. "Who was it? Where from? Where's Tom Harmon?"

She explained the situation to him fully. "Is Tom going to die?" He exhibited neither sorrow nor surprise.

"Perhaps not. People frequently recover from lung punctures, provided there are no complications. I should say he stands better than an even chance, for he has the physique of a grizzly bear."

"Before you go to-morrow," he begged her, "telephone to Reno and have a doctor and two nurses sent over in a plane. Got to have the best for old Tom."

"And after that I can go?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll not," she burst out on him furiously. "You're not the only person to be considered here. Tom Harmon is just about the finest man I've ever met, and I'd die if some other nurse took care of him. I'll stick until Tom is out of danger, and then I'll go, and in the meantime, Mr. Raynor Lanier, all I want from you is civility and not too much of that. And I've burned your cheque."

"Very well, Miss Peppercot. Please put my gun back in the bureau. You must think I'm a timid person to have asked you to get me my gun, but I never take undue

Then will you please be good enough to leave me alone . . . You can be as crazy without quarrelling with me as you know."

"Hate you," Janet flung at him.

"That's good. I have a break in my bad luck at last. Good-night. Please don't neglect Tom."

He knew he was deliberately taunting her, and it enraged her to realise that she had the power to do this. He tried to meet her fiery glance bravely, but eventually quailed before it, and instantly, as she laid his hang-dog look, her heart softened toward him.

"You're not much of a success as a tycoon, are you, Ray?" she taunted in turn.

He did not answer, but turned his back on her and hid with his hand the excited side of his face, like a sulky little boy.

Janet turned on another light. "The color of your neck is rosy red, too," she gently. "Why don't you draw the sheets over your head and hide that blush?"

She drew them over his head with a jerk, and Janet thought she had never seen anything so ludicrous. She had a mad desire to hug him for it.

"HE'S just an overgrown boy," she went on aloud, "and he talks about killing people. And he sulks, too. As all snarled up in his thoughts and what a sight is that, my countrymen?"

He heaved himself out on the edge of the bed, stooped, found his slippers, put on, and donned his dressing gown which lay across the back of a chair. Janet got quickly to him to steady him.

"Get back into bed," she commanded. Instead of obeying her he threw an arm round her shoulders.

"Help me into Tom's room," he ordered in a choking voice. "I've got to see the boy. Got to show some interest in him lying, perhaps—in my service."

She saw that he was suffering far more than she had suspected in view of the almost stolid manner in which he had received the news of Harmon's mishap.

She supported his trembling body down the hall to the room where Tom Harmon was gazing calmly up at the ceiling. A lump came in her throat when she saw him reach for Harmon's hand and hold it in silence, and when Harmon, to hide his embarrassment at this touch of affection and concern, growled like a broody hen:

"Get to Hades out of here, Ray. The way you act—folks would think—I was hurt more or less."

Lanier sat down on the edge of the bed, but he did not let go his man's hand. Janet saw his chin tremble ever so little, and the thought came to her that between some men there can exist a fraternal affection so profound it can be understood but not expressed. She left the room, feeling that her presence was an intolerable intrusion.

She went out on the verandah to be alone with her thoughts. The full moon was directly overhead, its effulgence casting a broad streak of silver light down the length of Lonely Valley Lake.

Big Foot came around the corner of the house with a bucket, a mop, and a rake. He raked the fine trap rock on the drive in front of the house, then with his mop obliterated thoroughly the gory trail made by Tom Harmon when the twins had carried him into the house. She opened the door and pointed to the same trail on

the floor of the living room, and Big Foot grunted and mopped that clean. Then he looked up at her.

"Tom die?"

"No, I think he will get well."

"Mebbe so you let Big Foot see Tom?"

She took him down to Harmon's room. Tom was smoking a cigarette. He waved a careless hand at Big Foot.

"Big Foot makem all things clean," the old Indian announced. "Sheriff come no looksee blood."

"It's agin the law," Tom Harmon said to Janet, "but there—ain't no law—in Lonely Valley but—the Lanier law. Please give that old—colorado maduro—horsechief—a big drink—o' whisky. He's shakin'—an' I know—why."

Janet forcibly removed the cigarette from Harmon's lips.

"Take him, Big Foot," she ordered, indicating Raynor Lanier, and Big Foot picked his youthful boss up and carried him back to his room.

"I have two children to care for now, instead of one," the girl complained.

"Please bring the bottle and two glasses in here," Lanier begged gently. "Big Foot and Big Boss are going to pin one on to—gether."

"Lonely Valley," Janet cried-out at him, "is the habitat of lunatics. I have never before met such crazy men as you and Tom Harmon."

"You'd be surprised at the things you can scare up out of the tall timber, Janet."

"You're a pair of antiques in a modern setting."

"I hope you like antiques, Janet."

To her own amazement and disgust she choked back her tears. She thought: "Lonely men in Lonely Valley! And this one drinks with his Indian! The prideful democrat!"

To Raynor Lanier she said,

"Where I come from a man would not drink with his servant."

"Big Foot," he replied, "is not a servant. He is my Indian father, I am blood brother of the tribe, duly initiated, and my Indian name is White Pelican. Even as a child my bow was fairly prominent."

Impulsively she reached over and tweaked his bow.

He grasped her hand and held it a moment, and there was that in his eyes which Janet knew no woman had ever seen before. Her heart was singing as she left him, but she did not wonder why. She knew. She loved him; she knew he loved her. But he would not tell her so. . . .

Why? Well, that was a bridge they would cross when they came to it.

JANET watched Tom Harmon carefully throughout the night, but he developed no alarming symptoms and she was satisfied that he was bleeding very little internally, for only occasionally would he cough and raise a little blood.

When she brought Lanier's breakfast tray in to him she reported on Harmon's condition.

"Unless pneumonia sets in, or a piece of his clothing has been carried by the bullet into the lung, I think he will make a quick recovery," she said. "You will understand, Ray, that a bullet passing through tissue cauterises it with the friction and hence sterileses it. If no foreign and unsterilised substance has been carried into the wound I shall not worry about him."

"We can't take a chance," he replied. "Telephone that doctor in Reno and tell him to fly over here with another trained nurse, and never mind the expense."

"There is really nothing that the doctor

can do, although I'll telephone him the first sign of disturbing complications. Lung wounds can't be probed for foreign substances, such as a fragment of cloth. If Tom has anything like that in him, he'll die. The care of his wounds is simple enough."

"I dare say you are entirely capable of caring for him, Janet, but—"

"Do you wish to have the news of this shooting affray known, Ray?"

"No, no, of course not."

"Then don't send for the doctor unless an emergency presents itself."

"DOCTORS can be trusted with a patient's secret."

"Not this kind of patient. When a doctor is called to treat a gunshot wound or a stab wound, it is his duty to report the case to the nearest peace officer. If he refuses or neglects to do this, and the news leaks out, he may lose his licence to practise. Only disreputable practitioners risk that."

He grimaced in disgust. "The sheriff and the district attorney came around after my father was shot. They tried to make me admit that I had killed the man who shot him and dumped his body on Landrum's porch, but I proved I had been camped with my men near Modoc City when it happened, and swore the deed had been done by a party unknown. And that was true. I didn't know the killer—both Big Foot and Skunk Tallow got a shot at him. I did not know which one had hit him. The district attorney or the sheriff will be around again to-day—probably late this afternoon. They have to motor over from the county seat."

"How are they going to know?"

"I'm not certain, but I have a suspicion Tom sent the Sphinx twins in with those two incendiaries last night, and Landrum's cook probably found them on his porch when she went out to get the milk. Tom didn't tell me this, but then he never discusses or reports the obvious. I know how he works." And Ray chuckled pleasantly.

"Guess I'll get up and have a look at Thomas myself. If he's bearing up to my satisfaction, I'll risk a total lack of publicity."

Tom Harmon was not only bearing up to Lanier's satisfaction, but he was absolutely cheerful, except on one subject. Janet had removed his tobacco and cigarettes and was adamant in her determination not to give him even one little whiff. He had a degree of fever, but that was no more than was to be expected, and he was resigned to doing without a doctor for the present.

Janet bathed him, dressed his wounds again, changed the bed linen, and, leaving him in charge of Lanier, who sat in a comfortable chair opposite him, retired to her own room and slept until luncheon time. When she returned to him, she found that his temperature and pulse had not altered, and he had slept some. He was in more pain, however, so she gave him some morphia to ease the pain and put him to sleep.

About two o'clock, as she and Lanier were chatting together in the living-room, where Lanier was lying on the divan, the knocker on the front door was given three sharp bangs.

"Ah," Lanier murmured. "The peremptory challenge of the law. Sam Gorton is like that. He never leaves you in doubt for an instant that he is the sheriff. Ah Fong will answer."

Ah Fong did—and a short, broad man of about forty stepped briskly in. He sported the traditional headgear of a cow county

sheriff, as well as handie-bar mousethies. The sight of Lanier appeared to surprise him, for he stood in the middle of the room and stared.

"Hello, Sam," Lanier greeted him cheerfully. "Have a seat. Miss Corliss, permit me to present Sheriff Gorton."

"Howdy, Ray. Pleased to make your acquaintance Miss Corliss. If you don't mind, young lady, I'd like to have a word or two with Mr. Lanier in private."

"Oh, never mind her, Sam. She's my nurse, and you haven't got anything to discuss with me that I wouldn't care to have her hear. Sit down and tell me what's on your mind."

Sheriff Gorton sat down without troubling to remove his hat. He fixed Lanier with an accusative glare and said:

"Well, Ray, I see you been up to your old tricks."

"You'll have to be more explicit, Sam."

"How about them two dead men that was dumped on Milo Landrum's front porch last night?"

"Sam, I give you my word of honor this is the first news I have had of any such commendable enterprise on the part of persons who are unknown to me but who, I feel assured, must be friends of mine with my interest very much at heart. Two of them, you say?"

"Two," said Gorton.

"Last time there was only one," Lanier resumed in a musing tone, "and he wasn't identified. Who were the two most recent arrivals?"

"You know mighty well who they were. Two o' Landrum's bodyguard."

"I have never seen his bodyguard. I have been dangerously ill with spotted fever for a month. This young lady is my nurse. I haven't been out of the house. In fact, this is the first day I have been up, and, as you may have noticed, I'm not dressed. Just lying around, trying to get back my strength."

"You have employees?"

"Yes—and if those two men bumped into my employees on this ranch and were recognised, you can bet your sweet life they never got out of Lonely Valley the way they came in. Have you any idea, Sam, where they were killed—and how?"

"One was hit through the head once from in front, and the other got it three times through the body from in back."

"Why, he must have been running, Sam."

"Plain case o' murder, Ray."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it—sit down and cry?"

"I expect you to come clean with me."

"You're an optimist."

"**R**AY LANIER, I'm goin' to land the parties that done this."

"Why such an active interest in Landrum's bodyguard? A bodyguard is well paid to take undue risks. Those two men must have gone out looking for trouble and bumped into more than they could handle. Of course, I realise you have to make some sort of official investigation, but why didn't you start with Landrum?"

"He don't know a thing about it."

"You mean he wouldn't tell. Well, why do you expect me to help you make a success of your investigation? I'm not seeking publicity. I tell you I had nothing to do with that killing, but if you want to scout over the ranch and interview my employees I have no objection. You might find bloodstains and empty cartridge shells, although I doubt that any of my men would be so stupid as not to clean up after their job."

"Look here, Lanier, I ain't goin' to waste my time foolin' with you. You tell me you

been sick, but you're all over it now an' busy gettin' back your strength. Well, you can spend a few days in my gaol gettin' it back, because I'm here to arrest you for murder or suborned murder. Get dressed an' come with me."

But Raynor Lanier only smiled and shook his head. "No use, Sam. You'd never get by my outpost on top of the hill. My men would be instantly suspicious if they saw me riding in your car."

"I got a posse outside."

"And have you a warrant for my arrest?"

"No; I can arrest you on suspicion."

"And while you're driving me into the county seat somebody will take a shot at me from the timber, eh? Really, I couldn't allow that. I'll go peaceably with you, however, provided my men, mounted, are permitted to ride ahead and on each side of the road through the timber."

"You'll be safe with me. I'm runnin' this show."

"It was Landrum's idea that you come out here and arrest me on suspicion, was it not?"

"He seemed to think you was the only one he could, in fairness, suspicion."

"**W**ELL, I suspect him of being far from philanthropic where I am concerned, so unless my riders can be part of the procession I really don't see how I can go with you."

"Get up an' dress," Gorton commanded.

Raynor Lanier sat up, reached under the pillow on which he had been reclining, and produced a pistol of a size and calibre popular with the Lanier clan for half a century. "Now, then, Sam, what about it? Are you going peaceably, or must I create a scene in the presence of the lady? Confound you, Sam, you force me to be impolite to a guest in my own house. Get going. Ah Fong!" he shouted.

Ah Fong appeared from the kitchen, took in the situation at a glance, and opened the door leading to the verandah.

"You wouldn't dare shoot," Gorton answered—and Lanier fired.

The sheriff's hat flew off his head.

"You shouldn't keep your hat on your head in the house and in the presence of a lady," he reproved Gorton mildly. "On your way, or I'll kill you where you sit."

Gorton shot out through the door like a frightened rabbit, and Ah Fong closed and locked it.

Lanier stared at the bullet hole in the oak wainscoting. "Got to put a new piece in there," he told Janet. "Sorry I had to frighten you, but Sam needed persuading. He bluffed—and I bluffed just a little harder."

"Oh, Ray, you'll be in such trouble!" Janet was deathly pale and trembling.

He shrugged. From the front of the house came the sound of an automobile starting, and Lanier walked unsteadily to the window and looked out. "Six of them in a seven-passenger car, Janet. They're going. And Sam Gorton forgot to pick up his hat. They must have cut the telephone line from the outpost, or Hugo would have telephoned me they were coming." He yawned. "Life is full of trouble, isn't it? How soundly old Tom sleeps! He didn't hear that shot."

"But Gorton will return with a warrant."

"No," he told her decisively. "He'll confer with Landrum, who will forbid the posse, now that the first plan didn't work. Gorton will not be anxious to return. He's a fool, but not such a fool as to beard the Lanier in his den—put over a raid without a shred of evidence to justify it. What I know I know, but what Gorton knows he

imagines. And one of the things I imagine strongly is that he can't get out of Lonely Valley without a pitched battle. Janet, how about a game dominoes?"

But Janet retreated to the haven of Harmon's room to reorganise her shattered nerves. When she returned two hours later Raynor Lanier was asleep, with a magazine spread over his face. In a corner of the room she saw Big Foot and, close by his hand, a rifle. In the kitchen she saw Tallow sat, with a rifle close to his hand also. And about eight o'clock that night the Sphinx twins came up and relieved Indians.

The following day Tom Harmon's temperature was down half a degree; he was a healthy fellow, and his wounds started to heal by first intention. When three days had passed, Janet felt assured that pneumonia would not develop and cease to worry over him. And then they had another visitor. This time it was Elkins, the district attorney, a well-dressed young man of pleasant address. Janet realised, by the very inflection of his voice as Lanier had greeted Elkins, that Elkins was welcome. She was certain of this when Lanier summoned Ah Fong and ordered drinks.

"Well, Ray, I see you've been having adventures again," Elkins announced in a casual tone of one who states a fact and anticipates no denial of it.

"Yes, Lee, we had a little ruckus here a few nights ago. Have you seen Gorton?" Elkins nodded and grinned. "He didn't get far, did he?"

"No. I haven't a great deal of confidence in Sam. He's too windy. And he's too close to Landrum. Landrum made a mistake for him last time Sam ran for office. Spent quite a little money on his campaign, I suppose. Lee, you came over to get it straight of it from me?"

"If you care to tell me. I don't know anything, and neither does Sam Gorton. I know you and your people well enough to realise that if we're going to ascertain anything you'll have to tell me."

"I'll tell you, but not Sam Gorton."

"Sam has been picking on me to have a warrant for your arrest, together with dozen John Doe warrants, so he can arrest your entire crew. I thought I should consult you before issuing them. Gorton has no objection to making an official fool of himself, but I have."

"I know you'd do that, Lee." And with that the slightest hesitation—without even exacting a pledge of silence from the district attorney—Lanier told him the story of the fight at the haystack, concerning only the identity of the men who had participated in it. He even exhibited the machine-gun which the twins had captured.

"**A**ND there's a skiff down at Theodore's cabin and a new outboard motor. I imagine we could trace the owner of that motor by the number on it; perhaps we could even trace the builder of the boat, for it is of recent origin and home-made. But why bother? I know who's back of it all, and when the final accounting is due, justice will be done."

"Well," Lee Elkins decided, "we'll hold an inquest to-morrow and decide that the deceased came to their deaths at the hands of a party or parties unknown. That will end it, as far as my office is concerned. Your people are plainly in the clear, and I doubt if I could convict Landrum of anything. He's smart. He covers up rather well. By the way, he's sick abed. Almost

and a stroke when he found his men had been sent back to him."

"You know, of course, Lee, that he took shot at me in Modoc City not much more than a month ago?"

"Yes; I heard about that. Going to prosecute him?"

"No; I have a sound legal reason now for believing my life is in danger from Landrum."

"You're a Lanier through and through, Landrum, of course, thought his life in danger from you."

"It was—although I never threatened him, Lee. Well, when I pay my debt to that buzzard—as I shall—do you think I'll go to the pen for it?"

"I do not. You have no enemies in this county, and Landrum has a great number. So jary would convict you. I'd have to prosecute you, of course, but in all honesty I move dismissal of the charge on the grounds that it was justifiable homicide and that a conviction would be impossible—a trial merely a waste of the taxpayers' money."

LANIER cast a slow, sideways glance at Janet, followed by the ghost of a triumphant smile. He turned to the district attorney.

"Better stay all night, Lee. I'll fix you up with some shooting clothes and a shotgun. My duckpond has been baited for a month, and the blind is dry. Better go down and enjoy yourself this afternoon. A high wind is blowing, and the birds will be pitching into that pond by the hundreds. They don't like to stay out on the lake when there are whitecaps on it. Geese should be in shortly."

"Thanks, Ray, I will."

He turned to Janet.

"I suppose you haven't had a very pleasant time in Lonely Valley, have you, Miss Corliss?"

"You," she replied, "constitute the first pleasant note in my life for a month."

"She thinks I'm a bloodthirsty savage, Lee."

"Man, she's right! Don't worry about him killing Milo Landrum, Miss Corliss. The minute Landrum gets back on his feet, he'll have urgent business elsewhere. Right now he's a badly frightened man. You see," he went on, "Ray and I have been friends since childhood. So I called on Landrum and had a little confidential chat with him. Told him he needn't expect me to work myself ill trying to convict Ray Lanier after Ray killed him. I urged him to go away from this country. And on my way back through Modoc City I'll tell him that if he declines to make himself scarce I'll send the Grand Jury after him. He'll go."

Tom Harmon improved steadily, but for reasons of his own he claimed he felt poorly. Janet had a suspicion he was shamming merely to keep her on in Lonely Valley.

A week after the shooting, Raynor Lanier left the house for the first time. He had gained in flesh and strength at an amazing rate. Janet found him one morning mounting a horse in front of the house. The Sphinx twins were in attendance and rode off behind him. When he returned for luncheon the pallor of his recent illness and confinement to the house was gone; he was ruddy, clear-eyed, and as happy as a child.

"Rode down to the big meadow as far as Theodore's outpost. Prowled around and looked at the cattle," he announced. "They look well, and there's grass enough for another month; after that we'll have to start feeding some hay. But ten miles in

the saddle was enough for me. I came home in Theodore's truck."

He kicked off his chaps in the living-room and went whistling through the house as if he hadn't a care in the world. The following day he asked Janet to go to Modoc City with him in her car. He spent an hour there in the general store, purchasing cheap, heavy underwear, overalls and shirts, bolts of cloth goods, shoes and stockings for women, a ten-pound tub of the sort of candy known as "grocers' mixed," a half-dozen bright plaid shawls, and several sacks of beans, onions, and potatoes.

"Christmas presents for my Indians, male and female," he confided to Janet. "Now you help me pick things for the kids."

The bill amounted to over five hundred dollars, and he wrote a cheque for it. Janet wanted to reprove him for his prodigality, and he seemed to sense this, for he said:

"Usually I give the tribe only half a dozen old cows to slaughter, but I'm providing an extra big Christmas this year, because it's liable to be the last."

They had left the general store and were walking across the sidewalk to Janet's car when she saw Milo Landrum coming up the street. He still limped and walked with a cane. Raynor Lanier saw him and stood watching his enemy approach; apparently Landrum did not observe him until a distance of but sixty feet separated them, and then his right hand went up, palm out, in the ancient Indian sign of peace. Instantly Raynor Lanier's arm went up in the same sign—and Landrum came on. They did not remove their glances from each other; as Landrum was about to pass he said in a low murmur, "I'm not heeled, Lanier."

"I wouldn't shoot it out with an unarmed cripple, Landrum. How soon do you anticipate being able to walk without a cane?"

"Couple o' weeks."

"You'll keep that long, but see that you're wearing your weapon when next we meet."

"I'm through wearin' weapons," Landrum replied. "They only git a man into trouble."

ONLY the tenacity of the situation deterred Janet from bursting into laughter at the look that came over Raynor Lanier's face as Milo Landrum made his remarkable pronouncement. It was the first time she had seen Lanier absolutely deprived of his mental equilibrium.

"Why—why—you cowardly sneak," he ground out. "So you figure I'll not draw on an unarmed man."

"I hear that's something your father and grandfather never done."

Lanier's arm shot out; he grasped Landrum by the collar.

"You led from a sneak that time, but you've played the hand all wrong, Landrum. This just doesn't happen to be your day to die. I didn't come in to town to-day to get you. But one day I'm coming, and whether you're armed or not that day, you're going to pay your debt to my father."

And he ran his hands over Landrum's person.

A voice of authority spoke just behind Lanier:

"Leave him, Lanier," said Sam Gorton, the sheriff.

Lanier removed his hand from Landrum's collar. "I wasn't going to hurt him, Sam. Just wanted to hold him while I talked to him and frisked him for weapons. He's in no danger. I'm going to let him have a merry Christmas."

Lanier turned to face the sheriff, but Janet, who had retreated to the door of the general store the moment she sighted Landrum, never took her glance off the

latter. As Lanier turned to face Sam Gorton, she saw Landrum's hand steal slowly up to his lower right vest pocket.

There was something so furtive in his action that automatically she ran towards him. She was within two feet of him when his hand came out of the pocket, and in it Janet saw a very short pistol. She launched herself at him, seized his wrist with both hands, and bent the weapon downward, at the same time screaming:

"Ray, he's armed!"

RAY LANIER whirled and drove his right fist into Landrum's side. The older man collapsed instantly, and Lanier placed his foot across Landrum's wrist, pinning it to the wooden sidewalk; then he stooped and picked up a double-barrelled Derringer, of .44 calibre and with both barrels loaded.

"Gimme that," Sam Gorton ordered, and Janet saw him jab Lanier in the small of the back with his six-shooter. "You don't kill nobody with me around."

"No; but Landrum would have killed me with you around, and you would have sworn he did it in self-defence, merely because I was fool enough to lay my hands on him. He said he wasn't armed—and I wanted to make sure he told the truth—so I frisked him for a regular weapon. He held out on me. Had this Derringer in his vest pocket and tried to shoot me when I turned to speak to you."

"We'll discuss that later, Lanier. Put both hands over your head and close together."

Lanier obeyed, and Sam Gorton snapped handcuffs on him.

"Got you, didn't I?" he exulted. "Knew if I hung around until you left Lonely Valley you'd spend Christmas in my gaol. I'm goin' to charge you with assault to commit murder . . . lemme see. Yep, you're wearin' a gun, too. So I'll also charge you with carryin' a concealed weapon."

He reached up, removed the Derringer from Lanier's hand, and put it in his own vest pocket. Then he unbuckled Lanier's belt with the holstered pistol attached and hung it over his arm. He placed his own gun back in its holster and then, deeming his prisoner safe for the moment, he bent over the prostrate Landrum and shook him gently. Landrum was not unconscious; he was suffering agony, however, from the pain of the blow, and all the wind had been knocked out of him.

AND then Janet Corliss gave evidence of the pugnacity and partisanship inherited from Donald MacLean. She remembered that in her handbag she carried still the little pearl-handled .32 calibre revolver with which she had armed herself for her drive alone across the continent. She opened the bag and, unseen by Sam Gorton, passed the gun, butt first, to Ray, who grasped it eagerly, despite his manacled wrists.

Sheriff Gorton lifted Landrum to his feet and supported him about a minute; he even dusted him off and replaced his hat. Then he turned to claim his prisoner—and found himself looking down a pistol barrel.

"Up with them, Sam, my beamish boy," Lanier commanded softly, and Gorton, following a second's hesitation, obeyed. "Drop my gun and belt, Sam," Lanier continued in velvet tones. "Then drop your own, Mr. Landrum, sir, be good enough to remove your Derringer from the sheriff's person and lay it carefully on the ground. Also his keys. Now back away, both of you. That will do. Janet, please pick up that arsenal

and place it in the car. Now, both of you smart Alecks will proceed to the Mountain House. I'm going home. Good-morning, gent, and a merry Christmas to you both."

As the dismal pair started down the street, Lanier bucked to Janet's car parked at the curb; Janet opened the door for him and he climbed in, still facing his quarry. Then she climbed in the other door, took the wheel, and started the car. In defiance of traffic regulations she turned in the middle of the street and started for Lonely Valley at fifty miles an hour. A mile outside Modoc City she pulled up, unlocked the handcuffs, then sped on again. Lanier had not spoken, and she found herself incapable of speaking to him. She could not have found words to express her thoughts; she could not even look at him, for all her attention was required for the road.

Suddenly he said, "Stop, Janet, please." She obeyed mechanically, and he got out, lifted up the rumble seat, and abstracted a rifle and two boxes of ammunition.

"Sam and one or two of his deputies will be almost certain to get a car and follow Janet. They'll have rifles—and they can drive this road much faster than you can and with more safety. So I'll wait here and stop them on this sharp curve, when they slow up. You wait a few hundred yards up the road and I'll rejoin you presently."

He stepped off the road into the timber and disappeared. Janet drove on, and in a wide space in the road around the next curve, she pulled up to wait. About twenty minutes later he rejoined her. He was carrying three rifles now, and another six-shooter. He stowed this armament in the rumble seat, took the wheel from her, and proceeded to Lonely Valley at a leisurely pace.

After a while he said, "I love people who never ask foolish questions."

"Why should I?" she managed to say. "I can see the picture."

"I'll never see a picture half so beautiful as yourself handing me that shiny little pistol of yours, Janet. By Judas, you're taking on the protective coloration and habits of your environment."

"WAS Landrum's meeting with you intentional, Ray?" Janet asked.

"Of course it was. Somehow he and Gorton got word that I was in town with a lady, and, of course, they knew I would avoid a brawl in your presence. So Landrum appeared on the scene to make his little play about not going armed any more. And he pretended lameness. Did you observe he left his cane where I knocked him down, and didn't limp at all as he walked away with Gorton. Scheme to delude me. Sam Gorton was standing in the door of the drug store just across the street. He's one of the best wing shots in this country, and if I had reached for my gun to get Landrum, Gorton would have got me. Then Landrum saw a chance to kill me. Both he and Gorton would have sworn I was manhandling him at the time. Grand opportunity for a legal killing. If Gorton had had to plug me his excuse would have been that I had a Derringer in my hand and was resisting arrest. Undoubtedly they would have made their story stick. You would have been the only witness to contradict them—and two to one always wins." He chuckled softly. "You didn't want to see your patient spend Christmas in gaol, did you?"

"I smelled a crooked deal—and you were just too gorgeous throughout it all. Ray, I just couldn't let them triumph over you."

"You're a brick. If you hadn't acted as

you did they'd have me up in court at the county seat to-morrow morning and I'd be put under very heavy bonds to keep the peace with Landrum. I might have got a jail sentence, too. The Laniers are regarded—and justly so—as bad medicine."

"What will happen now?"

"Nothing will happen while I remain in Lonely Valley. Sam Gorton will not dare come after me there. He's afraid he'd never get out alive, and I'm inclined to agree with him. Sam's as crooked as a bucket of worms—when he thinks he can get away with it—and my father and I both worked hard to defeat him for his office of sheriff. He holds grudges."

"Do you think he'll try to arrest me for handing you that gun?"

"Oh, no. He didn't see you hand it to me, and he's excusing himself for not frisking me more thoroughly. He thinks it's a little extra gun I had thrust down the band of my trousers. One he overlooked."

When they reached the outpost on the top of the hill Lanier handed over to Hugo the two rifles, two pistols, the handcuffs and the sheriff's keys.

"S"AM GORTON will be along in a little while, Hugo," he told the sentry. "I told him I'd leave these here for him. Give them to him."

"I let him go into the valley, Ray?"

"No."

"All right," Hugo replied. "Then he won't go."

Arrived at the Big House, Lanier ran Janet's car into the garage, while she entered the house via the front door. When he came in through the kitchen a little later he walked straight up to her and took both of her hands in his.

"You know what I think, don't you, Janet?" he said, and then, with a bright smile, dropped her hands and turned to Tom Harmon, who had taken advantage of Janet's absence to don his employer's slippers, dressing-gown, and pyjamas, and take a little walk around the house.

To Harmon he related their adventures of the morning. Strangely enough, Harmon made no comment; he merely looked at Janet and smiled; his eyes were eloquent of admiration. Then, as if he had been listening to a report of the common-place, he got out a harmonica and commenced playing softly "The Cowboy's Lament."

After luncheon, Lanier took his gun and went down to his baited duck pond near the lake. The moment Harmon and Janet were alone, the former said, apropos of nothing:

"So you've made up your mind to throw in with him, eh?"

"I do not understand you, Tom!"

"Goin' to let the tall go with the hide?"

"Come again, Thomas."

"You've fixed it all up with Ray, eh? Goin' to stay with us till spring?"

"Oh, no."

"I was thinkin' some," he replied mournfully, "of gettin' my sister, Mollie Key-aton, over here for a chaperon. Mollie lost her husband six months back and she's out of a job. You'd like Mollie, even if she is my sister."

"I'm leaving here within a week, Tom. After what happened to-day I know what will happen a few days from now, and I'm not going to remain and see it happen. It would be too painful. It would have happened to-day had I not been present. Ray was magnificent—and just because he was so magnificent—because I have become firmly convinced that he has no alternative save to shoot it out with Landrum, I'm not going to remain here and em-

barrass him. The day after I leave Lonely Valley he'll go to Modoc City for M. Landrum, and all the fat sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs in town will not stop him."

"That's why I wanted you to stay—you'd stop him."

"I've given a great deal of thought to his situation, Tom, and have made up my mind that I haven't the most remote chance to interfere, directly or indirectly. This is Ray Lanier's game, and he has to play under his own rules. It's a terrible game to have to play, but no woman can do it for him. His fate lies on the knees of the gods."

Harmon abandoned his argument. "Better leave me your New York address, Mr. Janet. You may be needed as one of Ray's witnesses. But don't you fret about him goin' to the pen. You heard what the district attorney said, didn't you?"

"I am very unhappy here," she cried desolately. "Why should I remain here and suffer? Ray Lanier's wonderful, but—well, when he kills Milo Landrum he kills my only prospect for selling my land for a very great deal of money, and thus destroys the sole reason for my presence in California. But I would not advance that argument in order to bend him to my desire. It is a circumstance not of Ray's making—none of his business. He must protect himself, and I think he ought to kill Landrum and do it immediately. I would—if I were in his position. Good heavens, Tom, it's the only thing to do. But I shall not be here when it's done. I—I just couldn't bear it. Some day, when it's all over and if it has ended happily I'd like to come back to Lonely Valley—properly chaperoned, of course. I hope that will be next spring. Ray said he would take me out into the country to look at some scattered parcels of land I own."

"J"ANET," said Harmon, "you can forget about that scattered land. I've located it all on the map and I know every piece, and so does Ray. Gettin' title to those patches o' range was just some more o' your granddaddy's foresightedness—just another one of his plans to ruin Felix Lanier. Those parcels o' land surround waterholes an' creeks up in the Modoc National Forest. In the days when that country was free range an' before it was all included in the Forest Reserve anybody could file a homestead on any part of it. Your smart relative didn't file homesteads, however. He bought up a lot o' cheap land scrip an' applied it to the out-right purchase o' those lands so's he could control the water on the free range. Cows got to have water, but with the waterholes fenced and guarded Felix Lanier would have been out o' luck. He run Donald MacLean off the free range by force, but Donald MacLean wasn't flogged, even if he did run away. He jes' set about plannin' to run Felix Lanier off later—by force—the force o' the law. If there was any fightin' to be done then the sheriff would have to do it. Donald MacLean had been shot up once by Felix Lanier, but he didn't figure to have it happen again. He aimed to have that free summer range all to himself."

"I wonder why he didn't?"

"Maybe he didn't have enough money to buy cows to stock it. Maybe he couldn't locate the right sort o' winter range. He had to be set in a big way before declarin' war on Felix Lanier again—an' while he was gettin' set Uncle Sam came along, withdrew all that free range from entry, an' included it in a forest reserve. So MacLean decided to forget his plan. He

couldn't fight the United States Government, could he?"

With a woman's logical viewpoint Janet said, "Why couldn't he? The land was his. He paid taxes on it. He could have fenced those waterholes had he cared to."

"If he had, the Government would have used to have 'em condemned for public use. You try keepin' the Government out o' its grazin' fees an' see how far you get. Miss Janet, all that land ain't worth the taxes to you—an' the taxes don't amount to nothin'. Some day I'll look around for a lot o' fair Government land in one solid block, an' the Government'll trade you that for your waterholes, an' glad to do it."

"So, then," Janet replied sadly, "I'll not come back in the spring."

"Early summer," Harmon opted, "would be better. You could come back to put flowers on his grave on Decoration Day—if you had to."

"Don't jest so, Tom, please. You'll make me cry."

"BUT you'll have to stay in California until after the funeral."

"Whose funeral?"

"Ray's or Landrum's. You'd come to Ray's, of course."

"I would not. I couldn't bear it."

"If it was Landrum's you'd come up, wouldn't you—just to see Ray an' sell him your dam-site as a price he could afford to pay? Something's better'n nothin'. He'll be as liberal as he can be. In fact, when he realises what a whalin' lot o' money he did you out o' by killin' Landrum, I got a notion he'll deed you enough land in reclaimed Lonely Valley to make up for your loss. That'd make a sizeable ranch, an' you could sell it."

"No, I wouldn't permit that. I'd hold Landrum up, but not Ray Lanier. He doesn't want strangers in Lonely Valley. It's all his. After I've gone, Tom, and if and when he emerges safely from his argument with Landrum, you may tell him I own that dam-site and that he can have it for whatever he can afford to pay for it. No strings attached. I'm not an Indian giver. I'll leave a deed to it with my attorney, and he can send my attorney his cheque. He can make the terms of the payment anything he wishes."

"Come over here an' set alongside me," Harmon commanded in a husky voice.

"Come, Miss Janet."

She obeyed, and he put his great arm around her shoulders and drew her head down on his shoulder.

"The Lord only made one woman like you, an' then He destroyed the mould," he told her. "Now, you have your little cry out, an' you'll feel better. Lordy, girl, I only want you to keep Ray here until I can walk again. Haven't I told you Landrum's my meat?"

"He isn't. He's Ray Lanier's meat. And I wouldn't have Ray hide behind any man. I love him, Tom—and I wouldn't love any man who wasn't a man—clear through—and worth loving."

Said Mr. Harmon hastily: "I'm through. You win. Pack your straw suitcase an' your old carpet bag an' leave day after tomorrow. Just stay to have Christmas dinner with us." He patted her paternally. "Spunky gal! That's what you are."

"Can't stay around a man you love—when he—doesn't love you," she sobbed.

"You do understand, don't you, Tom?"

"Sure, sure. I'm a smart feller, that-a-way." He sighed deeply. "Yes, I'm more or less weary o' bein' a dogged old chaplain. Goin' to git out o' this house

when you leave an' go down to my own private shack."

"You musn't. You've got to remain here and guard him."

"Oh, all right, all right, only I don't belong here—all weighted down with secrets an' private confidences like I am. That's the trouble with me. I got a full, innocent face like a grandfather's clock, an' folks confide in me, whether I like it or not."

"Tom, you're the dearest man in the world. Will you write to me when I'm gone and tell me all about everything?"

"Yes, if you can read it. I ain't had much schoolin', Janet. Just enough to read brands an' earmarks, but I'll do my best. And, perhaps because this was a tender subject, he hastened to change it. "I suppose you know we're goin' to have a Christmas-tree down to the help's mess-hall to-night?"

"Yes, Ray told me. He bought a lot of presents for the Indians to-day, and the twins were to bring them out in a truck. Do you have a Christmas-tree every year?"

"No. Last time was the year before Ray's mother died. Reckon it would have hurt Felix to keep up the practice. On account you're here Ray thought he'd revive the custom. Reckon the Indian kids'll like it."

After dinner that night Janet and Lanier drove down to the mess-hall. They were anxious to have Tom come, but he declared the exertion would prove too great for him. Some twenty adult Indians with perhaps ten children were gathered in the yard in front of the mess-hall awaiting their arrival.

Ray and Janet were received with the customary Indian silence, although Big Foot, being the chief, said:

"Hello, Ray. Hello, Miss Lady. Pretty nice you give Modoc big time. Everybody happy and say thank you."

He then turned to his people and made a brief speech.

"He's telling them about you and what a different sort of white woman you are," Lanier explained.

"It takes him a long time to say it, Ray."

"Oh, he's telling them other things, but they're merely an assumption on his part and more or less private, so I think I had better not tell you what they are. Now I have to make a speech. I'm the boss, but I'm also a tribal brother. Initiated with due ceremony when I was born."

A chorus of grunts and a brief nodding of heads followed his three-minute speech in the Modoc language; then everybody trooped into the mess-hall and the distribution of presents began.

THE Christmas gift giving was a great occasion.

The toys and clothing for the women and children Lanier distributed personally, but the rations he turned over to Big Foot, for distribution by him according to tribal needs. For the hired men of the ranch there was an envelope containing for each a month's pay in cash. Janet had given a pop-gun and a cap-pistol to each of the Sphinx twins, whose saturnine faces melted at this sly tribute to their ferocity; she had a carved leather belt with a silver buckle for Lanier and a necktie for Tom Harmon. And when all these gifts had been distributed there still remained two.

"For you, Janet," said Lanier, and handed her a great, square, heavy package.

Even before she removed the covering she knew it was a picture. It was the oil painting of Lonely Valley she had noticed on his living-room wall. Pinned to it by a

tiny thumb tack was a card, and on it she read:

"For Janet."

"Something to remember me by, for I dread the thought of being forgotten by one I shall never, never forget or cease to reverence and feel grateful to.—R.L."

"Oh, thank you, Ray," she whispered, "but what I really wanted is the kodak photograph of you—the one where you have your foot in the stirrup about to mount your horse. A distinguished artist painted this. You prize it. You—"

"I want you to have it. And you shall have the kodak picture too."

"It will leave a bare spot on your wall."

"No, it won't. I want to photograph you before you leave and make an enlargement. I want something more than a memory of you, my dear."

SHE looked at him, and the thought came to her that if all those Indians weren't present she could have kissed him—an appreciative and sisterly kiss. However, she knew he would not have relished that.

"I'll accept this painting in the spirit in which you give it, Ray," she said instead. "I'll never forget you. I couldn't. Some day I may have a home where I can hang this—and think of you whenever I look at it."

"Here is another present for you, Janet."

He handed her a little cardboard box. Within it, on a bed of absorbent cotton all too evidently torn from the roll in Tom Harmon's room, lay a heart-shaped coarse gold nugget worth perhaps fifty dollars. In a scrawling uncertain hand had been written on a card:

"Dear Miss Janet:

"You labor for love, so I give you my heart. Have wore it 30 yrs. for luck. I hope it brings you luck. Merry Christmas from yore true friend,

"T. H. E. Harmon."

Silently she handed the gift and the card to Lanier. He smiled at her sadly, put his arm through hers, and led her out of the mess hall to their waiting car. She could not speak. Her heart was too full. Nor did Lanier speak until, having run the car into the garage, they walked around to the front of the house to enter by the main portal. In the darkness of the verandah he took her hand in both of his.

"It's not such a very merry Christmas, is it?" he murmured, and kissed her hand. "You know how much it hurts me to see you leave, do you not, Janet?"

"I didn't know," she choked, "until to-night."

"If, in the future, I find it possible to ask you to come back, will you come?"

"Yes." The word was a whisper.

Christmas Day was the longest day Janet had ever known. In common with Lanier and Harmon she sought to throw off the restraint that was the outgrowth of the tragedy that hung over Lonely Valley. There was nothing to do, nothing she could say that she wanted to say. Ah Fong had cooked an excellent Christmas dinner, but they partook of it in anything but a Yuletide spirit; immediately after dinner Tom Harmon, always discreet, hopped away to his room on his one sound leg and left Janet and Lanier alone.

The silence between them grew so oppressive that Janet had to say something. So she chose the subject foremost in her thoughts. "Well, Ray, when do you contemplate the completion of your unfinished business with Milo Landrum?"

"If Tom were able to attend to business I'd do it to-morrow, Janet. However, since

I can git along without it. I want to stay in the cattle business an' to do that I got to climb out o' debt an' acquire enough cash capital to enable me to stand up under the losses we're goin' to have for the next five years."

"Oh, Tom, he mustn't do that. I'm certain I can raise the money to save his cows."

"Well, if you can, don't you let him know nothin' about it. He don't lean on no woman in a fight. However, Miss Janet thanks to you, the deal's all off now. Landrum warned me he'd let his verbal option slide unless I agreed to settle with him for cash. He wouldn't admit he sent them two men over to burn Ray's hay, but I reckon he figgers I'm entitled to some compensation for the pain an' sufferin' I been through. Of course he didn't put it that way. Said he couldn't begin to imagine the source o' my grouch agin him, but if I'd forgit it he'd give me ten thousand dollars not to block his deal with Ray."

"And what did you reply to that?"

"I told him all the assets he's got couldn't save him from me the day I was able to set foot to ground. I had to kill that deal, didn't I? Of course, if you can't raise a hundred thousand dollars, let me know quick."

"I understand perfectly, Tom. I'll wire you at the earliest possible moment the result of my efforts. Good-bye, you old dear."

THAT night Milo Landrum telephoned Lanier and explained the obstacle, in the shape of Tom Harmon's vengeance, which had reared itself between them and their trade.

"Don't worry about that, Landrum," Lanier assured him. "I'll handle Harmon."

He hung up, returned to the living-room, and proceeded to "handle" his superintendent. After explaining carefully to Tom all the reasons why the deal was a desirable one for him, and that Harmon could well afford to waive his vengeance and settle for cash, Lanier added persuasively:

"Of course you'll do this for me, Tom?"

"You didn't consult me on this deal before you made it, an' it's too late to consult me now," Harmon declared. "I don't sell my honor for no ten thousand dollars, bad as I need the money. I won Milo from you, fair an' square—an' now you want him back. Nothin' doin'." I'm a-goin' to collect from him in the smoke if it's the last act of my misspent life. I don't hold with you on sellin' out to him so cheap—not until you plumb have to. What's the hurry?"

"If you don't answer this here suit, Landrum gits a default judgement agin you in ten days an' there the matter rests until say April 1, when Landrum gits an order from the Court directin' the sheriff to sell the mortgaged cattle to satisfy Landrum's judgement. The sale's got to be advertised for thirty days, so it won't be before May 1 that the cows are sold, which leaves you about four months' time to scatter 'round an' try to refinance yourself."

"You idiot, I'm not even going to try. I want this deal to go through as I have planned. I want to be free of worry, and I want that fine girl to sit pretty the remainder of her life. I—I find it hard to keep on hating, Tom. I'm trying to do what I think Felix would advise me to do if he were alive to-day. And Janet nursed you. Have you no gratitude?"

"We'll make her wait awhile. The best I'll do for you, seein' as how I work for you an' got more or less of a likin' for you, is to promise not to kill Landrum until

after he acquires your cows. Meanwhile, I'm standin' pat an' blockin' the deal."

When Lanier reported back to Landrum the following day that for the present he could not guarantee Tom Harmon's neutrality, Landrum said:

"The deal's dead until you do—an' I'm hirin' a bodyguard. Meanwhile, since you don't seem able to control your hired man maybe I can figger out a scheme to control him."

DANIEL P. MAGRUDER, of Phelps, Chinn & Magruder, sat at his desk wondering whether he should buy a hundred thousand dollars worth of steel and hold it for a rise, or sell it short and wait for a new debacle to materialise in the stock market.

While he pondered, two small, cool hands closed over his eyes and held him. Knowing he was expected to guess the identity of the owner of those hands he said promptly,

"Little Janet Corliss?"

Instantly he was released.

"How did you know?" Janet demanded, and reached over his shoulder to kiss him.

"You're my only youthful woman client, my dear. No widow or spinster would dare to get so familiar with her attorney. Sit down in that chair yonder—in the light—and let me have a look at you?"

Janet obeyed, and Daniel P. Magruder helped himself to a long and satisfactory look.

"When did you return, Janet?"

"Just came up from the Grand Central station. My bags are in your ante-room."

"When people are in such a hurry to see me I always infer that they are financially ruined or about to be. Well, I've collected a few small dividends for you during your absence. Want them?"

"No—that is, yes, but there's no hurry."

"Well, then," he smiled, "tell me all about it."

"Uncle Dan, I've been having the most thrilling adventures."

"For instance?"

"Shootings and killings and burnings and intrigue and scheming; and overdue notes at a bank and mortgages on cattle, and a man who knows better than to pass in front of a window after the lights are lit; a blood feud and Indians and cowboys and cows and calves and green feed and some wonderful men and some terrible men—"

"Ah," he interrupted, "and which of the wonderful men have you fallen in love with, my dear?"

"I was coming to that. His name is Raynor Lanier, and he's the son of Grandpa's old enemy, Felix Lanier."

"And what has old Mr. Felix Lanier to say about that?"

"Nothing. He was murdered last October."

"So they're still killing each other out there just as they did in your grandfather's day? And this Raynor Lanier? Is he a chip of the old block?"

"He's terrible, Uncle Dan—and I love him to death."

"And you're going to marry him?"

"Yes, if I get the money."

The attorney (smiling)—"Well, I'll see."

"Ah, there's the rub. I do not know. He hasn't asked me, and, unless I do something about it, he never will."

"Bahful?"

"No, just old-fashioned. He's in a peck of trouble and too fine to invite me to share it with him. Uncle Dan, he needs a hundred thousand dollars to pay a mortgage on his cattle. If he doesn't pay it, his enemy will take the cattle at half their value, and—"

Daniel P. Magruder commenced chuckle. "And you want me to lend the money and take over the cows as security, eh?"

"Yes," Janet replied eagerly, "and it all have little calves in the spring, that will make additional security. He has a gorgeous fifteen-thousand-acre ranch besides, and it's not encumbered, in a year or two he'll have several thousand acres more. And it's so beautiful, Uncle Dan, you'd just adore it. It's called Lonely Valley."

"And this lord of Lonely Valley—Raynor Lanier—did he suggest your helping him out of his dilemma?"

"Of course not. He'd die before appealing to a woman for help."

"Has he ever killed anybody?"

"Not yet, but he will if I'm not careful."

"Will that make a difference to you?"

"No. It's a self-defence job, and he can't be able to avoid it."

"Calm yourself, Janet, start in at the beginning and tell me everything in an orderly manner. Cold facts only. Then, where did you first meet this blue-throated young man?"

JANET started at the beginning and told him everything. At the end of an hour Magruder declared he had the entire picture.

"Well, Janet," he added, "you left me hoping you would have some unusual ventures, and your desire has been granted. I am inclined to believe I should give my consent for you to marry your cattle king, but I never take anything for granted."

He swung his swivel chair and gazed out of the window for a long time before he spoke again. Then:

"It was quite a shock to me, Janet, when your mother married Joe Corliss. Nice chap he was, too—good looks, good family, lot of charm—and no head for business. I thought I could have done a better job of taking care of your mother. However, she didn't think so. And she never really got over Joe's death. She was a one-man woman . . . well, Janet dear, I want you to be happy. You're a bit close to me, child—"

He turned from the window, but Janet was not there. She returned presently, however, carrying a suitcase, from which she took the silver-framed kodak enlargement of Raynor Lanier which Ray had given her at parting, and which he had inscribed to her.

Magruder studied the picture. "Character in that face, and character in that chiselling," he decided. "I'll bet his old man was mighty proud of that boy. . . . Well, I have a hundred thousand dollars crying for investment at six per cent.—"

"Seven, darling," Janet interrupted. "He'll pay seven because just now he's paying eight."

"I'm not greedy. I've always been satisfied with five per cent. net. If the security is ample I'll save your man, Janet, but on one condition: he is not to kill Landrum. If he should ever marry you, he must come to you with blood on his hands."

"I wouldn't put that ultimatum up to him, Uncle Dan. I want that man, but I'll not hobble him. He's holding his own hand, and there aren't any trumps to it, but he'll play it as best he can. However, why argue that point? He shook dice with his hired man for the privilege of killing Landrum—and the hired man won."

"Janet," Magruder replied, "You're your ferocious old grandfather's ferocious young granddaughter. But how about this

quarter section of land you own and which is the key to that lake bed?"

"Well, if he asks me to marry him, Uncle Dan, I'll be so grateful I'll give him that key for a wedding present."

"Oh, well, wire him to hold on to everything until spring. I've got to go out there and look things over, but I can't do that in midwinter. I tell you frankly, however, Janet, that as a business venture it does not appeal to me. Even though the security should be more than ample, the young man may not be able to work out of debt, and in the long run I might be forced to foreclose on him. With you married to him at that time, I'd suffer if I had to foreclose."

"I'm not asking a favor, Uncle Dan. In fact, I didn't mention the matter of a loan. You did. And I'm offering you an opportunity to rent one hundred thousand dollars at seven per cent. on liquid security. With his cows and his land Ray has enough to pay you—and somehow, I suppose, he could start all over again."

"And if that were necessary—would you start all over again with him? Would you be willing to darn his socks and patch his overalls and cook his meals and bear his children? Would you endure the loneliness, self-sacrifice, and lack of social intercourse attendant upon being wife to such a man?"

"I WOULD. And I'd like it—because I'd always know he was worth it."

Magruder took about a minute to let that statement sink in. Then: "Well, I have the money available, and I'll loan it to your man, provided you endorse the note. We've got to be businesslike about this. I never mix sentiment with business."

"You're a sweet prevaricator, but we'll not argue that. Oh, you darling! May I send him a telegram at once?"

"No. I have known telegraph offices in country towns to leak. You will not even write to him, because I have a suspicion that the Raynor Laniers of this world prefer to go to goal rather than be under financial obligations to a woman. You leave this entire matter to me. I have had considerable experience leading lost babes out of the financial woods. You are not to worry, Janet, and you are not to interfere. I'll save the young man, if he'll permit me."

"I know you will, Uncle Dan—provided you live." Janet reached over and felt his pulse. "Sixty-four. Hum-um-m! Slowing up. Stick out your tongue and say 'Ab-h-h-h!'"

Magruder shook with quiet mirth. "Many a true word is said in jest, my dear girl—and I am sixty-five years old and a sedentary ruin."

He squared around to his desk and drew a cheque to Janet's order for one hundred thousand dollars.

"Now, you deposit that in your bank," he instructed her. "Leave it entirely to me, while I live, the job of saving your cattle king. If I should die before the crisis comes in his affairs, you will have the money on hand to do the needful for him. Now I'll ask you to sign a promissory note, so this deal will be quite regular. Not that you'll ever be called upon to pay the note. Meanwhile, no letters and no telegrams to the ruffian, Lanier. Promise?"

"Oh, but I know he expects a letter from me."

"Write him all you wish to—but do not mention business. That fellow is on the spot, as they say, and I have a great curiosity to observe how he gets off it—

and to know what sort of fighter he is. He shall not be saved until hope has fled."

"But he'll suffer so in the meanwhile, Uncle Dan. Please do not make him suffer."

"Suffering, my dear, is good for young men. It mellowes them. If suffering makes this fellow quit, he's not the man for you. If it makes him fight all the harder, you'll be happy with him. This is my show, and you must permit me to run it. Now, scram out of here. I have other clients much more important to me financially than you, and one of them is waiting outside now."

ON the morning of January the third two men on horseback rode down into Lonely Valley. One of them was Skunk Tallow, Big Foot's son, and the other was a cowboy from one of Milo Landrum's ranches. Skunk Tallow had vouched for the cowboy to Hugo as they passed the outpost on top of the hill, and both men rode directly to the Lanier house. Ah Fong admitted them.

"Here is the mail, boss," Skunk Tallow announced in English. "I meet this man on the road, and he say he want to see you, so I bring him along. He have no gun. Hugo search him."

Lanier advanced to meet the cowboy.

"I know what he wants," he said smilingly. "He has a fatal document to hand me."

The cowboy grinned, removed his hat, and took from it a copy of a summons and complaint in action of Milo P. Landrum versus Raynor Lanier, in the matter of an unpaid promissory note assigned to said Lanier by the Modoc County Commercial Trust & Savings Bank in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars with accrued interest.

"You are Mr. Raynor Lanier?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Take it." Lanier took it. "Better back up to the fire before starting back through the snow," he suggested hospitably.

While the cowboy warmed himself, Lanier read his mail. When the cowboy departed, Tom Harmon, who had been watching his employer, thoughtfully rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"Well, don't hoard the good news," he complained. "You set there grinnin' like a coyote."

"It's a letter from Janet. I'll read it to you."

Apparently the letter held little interest for Tom Harmon. "She sends me her love," he commented. "Well, send her mine when you answer. Meanwhile, what are you going to do about refinancing yourself?"

"I have not lost hope that you will play ball with me so that I can play ball with Landrum."

"I'll do that after you've tried everything else and failed. Now, listen. Somewhere there's folks with money to rent at eight per cent. on good liquid security. There's that outfit in San Francisco that handles Government funds for the relief of stricken stock men. Have you seen 'em? There's outfits in Texas and Arizona and Nevada that still got money to loan. You lift this plaster Landrum has on your cattle and you're takin' his club away from him; then you can, if you insist, sell him your lake lands for a lot more money. Suppose you did make him a low price recently. He backed out; after your financial condition has improved an' he knows it . . ."

"I've thought of all that. It has seemed to me that if I traded with him now Janet later would be able to hold him up for at least half a million and I . . ."

"And as long as she lived she'd have to keep a guard on that dam to prevent Landrum from blowing it out. And Landrum would buy off the guard. Son, save yourself an' let Nature take her course regardin' Miss Janet. I've think this over a whole lot an' have come to the conclusion you got to sell out together at the best possible price . . . an' not attempt no hold-up. Git into your car an' start roamin' this State for cash money."

In the end Harmon persuaded Lanier to accept his advice.

Raynor Lanier had scarcely climbed the grade out of Lonely Valley, on his way out to secure a loan, before Tom Harmon set his right foot gingerly on the floor, flexed his leg, and stood on it. He grimaced with pain, but walked up and down the room, nevertheless, although he limped sadly. Ah Fong came in and watched him.

"I'm limberin' her up," Harmon explained. "It hurts, but I can stand that for a while."

He limped to the telephone to summon to the Big House the Sphinx twins and Skunk Tallow.

When they arrived in a light truck they had crowbars and picks in it. Harmon, dressed now for protection against the bitter cold, climbed into the truck with them and was driven down to the boat-house. Ten minutes later, with Skunk Tallow at the wheel, the party was flying down the lake.

During the winter, the water level in the lake was at its lowest point and was not flowing over the top of the natural dam, as Harmon observed upon arrival there. When the snows in the mountains melted in the spring and Lonely Valley creek became a roaring river, the lake would rise and water would flow deeply over the dam, rendering impossible any operations looking toward its destruction.

HARMON led his men, armed with picks and crowbars, over the dam and down to its lower end.

"Felix Lanier did some work on this here dam twenty-five or thirty years ago," he told his men. "I don't know how much, but whatever was done must have been done from the lower end. This here spot's just about the place I'd start a tunnel, so get busy an' pry them big boulders out, an' we'll see if we can locate the old tunnel. I got a great curiosity to see how much work Felix done before they stopped him."

Two hours' labor uncovered the mouth of the tunnel . . . an aperture about five feet wide by six feet high. Tom Harmon went into it with an electric torch, after giving the tunnel time to air, and proceeded up it for a distance of fifty feet. The workings had all been well-timbered, but time and the drip of water had rotted them until Harmon could almost pick them apart with his fingers. He measured the length of the tunnel with a string, then emerged and measured the same distance with the string along the top of the dam.

"Twenty-five feet more to tunnel," he announced, and paced off the width of the dam. After calculating half-aloud for a minute or two, he added—"Three weeks' work at the outside—then the black powder an' dynamite stored under the direction of a capable powder man, an electric wire from the fulminatin' cape in the dynamite run out to a battery half a mile away . . . Less'n five thousand dollars will do this job, an' it don't take no high-class minin' engineer to do it, either. Just a gang o' good five-dollar-a-day, hard-rock miners, I'll board an' lodge 'em at the ranch an' run 'em back an' forth to the job with the speed boat. If we have an open winter, the lake won't freeze, an', anyhow, if it

does maybe the freers won't come till February. Means I got to get set here in January."

Back at the ranch he packed a bag and had one of the twins drive him in the truck over to the county seat, where he climbed painfully aboard a train for Reno. He wanted no local hard-rock men for the job he contemplated, and he knew he would have no difficulty finding plenty of unemployed miners wintering in Reno.

He brought them back together with the necessary equipment to the county seat, where one of the twins met them with the truck, and the following morning the crew were at work in the woods surrounding the dam, cutting timbers for the tunnel. Upon the advice of his powder man he ordered a dozen cases of dynamite and thirty thousand pounds of black powder and had it shipped to the powder man at Reno, for he knew he could not ship that amount of explosive into Modoc County without exciting much comment and speculation, some of which might reach the ears of Milo Landrum and start suspicious thoughts. By motor trucks and speed boat it was quietly and carefully transported down to the dam.

Mining operations had been completed and the last can of powder delivered at the dam site, stored and covered with limbs cut from trees, and the men paid off, and sent back to Reno, the day before Raynor Lanier returned from his search for capital. He found Tom Harmon at the Big House and still limping.

"Well," Harmon demanded, "what luck, Ray?"

"I'm set for a loan from the Federal Cattle Loan Agency of Arizona, Tom," Lanier replied happily. "They've agreed tentatively to make the loan and will send their representative up next week to count the cattle and appraise them. If the collateral is found to be as I represented it, and if the agent is satisfied I have ample summer range and ample winter range and hay, I'll get the money immediately."

"Since you been gone," Tom Harmon replied, "there's been a change in the grass situation. The chief ranger o' the Modoc National Forest called up yesterday an' told me your grazin' permit in the national forest for next summer has been cancelled an' given to Milo Landrum instead."

LANIER stared at his superintendent a moment, then sat down and gave a short, mirthless laugh. "Reached right into Washington with his political pull and got me, did he, Tom?"

"Got you for fair."

"That kills my loan from the Federal people. I've never known a cattle loan company to loan money on cows where the owner couldn't show he had grass enough to grow 'em out."

"You're sunk, boy."

"Well, if I am, I've have to ask you to settle with Landrum and give me a clear field to sell Lonely Valley Lake to him."

"After this dirty trick he's pulled?" Harmon almost yelled. "Not in a million years. Now I will tunnel him. Let him take the cows. Let him buy 'em in cheap at the sheriff's sale, but in the meantime you form a corporation—the Lonely Valley Land & Cattle Company—and deed every acre an' every cow-brute an' saddle horse an' piece of equipment you got to the corporation. Put the stock in my name. Then

let Landrum sit a deficiency judgement again you if he wants. How's he goin' to collect it?"

"He'll force me into bankruptcy if I do that, you jackass."

"Well, we ain't licked yet. Not if you continue to fight. Ray, that Janet girl owns a twenty here, a forty there, an eighty elsewhere all over the Modoc National Forest. That old fox, MacLean, scripped all the lands surroundin' the creeks an' waterholes, thinkin' to run Felix off the range in the days when it was free range, an' Janet now holds all them lands in fee. We'll get her to agree to let us fence every waterhole—an' then we'll see how much good Milo Landrum's grazin' permit will do him."

"That scheme won't work."

"It will, work—long enough to deprive the Government of its grazin' fees one whole summer. I know what I'm talkin' about. I've had this matter up with Lee Elkins, your attorney. If we fence them water-holes an' put armed guards there to keep the fences up an' cattle from comin' there to drink, then the Government will enter a suit agin Janet to condemn them lands away from her. But Janet's got thirty days in which to answer the suit, after they've got a summons served on her. An' if they can't find her to serve it, they got to advertise the suit for sixty days an' serve her that way."

WHEN Lanier returned to the ranch the following morning, he informed his superintendent that the order had been issued by the court.

"I wouldn't be surprised now," Harmon suggested, "if we had a visit from Milo, borderin' new terms."

About eight o'clock the following morning, while he and Harmon were at breakfast, they heard a car drive up in front of the house. Ah Fong went to the door, and Janet Corliss stepped in.

"Hello, Ray. Hello, Tom. Am I late for breakfast?" she greeted them.

"Janet!" Raynor Lanier shouted and caught her in his arms, hesitated a moment and kissed her fraternally.

"You next, Thomas," Janet commanded, and Mr. Harmon sheepishly submitted himself to a small but friendly osculation.

Ah Fong set a place for her at the table, and Lanier demanded to know what she was doing back in Lonely Valley.

"Oh, I subscribe to the Modoc County Clarion, and of course I read the notice of the impending sale of your cattle by the sheriff. So my attorney, Mr. Magruder, and I came west to attend your obsequies."

Lanier nodded. "Where is Mr. Magruder? You should have brought him with you."

"He hopes to arrive this evening. He remained over at the county seat to sell Landrum my little quarter section containing the Lonely Valley Lake dam. Mr. Magruder thought that if I was ever to sell at a respectable figure, now was the time. He is to telephone me here when the deal has been closed. I promised him some good duck and snipe shooting."

At that moment the telephone rang, and Lanier got up to answer it. Milo Landrum was on the line.

"Hello, young feller," he greeted Lanier with great cheerfulness, "how's tricks with you this bright mornin'?"

"Not so good, Landrum. With half my cows gone, my grazing permit cancelled, and you with a fat deficiency judgment against me, my luck appears to be changin'."

"Still willing to sell them lake lands?"

"Landrum, I'm surprised you still entertain the idea of buying from me. Why not attach them for your deficiency judgment and then have them sold to you at auction by Sam Gorton to satisfy that deficiency judgment?"

"I could do that, I reckon, but for the sake o' saving a little money I figger it ain't worth while to keep the animals stirred up."

"You are very wise. I really couldn't stand any more of it myself, and I'm sure Harmon feels as I do."

"How about that feller? Has he still got his neck bowed?"

"No, he hasn't. He'll not stand in the way of a trade with me now. You make a decent settlement with him for the pain and loss of blood and shock your mishap caused him, and I'll guarantee he'll never lay a finger on you."

"Now you're talkin' common sense," Landrum's tones were commendatory. "Puttin' my faith in your guarantee I'll come out to your ranch in the mornin' an' clean this matter up."

LANIER returned to the breakfast-table and informed Harmon and Janet of his conversation with Landrum. Harmon looked at Janet with uplifted eyebrows. She looked at him in the same manner. Then they shook hands across the table.

"One trained nurse, one New York lawyer, and one Far Western cowman make a hand hard to beat, eh, Tom?" Janet suggested.

"Miss Janet," Harmon replied, "Milo Landrum's hide is practically on our fence right now. He's arrived at the conclusion we all figgered he'd arrive at, an' now he's goin' to do exactly what we all figgered he'd do. After to-morrow there's goin' to be peace in Lonely Valley."

"Hello," Lanier interjected. "So you and Janet and Mr. Magruder have taken over control of my affairs, is seems?"

"We have, Ray. It was necessary because you're such a sentimental jackass. As soon as you've had your breakfast, be good enough to get on a horse and ride down into the Big Meadow. Your presence is embarrassing."

When Milo Landrum arrived at the Lanier house at ten o'clock he found Tom Harmon the sole occupant of the living-room.

"Come in an' set," Harmon urged. "You're as safe with me as if you was in your own bank vault—that is, unless you're so vulgar you come to this house armed. I hope you won't take offence if I frisk you for weapons. Not that I give a hoot, but I'm just bein' polite to company. . . . Well, you appear harmless, Landrum."

"How much do you want to settle your grouch agin me?" Landrum came to the point instantly.

OH, I'll waive my claim if you do something for me."

"Name it."

Harmon handed him a piece of paper and asked him to read it.

"Why," Landrum expostulated, "this here is a bill o' sale from me to Lanier for all them cows that was sold to me by Sam Gorton yesterday, an' a waiver of all claims agin him. The cows are for sale, but I want a profit. You can't expect me to sell 'em back to Lanier at the same price they cost me."

"I'm that much of an outlaw I can't consider no other method o' quietin' my claim."

"Sign you, Landrum. Sign that document. I'll get witnesses for your signature. Here's a certified cheque for what they little cost you. Take it, you dumb fool, an' get rid of better'n two thousand cow brutes you got to move in the middle o' winter an' no feed in sight. You sign that paper an' take this cheque before startin' to talk business with Ray Lanier about his lands in the lake bed."

"This," Landrum expostulated, "is a hold-up."

"Oh, no, merely a sound business proposition. If I was in the hold-up business you'd be lookin' down a gun-barrel right now. I take it mighty mean o' you, Milo Landrum, to use them unkind words after givin' Ray Lanier's word of honor no harm can come to you on this ranch at the hands of him or his employees."

"Well, I won't do it, that's all."

"AT breakfast this mornin'," Landrum, Lanier's Chinese cook, who always lurches-in on all the conversation, got an earful of information mighty pleasant to him. He heard you was due out here this mornin', an' when he discovered his boss nor me never intended to tunnel you, we lost face with him an' he quit. He was right 'fraid o' Felix Lanier an' holds that in delayin' or neglectin' to kill you out o' respect to his father's memory Ray Lanier ain't quite the man Ah Fong always figured him. So Ah Fong's quit. He's vamoosed the pay-roll, an' left without sayin' good-bye. Jus' sneaked out to the road leadin' to Modoc City. I seen him goin'. He was carryin' a double-barrelled shotgun, an' I got a notion his pocket contains mebbe half a dozen shells with No. 4 shot in 'em. Number 4 can let a lot o' daylight into a man at close range—an' I reckon Ah Fong'll git to the road you got to pass over an' be waitin' for you to come along. Chinamen is temperamental about revenge. You see, Milo, hein' heathens, they never hold none with this here so-called Christian charity. . . . ah, thank you, Milo, thank you. I thought you'd sign after the situation was explained to you proper. Now for the witnesses."

He stepped outside the door and called to Janet. She and Magruder were up in the little family cemetery reading the record of the Lanier clan, and they came into the house now at Harmon's request.

At sight of them Landrum's face assumed a greenish hue.

"I believe, Milo, you've met Miss Corliss on three memorable occasions," Harmon said in his best company voice. "Mr. Magruder you have also met. Mr. Magruder was the attorney for the late Donald MacLean, an' Miss Corliss is Donald MacLean's granddaughter. Yesterday Mr. Magruder sold you a quarter section o' land belongin' to her at a figger that's a record for worthless black lava acreage—one thousand dollars per acre. Folks will you be kind enough to witness Mr. Landrum's signature to this bill o' sale, et cetera?"

In absolute silence, save for the scratching of the pen, they witnessed it; then Harmon stepped to the kitchen door and beckoned. Big Foot and his son, Skunk Tallow, entered.

"You boys know all about why Ah Fong quit this mornin'. His trail's plain in the snow. Follow the old fool an' bring him back. He's got Ray's shotgun, so close in on him Injun fashion or you may git hurt."

The Indiana disappeared.

"Where's Lanier?" Landrum demanded.

"Out somewhere, bustin' a beaver. It

was considered best you shouldn't meet him to-day, but I know how much he wants for his worthless lake lands. You havin' paid a thousand dollars an acre for black lava an' sand, seems to Ray you'd ought to pay him two million dollars for that valley."

Landrum trembled. "That wasn't the price he named me."

"You refused to trade with him at the figger he named first, an' called negotiations off until Lanier could guarantee you agin me. Well, Ray Lanier's done that, but, like you, he feels he's entitled to the privilege o' changin' his mind. When you asked him this mornin' if he was still willin' to sell, he said he was, but he didn't quote you no price."

"That's true. He didn't. Still it was understood—"

"B. E. you, maybe, because the wish was daddy to the thought, although I reckon Ray wouldn't be so hard to handle at that, if you hadn't sold him back his cows an' signed a release o' all claims agin him—also if he knew Miss Corliss hadn't closed her deal with you yet. However, I've rode for him so long I know his mind; I know he wouldn't think o' tradin' with you cheap once you'd dropped your club."

"Well, there won't be no trade," Landrum announced confidently. "I'll keep that high-priced quarter-section I bought from Miss Corliss when I figured nothin' on earth could prevent me from acquirin' the lake at my terms. I was too eager. I didn't know you three were in cahoots to do me up."

"What did you expect from us, anyhow? Surely not sweet Christian thoughts," Tom Harmon asked ironically. "You hired Felix Lanier killed, you tried twice to kill Ray Lanier yourself, you sent men to burn his hay, an' one o' them men shot me twice an' doggone near spoiled a good cowman. You've robbed us of our peace o' mind an' done all in your power to ruin Ray Lanier, who never did nothin' to you in all his life. Neither had Felix. You been a skunk an' now you got to pay for all them ornery activities."

"At first we thought real serious of killin' you, but Miss Janet sort of objected to the man she's goin' to marry stainin' his hands with your blood, even though she felt you wanted killin'. An' after thinkin' it over I concluded to hit you where it'll hurt you hardest, an' that's in your bank account."

"Ray Lanier will never live to see the bottom of Lonely Valley lake," Landrum stormed. "I own the dam."

"You won't own it much longer, Milo. Unknown to Lanier an' Miss Janet an' you I been right busy on that dam this winter."

"Mr. Landrum, would you mind ringin' for a drink? Jes' press that button at your elbow."

Probably because he felt the need of a drink, Landrum pressed the button. Five or six seconds later a tremendous, distant explosion rattled the windows in the Big House and made the pictures dance on the wall.

"Now you don't own no dam," Tom Harmon announced calmly. "When you pressed that there button you blew your own dam up."

"You scoundrel!" Landrum screamed. "I'll sue you and Lanier for damages. I'll get you—I'll get you both. I tell you."

Magruder spoke up very quietly. "As an attorney I must inform you, Mr. Landrum,

that in order to collect damages in a court of equity one must prove the damages. Save for its strategic value for holding up Mr. Lanier and robbing him of his heritage, your land was valueless, and no Court will take cognizance of your plea for damages."

"I know our county judge won't," Harmon piped up mildly. "Milo's as popular with him as a weasel in a henhouse. But I'm forgetful o' the hospitality o' this house. Milo rung for a drink. One minute, Milo, and I'll git it for you. You look like you need it."

"I can do without it," Landrum answered. He got into his greatcoat, tied his muffler around his neck, and put on his hat and gloves. "I'll be movin' on. I reckon your Indians will have stopped the Chinaman by the time I climb out of the valley."

"Better wait at the outpost with Hugo until the Injuns come by with the Chink, Milo. Well, adios. Don't let us detain you if you're in a hurry."

Magruder, Janet, and Harmon stood in the verandah and watched Landrum's car roll gently down the trap-rock grade to the main road. Instead of turning east at the intersection, however, the car crossed the highway and went bounding straight across the steep meadow that sloped down to the shore of the lake. It gathered speed as it went. Suddenly the watchers at the Big House saw it give a tremendous spurt. There was about a foot of frozen snow on the meadow, and the light car rode it as it would a concrete highway. At about seventy miles per hour it shot out into Lonely Valley lake in a great shower of spray, struck the soft bottom—and turned over twice, coming to rest with its wheels upward.

WHEN Ray Lanier rode in for luncheon he was unaware of anything that had happened since he had left the house, nor did Janet or Daniel P. Magruder offer to enlighten him. Consequently he leaped to the conclusion that such news as they had was bad news, and could therefore wait.

Immediately after lunch, Magruder strolled down towards the barn, and Janet found herself alone with her host. She seated herself before the log fire, and Lanier dropped down beside her.

"Well, Milo Landrum called," she said presently. "He left this for you," and she handed Lanier the bill of sale for his cows and a quitclaim of all of Landrum's claims against him.

"Who put up the money to pay Landrum?" he demanded.

"Landrum—when he paid me for the gun he planned to point at your head and force you to deliver on his terms."

She went on to relate to him in detail the result of Landrum's visit. For a long time after she ceased speaking, Lanier sat silent, staring into the flames.

Janet spoke again. "Well, Ray, when do you think we should be married?"

He bent a wild gaze upon her; then suddenly his eyes crinkled and he commenced to laugh unmoderately; his arm swept around her and drew her up to him.

THE END.

All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no resemblance to any living person.

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